WORK AND ADVENTURE IN NEW GUINEA

JAMES CHALMERS

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LIFE IN NEW GUINEA IN 1877.

Work and Adventure in New Guinea

By James Chalmers
Author of 'Pioneering in New Guinea,' etc.

With Seven Illustrations

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GENERAL

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EDITOR'S PREFACE TO THE NEW AND POPULAR EDITION

THIS book was originally issued in 1885, and attracted the attention of many readers to the noble Christian work being done in New Guinea. It has been out of print for some years, and is now reissued in connection with the publication of James Chalmers' Life.

New Guinea, if we may take Australia as a continent, is the largest island in the world, being, roughly speaking, about 1400 miles long, and 490 broad at its widest point. Its northernmost coast nearly touches the equator, and its southernmost stretches down to 11° south latitude. Little more than the fringe or coast-line of the island has been at all carefully explored, but it is known to possess magnificent mountain ranges, vast stretches of beautiful scenery, much land that is fruitful, even under native cultivation, and mighty rivers that take their rise far inland. Its savage inhabitants have aroused powerfully the interest and sympathy alike of Christian Polynesians and English missionaries, who, taking their lives in their hands, have, in not a few instances, laid them down in the effort to win New Guinea for Christ.

At some remote period of the past, New Guinea, in all probability, formed a part of Australia. Torres

Strait itself is only about sixty miles wide; the water is shallow, shoals and reefs abound; giving the sailor who threads the intricate and dangerous navigation the impression that he is sailing over what was once solid earth.

The first European sailor who sighted the island was D'Abreu, in 1511; the honour of being first to land belongs most probably to the Portuguese explorer, Don Jorge De Meneses, in 1526, on his way from Malacca to the Moluccas.

Into the somewhat intricate history of the connection of the Dutch with the north-west coast of New Guinea, we cannot here enter. As suzerain nominally under the Sultan of Tidore, they claim possession of the western part of the island as far east as lat. 141° 47′ E. The trade they carry on is said to be worth about 20,000*l.* a year. Dutch missionaries have for many years been stationed around the coast of Geelvink Bay.

In 1770 Captain Cook visited the south-west coast, and in 1775, an English officer, Forrest by name, spent some months on the north-east coast in search of spices. In 1793 New Guinea was annexed by two of the East India Company's commanders, and an island in Geelvink Bay, Manasvari by name, was for a time held by their troops.

Partial surveys of the south coast were made in 1845 by Captain Blackwood, who discovered the Fly River; by Lieutenant Yule, in 1846, who journeyed east as far as the island to which he has given his name; and in 1848 by Captain Owen Stanley, who made a fairly accurate survey of the south-east coast.

The most important survey work along the coast of

New Guinea was done in 1873 by H.M. ship Basilisk, under the command of Captain Moresby. He discovered the now famous harbour, Port Moresby; he laid down the true eastern coast-line of the island, discovering the China Straits, and exploring the north-east coast as far west as Huon Gulf.

In many parts of the world Christian missionaries have been the first to get on friendly terms with the natives, and thus to pave the way for developing the resources of a savage country and leading its inhabitants in the paths of progress and civilisation. Pre-eminently has this been the case in South-eastern New Guinea. White men had landed before them, it is true; but for the most part only to benefit themselves, and not unfrequently to murder the natives or to entrap them into slavery. Christianity has won great victories in Polynesia, but no part of the globe has witnessed fouler crimes or more atrocious wickedness on the part of white men toward savage races.

Mr. Chalmers has given the following graphic story of how New Guinea came under Christian training.

'To the north and north-west of Samoa are several groups of islands, known on the chart as the Gilbert Group, Ellice Group, and Tokelau Group. When it became known that a mission to these islands was contemplated by the British missionaries of Samoa, the missionaries of the Hervey Group, with which I was then connected, were anxious to join in the enterprise, so that the churches in their care might have an outlet for their zeal in Christ's work. The Samoan missionaries, however, thought, and rightly too, that they could undertake the entire mission alone, having at that time

a large number of teachers and students. Moreover, these small groups of islands were much nearer to them than to us.

'Our chief reason for wishing to take part in the work was because Elikana, the first to bring the Gospel to these islands, was a native of one of our islands, and a deacon in one of our mission churches. The circumstances of his coming to these islands were intensely interesting.

'The natives had held their May meeting on Manihiki, an island of the Humphrey Group; and getting a large number of cocoanuts into a canoe, several of them had started to cross over to Rakahanga, another island of the same group about thirty miles away. When they left, the weather was fine and the wind just fresh, and they hoped to be over in a few hours; but when more than half-way across, a heavy squall came down on them. In the darkness they lost sight of land, and must have got headed off. When the squall passed they could see no land anywhere, and although they beat about they could pick none up. For days they hoped, but in vain, and so they gave themselves up for lost. After many days of much suffering and many disappointments, seeing low islands, but unable to make them, they were at last driven on to an island. Some had died, and others were drowned, but Elikana and two more got ashore in a very weak state.

'They were found by natives and treated kindly, and taken to the chief, who received them as friends. Elikana had saved a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, I think, his Bible, by having them fastened in a cloth round his waist. They astonished the natives with morning and

evening prayers; and soon after their recovery from the effects of the long exposure, they began teaching and telling the story of Divine love as seen in Christ.

'The *Pilgrim's Progress* was divided out in leaves amongst the people, and several were taught to read. After a few years Elikana decided to get to Samoa, if possible, and inform the missionaries that these islands were waiting for the Gospel. He felt he was not sufficiently educated for the work, and was anxious, if he could, to get back to his home, and to Rarotonga, to be better educated, that he might return qualified to act as a teacher. Reaching Samoa, he told his story. The missionaries heard it with joy, and gave God thanks. They received him into the Malua College, and arranged to send teachers at once. From that day to this the work has prospered, and there are now churches on every island.

'The Samoan missionaries being able to undertake the work in these islands themselves, and declining our assistance, and we feeling that the life of the native churches in the Hervey Group and out-stations depended largely in being in close relationship with the heathen, and in active service for Christ, we all betook ourselves to earnest prayer that God would give us fields for labour. I shall never forget those years. Meetings were frequently held in the chapels, and grew in intenseness; and then meetings for prayer were gathered in many homes, and these becoming too small, houses were built in all the districts, and several times a week many met at night in these houses to ask God's blessing and fields for labour. Then came 1871, when the Directors of the London

Missionary Society decided on extending their South Pacific field of operations to the great island of New Guinea, and Messrs. Murray and Macfarlane were asked to charter a vessel, take a few teachers, and proceed to that great land. In the Hervey Group the excitement was great, as we felt we too might take part in that work. Then came the request for more teachers, and I now remember it with a thrill of pleasure. Meetings for thanksgiving were held for the wide field opened, and for the honour bestowed upon us in being permitted to take part with Christ in His great work.

'My dear old friend and fellow-worker, the Rev. Dr. Gill, had arranged to go home on his first furlough in 1872, and we decided in committee to ask him to take a number of teachers in charge, and with Mr. Murray place them on the mainland of New Guinea. Dr. Macfarlane, after the visit in 1871, returned to England, and Mr. Murray was left in charge, taking up his residence at Somerset, Northern Queensland, near to Cape York.

'Preparations were at once begun to get our first contingent away. At one early morning meeting the chapel was crowded, and I proposed that we should pray that God would help us to select the best men for the very important undertaking. At that meeting several old men stood up and said, "Take us all: if we cannot learn the language to speak for Jesus, we can live for Him, and help the younger men in station work." The enthusiasm was intense. Five men and their wives were selected, and from all the islands we had numerous offers of service.

'The time was drawing near when they must leave. Who that witnessed that "setting-apart" Sunday at Avarua, Rarotonga, will ever forget it? Old men and women, young men and women, wept with real joy. That sobbed "Amen" of the setting-apart prayer of the whole assembly I hear now. Five men and their wives leaving home and friends and all that was dear to them for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ! I think of it now with wonder and praise. The churches and congregations were everywhere thrilled.

'The John Williams arrived and remained a few days. Then the parting came, a never-to-be-forgotten day. Twenty-two years have gone since then, but the memory is still fresh. One of the five, Ruatoka, was sent with fear and trembling, being apparently in bad health and very weak, and I was strongly urged not to send him. He much wished to go, and thinking he could bear it, I agreed; and to-day he is the only one left, all the others are dead and buried. The names were—

Ruatoka and wife . . .	From Mangaia.
Rau and wife	„ Aitutaki.
Heneri and wife . . .	„ Manihiki.
Adamu and wife . . .	„ „
Anederea and wife . . .	„ Rarotonga.

'They called at Aitutaki, and there the interest was as intense as on Rarotonga and Mangaia. At Samoa they were joined by Piri and his wife, who were there in charge of a Rarotonga colony, so that they were now six.

'The John Williams left the teachers and Dr. Gill at Somerset, with Mr. Murray, and she proceeded to Sydney. Murray and Gill chartered a small vessel, and crossed the Papuan Gulf to Redscar Bay, and there

came to an anchor near to some small islands off the coast at Redscar Head. They were soon in communication with the natives, and after visiting several places, decided to leave the teachers at Manumanu, the largest village in the bay. The chief and people seemed friendly, and all promised to treat the teachers well. The chief's name was Naime. Some years after, when visiting him, I found him without a teacher. He sat in front of me, and pretending to shiver as with cold, said, "Tamate, listen! Why am I left out in the cold? What have I done, that no teacher should be living here now? Did not I defend the teachers when they first came, and was this not the door by which you all entered into this land? Some sought to kill them; I would not allow them. When I had food, did I not always share it with them? and so now tell me what I have done to be left in poverty and cold."

'Manumanu proved very unhealthy, several teachers died, and the living were removed to Somerset; but not before they had made many good friends with the other sections of the Motu tribe, especially those who visited them from Hanuabada, afterwards named by Captain Moresby, Port Moresby. The captain called in Redscar Bay, and finding some of the teachers very ill he got them on board his ship the Basilisk, and treated them very kindly. They were on board when Port Moresby was discovered. Over the reports that were received from Manumanu many tears were shed and prayers offered, but never once did the Hervey Group churches waver in their love to Christ, and holy resolve to teach New Guinea about Him.

'The teachers who were removed to Somerset

remained there until November of 1873, when Mr. Murray brought them back to New Guinea, and this time to Port Moresby, where they had a right good reception from the natives at home, many others being in the Gulf on their long trading trip for canoes and sago.

'In 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Lawes, with their son Charles, settled at Port Moresby, the only white people on the whole of New Guinea, and, with a few teachers, claimed the island for Christ our King.

'Of all those first teachers only Ruatoka, still at Port Moresby, now remains. All are dead, some from the climate, others by the hands of the natives. A tablet has been erected to their memory at Vatorata, so that their names may be perpetuated in the memory of succeeding generations.

'The first teachers were from Lifu and Maré in 1871. In 1872 the Rarotonga Institution sent its first, and in 1874 Niué joined. In 1878, Raiatea gave a good contingent; and visit after visit of the John Williams brought us numbers of these men and women. In 1884, I think it was, Samoa agreed to help us, and since then she has sent us men and women who have done good service for Christ. Of many of them also it can be said they were "Faithful unto death."'

In 1877 the Rev. James Chalmers joined the mission, and it is hardly too much to say that his arrival formed an epoch in its history. He was wonderfully equipped for the work to which he, under God's Providence, put his hand, and became the white man best known to all the natives along the south coast. From the first he went among them unarmed, and though not unfrequently in imminent peril, was marvellously preserved

for many years. He combined the qualities of missionary and explorer in a very high degree, and while beloved as 'Tamate'[1] by the natives, added enormously to the stock of our geographical knowledge of New Guinea, and to our accurate acquaintance with the ways of thinking, the habits, superstitions, and mode of life of the various tribes of natives.

Mr. Chalmers in 1884 placed many of his journals and papers at the disposal of the Religious Tract Society, in the hope that their publication might increase the general store of knowledge about New Guinea, and also give true ideas about the natives, the kind of Christian work that is being done in their midst, and the progress in it that is being made.

The prominence which New Guinea assumed in the public mind about 1885 was due much more to political than to religious reasons. England is a Christian nation, and there are numbers who rejoice in New Guinea as a signal proof of the regenerating power of the Gospel of Christ. Yet, to the Christian man, it is somewhat humiliating to find how deeply the press of our country was stirred by the statement that Germany had annexed the north coast of New Guinea, while it was hardly touched by the thrilling story of the introduction of Christianity all along the south coast. The public mind was much exercised in discussing whether Her Majesty's Government should annex the whole rather than proclaim a protectorate over a part; it hardly cared to remember the names of those who died in trying to make known

[1] This represents the nearest approach native lips can make to the sound of Chalmers.

to the fierce Papuans our common brotherhood in Christ Jesus. One can understand that this is natural; still, it will be an augury of good for the future of the English people, when, without losing any of their legitimate interest in public affairs, they care more for the victories won by faith alone, over ignorance, vice, and barbarism, than for the victories won by the rifle and sword, however just the cause may be in which these weapons are used.

From the visit of Captain Moresby in 1873 events tended in the direction of bringing New Guinea into closer relations with England. On the one hand, there has been the conviction that if we did not annex it some other country would, and thus threaten Australia. Then many Australians looked upon New Guinea as a possible paradise for colonists, and were eager to establish themselves securely upon its soil. The attempts in this direction have produced little but disaster to all concerned.

On the other hand, missionaries felt that there was much to be said on the same side. Perhaps the opinion of no one man deserves more weight than that of Mr. Chalmers. We give his views, as he expressed them before the protectorate was proclaimed.

'This question of the annexation of New Guinea is still creating a good deal of interest, and although at present the Imperial Government, through Lord Derby, has given its decision against annexation, yet the whole matter must, I have no doubt, be reconsidered, and the island be eventually annexed. It is to be hoped the country is not to become part of the Australian colonies—a labour land, and a land where

loose money in the hands of a few capitalists is to enter in and make enormous fortunes, sacrificing the natives and everything else. If the Imperial Government is afraid of the expense, I think that can easily be avoided. Annex New Guinea, and save it from another power, who might harass our Australian colonies; administer it for the natives, and the whole machinery of government can be maintained by New Guinea, and allow a large overplus. We have all the experience of the Dutch in Java; I say, accept and improve.

'It will be said that, as a nation, Britain has never tried to govern commercially, or has not yet made money out of her governing; and why should she now? She does not want New Guinea. Why should she go to the expense of governing? Her colonies may be unsafe with a country of splendid harbours so near in the hands of a foreign power, and the people of that country need a strong, friendly, and just power over them, to save them from themselves and from the white man—whose gods are gold and land, and to whom the black man is a nuisance to be got rid of as soon as possible. Let Britain for these reasons annex, and from the day of annexation New Guinea will pay all her own expenses; the expenses of the first three years to be paid with compound interest at the end of that period.

'Let us begin by recognising all native rights, and letting it be distinctly understood that we govern for the native races, not the white men; that we are determined to civilise and raise to a higher level of humanity those whom we govern; that our aim will

be to do all to defend them and save them from extermination by just humanitarian laws—not the laws of the British nation—but the laws suited for them. It will not take long for the natives to learn that not only are we great and powerful, but we are just and merciful, and we seek their good.

'That established, I would suggest appointing officers in every district, whose duty it would be to govern through the native chief, and see that every native attended to plantations. A native planting tea, sugar, coffee, maize, cinchona, etc., to be allowed a bounty, and when returns arrived, to be allowed so much per pound sterling. All these things to be superintended by the said officer.

'Traders would soon swarm; but no one should be allowed to trade with natives directly, but only through the Government.

'All unoccupied land to belong to the Government, and to be leased to those wishing land. No native should be allowed to part with land, and if desirous to sell, then only to the Government, who would allow him a reasonable price. Every land transaction to be made through Government; no land to be sold, only leased.

'The land revenue will be immense, and after paying all expenses, will leave much for improvements and the education of the people. Stringent laws passed directly annexation takes place to prevent importation of arms and spirits, will be a true safeguard for the natives.

'As a nation, let Britain, in the zenith of her power and greatness, think kindly of the native races, and now

for once in her history rule this great island for right and righteousness, in justice and mercy, and not for self and pelf in unrighteousness, blood, and falsehood. It is to be hoped that future generations of New Guinea natives will not rise up to condemn her, as the New Zealanders have done, and to claim their ancient rights with tears now unheeded. I can see along the vista of the future, truth and righteousness in Britain's hands, and the inhabitants of New Guinea yet unborn blessing her for her rule; if otherwise, God help the British meanness, for they will rise to pronounce a curse on her for ever!'

In 1883, the Queensland Government formally annexed their huge neighbour; but this act was subsequently repudiated by the Home Government. Towards the end of 1884, it was decided to announce a formal protectorate over a large portion of the southern shores of New Guinea.

The official ceremony took place on Nov. 6, 1884, at Port Moresby. Five ships of war at once gave dignity to the proceeding by their presence, and astonished the natives by their salutes. About fifty chiefs were brought on board the Commodore's ship, the Nelson, by the Rev. W. G. Lawes. To Boevagi, the chief of the Port Moresby tribe, was entrusted the responsibility of upholding the authority and dignity of England in the island. He was presented with an ebony stick, into the top of which had been let a florin with the Queen's head uppermost. Mr Lawes conveyed to Boevagi the meaning of the Commodore's words when he gave the stick. 'I present you with this stick, which is to be an emblem of your authority;

and all the tribes who are represented by the chiefs here are to look to the holder of this stick. Boevagi, this stick represents the Queen of England, and if at any time any of the people of these tribes have the grievance or anything to say, they are, through any holder of this stick, to make it known to the Queen's officers, in order that it may be inquired into.'

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PORT MORESBY.

NEW GUINEA

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CHAPTER I

EARLY EXPERIENCES

Somerset—Murray Island—Darnley Island—Boera—Port Moresby—Trip inland—Sunday at Port Moresby—Native funeral ceremonies—Tupuselei—Round Head—Native salutations—Kerepunu—Teste Island—Hoop-iron as an article of commerce—Two teachers landed—A tabooed place—Moresby and Basilisk Islands—South Cape—House building—Difficulties with the natives—An anxious moment—Thefts—Dancing and cooking—Visit to a native village—Native shot on the Mayri—Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers in danger—Arrival of the Ellengowan.

TOWARDS the close of 1877, Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Macfarlane visited New Guinea for the purpose of exploring the coast, landing native teachers at suitable spots, and thus opening the way for future missionary effort. What follows is given in Mr. Chalmers' words :—

We left Sydney by the Dutch steamer William M'Kinnon, on September 20, 1877, for Somerset. The sail inside the Barrier Reef is most enjoyable. The numerous islands passed, and the varied coast scenery, make the voyage a very pleasant one—especially with such men as our captain and mates. On Sunday, Sept. 30, we reached Somerset, where we

were met by the Bertha, with Mr. Macfarlane on board of her. Mr. Macfarlane was soon on board of the steamer to welcome us, and remained with us till the evening. There was very little of the Sabbath observed that day—all was bustle and confusion. Quite a number of the pearl-shelling boats were at Somerset awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and the masters of these boats were soon on and around the steamer, receiving their goods.

On Tuesday, October 2, we left Somerset in the Bertha for Murray Island, anchoring that night off Albany. On Wednesday night we anchored off a sandbank, and on Thursday off a miserable-looking island, called Village Island. On Friday we came to York Island, where we went ashore and saw only four natives—one man and three boys. At eleven P.M. on Saturday we anchored at Darnley Island. This is a fine island, and more suitable for vessels and landing goods than Murray, but supposed to be not so healthy. The island is about 500 feet in height, in some parts thickly wooded, in others bare. It was here the natives cut off a boat's crew about thirty years ago, for which they suffered—the captain landing with part of his crew, well-armed, killing many and chasing them right round the island. They never again attempted anything of the kind. As a native of the island expressed himself on the subject :—'White fellow, he too much make fright, man he all run away, no want see white fellow gun no more.' In 1871 the first teachers were landed here.

The Sunday morning was fine, and we resolved to spend a quiet forenoon on shore. We landed after

breakfast, and walked through what must be in wet weather a deep swamp, to the mission house on the hill. Gucheng, the Loyalty Islander, who is teacher here, looks a good, determined fellow. The people seem to live not far from the mission house, so did not take long to assemble. There were about eighty at the service, including a few Australians employed by one of the white men on the island to fish for trepang. The Darnley Islanders appear a much more interesting people than the Australians. Many of those present at the service were clothed. They sang very well indeed such hymns as 'Come to Jesus,' 'Canaan, bright Canaan,' which, with some others, have been translated into their language. Mr. Macfarlane addressed them, through the teacher, and the people seemed to attend to what was said.

Because of a strong head wind we could not leave the next day, so Mr. Macfarlane and I returned to the shore. We found the children collected in Gucheng's house, learning to write the letters on slates. There were very few girls present—indeed, there are not many girls on the island, so many have been destroyed by their fathers at birth. We strolled about and visited the large cocoanut plantation belonging to the society. On our return we found the teacher and a number of natives collected near the beach. They had just buried a man who had died the night before—so Christian burial has begun. Formerly, the body would have been hung up and tapped, to allow the juices to run out, which would have been drunk by the friends. We returned to the mission house for dinner. I was glad to find so many boys living with Gucheng. They were

bright, happy little fellows, romping about, enjoying themselves.

We did not get away from Darnley Island till the morning of Wednesday, October 10. The navigation between Darnley and Murray Islands is difficult, arising from various reefs and currents. Although only twenty-seven miles separate the two, it was Friday night before we anchored at Murray Island. We went ashore the same night.

On Saturday we climbed to the highest point of the island, 700 feet high. There seems to be no lack of food, chiefly grown inland. From the long drought, the island presented in many places a parched look, and lacked that luxuriance of vegetation to which we had been so long accustomed on Rarotonga.

At the forenoon meeting on Sunday there were nearly 200 present. Mr. Macfarlane preached. A few had a little clothing on them; some seemed attentive, but the most seemed to consider the occasion a fit time for relating the week's news, or of commenting on the strangers present. The Sabbath is observed by church attendance and a cessation from work. There is not much thieving on the island; they are an indolent people. The school is well attended by old and young, and Josiah, the teacher, has quite a number of children living with him. They sing very well.

Several of the old men here wear wigs. It seems when grey hairs appear they are carefully pulled out; as time moves on they increase so fast that they would require to shave the head often, so, to cover their shame, they take to wigs, which represent them as having long, flowing, curly hair, as in youth. Wigs would not

astonish the Murray Islanders, as Mr. Nott's did the Tahitians after his return from England. They soon spread the news round the island that their missionary had had his head newly thatched, and looked a young man again.

On Monday the teachers' goods and mission supplies were put on board the Bertha. On Tuesday afternoon, after everything was on board, a farewell service was held with the teachers, and early on Wednesday morning we left Murray Island for New Guinea. On Friday we made New Guinea, off Yule Island, and about sunset on Oct. 21 we anchored about five miles off Boera. Near to the place where we anchored was a low swampy ground covered with mangrove. We could see Lealea, where there has been so much sickness. It presented the same low, swampy, unhealthy appearance. Soon after we anchored a canoe came alongside with Mr. Lawes and Piri on board. Mr. Lawes did not seem so strong as I remembered him eleven years ago, yet he looked better than I had expected to see him. He has suffered greatly from the climate. Piri is a strong, hearty fellow; the climate seems to have had little effect on him. They remained some time on board, when they went ashore in the vessel's boat—Piri taking the teachers and their wives ashore with him. The wind was ahead, and too strong for the canoe, so the men who came off in her with Mr. Lawes and Piri remained on board the Bertha till midnight, when the wind abated. When the boat was leaving they shouted to Mr. Lawes to tell us not to be afraid, as they would not steal anything. They remained quietly on board till two A.M.

Mr. Macfarlane and I went ashore in the morning. The country looked bare and not at all inviting. This is now the most western mission station on New Guinea proper. Piri has a very comfortable house, with a plantation near to it. The chapel, built principally by himself and wife, is small, but comfortable, and well suited for the climate. The children meet in it for school. The village has a very dirty, tumble-down appearance.

The widows of two teachers who died last year shortly after their arrival in the mission were living with Piri. We took them on board, with their things, to accompany us to the new mission. I returned ashore with the boat to fetch away the remainder of the things and teachers who were ashore, and when ready to return found the vessel too far off to fetch her, so, after pulling for some time, we up sail and away for Port Moresby. Piri and his wife came with us in their large canoe. We saw several dugongs on the way, which some esteem extra good food. Tom, one of the Loyalty Island teachers, who was in the boat with us, expressed their edible qualities thus: 'You know, sir, pig he good.' 'Yes, Tom, it is very good.' 'Ah, he no good; dugong he much good.' It must be good when a native pronounces it to be better than pork.

We arrived at Port Moresby about six o'clock. I cannot say I was much charmed with the place, it had such a burnt-up, barren appearance. Close to the village is a mangrove swamp, and the whole bay is enclosed with high hills. At the back of the mission premises, and close to them, is a large swampy place, which in wet weather is full of water. There can be

no doubt about Port Moresby being a very unhealthy place. We went ashore for breakfast next day, and in the afternoon visited the school; about forty children were present—an unusually large number. Many of the children know the alphabet, and a few can spell words of two or three letters. In walking through the village in the afternoon we saw the women making their crockery pots, preparing for the men's return from the Gulf, the next north-west season, with large quantities of sago. We visited the graves of the teachers, which are kept in good order. They are all enclosed by a good fence. Within the same enclosure is one little grave that will bind New Guinea close to the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lawes. Over them all may be written—'For Christ's sake.'

In returning from the graves we met a man in mourning, whose wife had been killed in a canoe by natives about Round Head. He and his friends had resolved to retaliate, but through the influence of the teachers they did not do so. The teachers from the villages to the east of Port Moresby came in this afternoon, looking well and hearty. Some of them have suffered a great deal from fever and ague, but are now becoming acclimatised. The natives of the various villages are not now afraid of one another, but accompany their teachers from place to place. Men, women, and children smoke, and will do anything for tobacco. The best present you can give them is tobacco; it is the one thing for which they beg.

As it was decided that the vessel should not leave before Tuesday of the next week, Mr. Macfarlane and I took a trip inland. I was anxious to see for myself

if anything could be done for the natives living in the mountains. Mr. Goldie, a naturalist, with his party, was about ten miles inland. He himself had been at Port Moresby for some days, and, on hearing of our plans, he joined us, and we proceeded first to his camp. We left Port Moresby about half-past five on Thursday morning, and crossed the low ground at the back of the mission house. We ascended the hill which runs all along the coast in this district at a part about 300 feet high, and then descended into a great plain. At present the plain is dry and hard, from the long drought, and very little of anything green is to be seen. There are a few small gum trees, and great herds of wallabies were jumping about. The greater part of this plain is under water in the wet seasons. We walked about ten miles in an east-north-east direction, keeping the Astrolabe Range to our right, when we came to the camp, close by a large river—the Laroki. Being afraid of alligators, we preferred having water poured over us to bathing in the river.

Our party was a tolerably large one—Ruatoka (the Port Moresby teacher), some Port Moresby natives, and four Loyalty Island teachers, on their way to East Cape. We did not see a strange native all the way. We had our hammocks made fast in the bush by the river side, and rested until three P.M., when we started for another part of the river about seven miles off, in a south-east direction. Mr. Goldie also shifted his camp. After sunset we reached the point where the river was to be crossed, and there we meant to remain for the night.

We had a bath, then supper, and evening prayers;

after which we slung our hammocks to the trees, in which we rested well. It was a strangely weird-looking sight, and the noises were of a strange kind—wallabies leaping past, and strange birds overhead. Mr. Goldie's Maré men joined with their countrymen, the teachers, in singing some of Sankey's hymns in English. Soon sleep came, and all seemed quiet.

At three A.M. on Oct. 26 we struck camp, and after morning prayers we began to cross the river, which was not over four feet in the deepest part. It was here Mr. Lawes crossed when he first visited the inland tribes; so now, led by Ruatoka, we were on his track. The moon was often hidden by dark clouds, so we had some difficulty in keeping to the path. We pressed on, as we were anxious to get to a deserted village which Mr. Goldie knew, to breakfast. We reached the village about six, and after we had partaken of breakfast we set off for the mountains. When we had gone about four miles the road became more uneven. Wallabies were not to be seen, and soon we were in a valley close by the river, which we followed for a long way, and then began to ascend. We climbed it under a burning sun, Ruatoka calling out, *Tepiake*, *tepiake*, *tepiake* (Friends, friends, friends). Armed natives soon appeared on the ridge shouting, *Misi Lao*, *Misi Lao*. Ruatoka called back, *Misi Lao* (Mr. Lawes), and all was right—spears were put away and they came to meet us, escorting us to a sort of reception room, where we all squatted, glad to get in the shade from the sun.

We were now about 1100 feet above the sea level. We were surprised to see their houses built on the highest tree-tops they could find on the top of the ridge.

One of the teachers remarked, 'Queer fellows these; not only do they live on the mountain tops, but they must select the highest trees they can find for their houses.' We were very soon friends; they seemed at ease, some smoking tobacco, others chewing betel-nuts. I changed my shirt, and when those near me saw my white skin they raised a shout that soon brought the others round. Bartering soon began—taro, sugar cane, sweet yams, and water were got in exchange for tobacco, beads, and cloth.

After resting about two hours, we proceeded to the next village, five miles further along the ridge. Some of our party were too tired to accompany us; they remained where we expected to camp for the night. After walking some miles we came unexpectedly on some natives. As soon as they saw us they rushed for their spears, and seemed determined to dispute our way. By a number of signs—touching our chins with our right hands, &c.—they understood we were not foes, so they soon became friendly. They had their faces blackened with soot, plumbago, and gum, and then sprinkled over with white; their mouths and teeth were in a terrible mess from chewing the betel-nut. On our leaving them, they shouted on to the next village. An old man lay outside on the platform of the next house we came to; he looked terribly frightened as we approached him, but as, instead of injuring him we gave him a present, he soon rallied and got us water to drink. By-and-by a few gathered round. We understood them to say the most of the people were away on the plains hunting for wallabies. One young woman had a net over her shoulders and covering her breasts, as a token of

mourning—an improvement on their ordinary attire, which is simply a short grass petticoat—the men *nil.*

After a short stay, we returned to where we thought of camping for the night, but for want of water we went on to the village we had visited in the forenoon. We slung our hammocks in the reception room, had supper, and turned in for the night. It felt bleak and cold, and the narrowness of the ridge made us careful, even in our sleep, lest we should fall out and over. On coming across the highest peak in the afternoon, we had a magnificent view of Mount Owen Stanley, with his two peaks rising far away above the other mountains by which he is surrounded. It must have been about thirty miles off, and, I should think, impossible to reach from where we were. We were entirely surrounded by mountains: mountains north, east, south, and west—above us and below us. I question if it will ever be a country worth settling in.

We were anxious to spend the Sabbath at Port Moresby, so, leaving the most of our party, who were too tired to come with us, to rest till Monday, Mr. Macfarlane, Ruatoka, and I set off on our return very early on Saturday morning, and had strangely difficult work in getting down the mountain side and along the river. Fireflies danced all round in hundreds, and we awakened many strange birds before their time, which gave forth a note or two, only to sleep again. Before daylight, we were at Mr. Goldie's camp, where we had breakfast, and hurried on for the river. We rested a short time there, and then away over plains to Port Moresby, which we reached about mid-day, tired indeed

and very footsore. Oh, that shoemakers had only to wear the boots they send to missionaries!

Early on Sunday morning, a great many natives went out with their spears, nets and dogs, to hunt wallabies. A goodly number attended the forenoon service, when Mr. Lawes preached. A good many strangers were present from an inland village on the Astrolabe side. There is not yet much observance of the Sabbath. Poi, one of the chief men of the place, is very friendly: he kept quite a party of his inland friends from hunting, and brought them to the services. Mr. Lawes preached again in the afternoon. As we went to church in the afternoon the hunters were returning: they had evidently had a successful day's hunting. During the day a canoe came in from Hula, laden with old cocoa-nuts, which were traded for pottery.

In the evening, an old sorceress died, and great was the wailing over her body. She was buried on the Monday morning, just opposite the house in which she lived. A grave was dug two feet deep, and spread over with mats, on which the corpse was laid. Her husband lay on the body, in the grave, for some time, and, after some talking to the departed spirit, got up, and lay down by the side of the grave, covered with a mat. About mid-day, the grave was covered over with the earth, and friends sat on it weeping. The relatives of the dead put on mourning by blackening their bodies all over, and besmearing them with ashes.

On Oct. 31, the Bertha left for Kerepunu. As I was anxious to see all the mission stations along the coast between Port Moresby and Kerepunu, I remained, to accompany Mr. Lawes in the small schooner Mayri.

We left on the following day, and sailed down the coast inside the reef. We arrived at Tupuselei about mid-day. There were two teachers here, and Mr. Lawes having decided to remove one, we got him on board, and sailed for Kaili. The villages of Tupuselei and Kaili are quite in the sea. I fear they are very unhealthy—mangroves and low swampy ground abound. The Astrolabe Range is not far from the shore we were sailing along all day. There is a fine, bold coast-line, with many bays.

In the early morning our small vessel of only seven tons was crowded with natives. We left the vessel about nine A.M. for a walk inland, accompanied by a number of natives, who all went to their houses for their arms before they would leave their village. They have no faith whatever in one another. We passed through a large swamp covered with mangroves—then into a dense tropical bush, passing through a large grove of sago palms and large mango trees. The mangoes were small—about the size of a plum—and very sweet. At some distance inland I took up a peculiar-looking seed; one of the natives, thinking I was going to eat it, very earnestly urged me to throw it away, and with signs gave me to understand that if I ate it I should swell out to an enormous size, and die.

We walked about seven miles through bush, and then began the ascent of one of the spurs of the Astrolabe. On nearing the inland village for which we were bound, the natives became somewhat afraid, and the leader stopped, and, turning to Mr. Lawes, asked him if he would indeed not kill any of the people. He was assured all was right, and then he moved on a few

paces, to stop again, and re-enquire if all was right. When reassured, we all went on, not a word spoken by anyone, and so in silence we entered the village. When we were observed, spears began rattling in the houses; but our party shouted, *Maino, maino* (Peace, peace), *Misi Lao, Misi Lao.* The women escaped through the trap-doors in the floors of their houses, and away down the side of the hill into the bush. We reached the chief's house, and there remained.

The people soon regained confidence, and came round us, wondering greatly at the first white men they had ever seen in their village. The women returned from their flight, and began to cook food, which, when ready, they brought to us, and of which we all heartily partook. We gave them presents, and they would not suffer us to depart till they had brought us a return present of uncooked food. They are a fine, healthy-looking people, lighter than those on the coast. Many were in deep mourning, and frightfully besmeared. There are a number of villages close by, on the various ridges. We returned by a different way, following the bed of what must be in the rainy season a large river. The banks were in many places from eight to nine feet high.

On the following morning, Nov. 3, we weighed anchor and set sail, passing Kapakapa, a double village in the sea. The houses are large and well built. There are numerous villages on the hills at the back of it, and not too far away to be visited. We anchored off Round Head, which does not, as represented on the charts, rise boldly from the sea. There is a plain between two and three miles broad, between the sea and the hill, called Round Head. There are many villages on the

hills along this part of the coast. We anchored close to the shore. A number of natives were on the beach, but could not be induced to visit us on board. We went ashore to them after dinner. They knew Mr. Lawes by name only, and became more easy when he assured them that he was really and truly *Misi Lao*. They professed friendship by calling out, *Maino*, *maino*, catching hold of their noses, and pointing to their stomachs. After a little time, two ventured to accompany Mr. Lawes on board, and received presents. I remained ashore, astonishing others by striking matches, and showing off my arms and chest. The women were so frightened that they all kept at a respectful distance. These are the natives from an inland village that killed a Port Moresby native about the beginning of the year. When those who accompanied Mr. Lawes on board the Mayri returned to the shore, they were instantly surrounded by their friends, who seized the presents and made off. They had received fish, biscuit, and taro. The taro and fish were smelt all over, and carefully examined before eaten. The biscuit was wrapped up again in the paper.

On Sunday, Nov. 4, we were beating down through innumerable reefs, and at eight P.M. we anchored about three miles from Hula. The following morning we went up to the village, the Mayri anchoring close by the houses. The country about here looks fine and green, a very striking contrast to that around Port Moresby. The further east we get from Port Moresby, the finer the country looks. The people are also superior—finer-made men and women, and really pretty boys and girls—more, altogether, like our eastern South

Sea Islanders. The married women spoil their looks by keeping their heads shaven. They seem fond of their children: men and women nurse them. They were busy preparing their large canoes to visit Port Moresby, on the return of the Port Moresby canoes from the west with sago.

About three in the afternoon an old woman made her appearance at the door of the mission house, bawling out, 'Well, what liars these Hula people are! some of them were inland this morning, and the chief asked them if *Misi Lao* had come, and they said No.' The chief, who saw the vessel from the hill top where his village is, thought it strange the vessel should be there without *Misi Lao*, so sent this woman to learn the truth. She received a present for herself and the chief, and went away quite happy.

Next morning, Nov. 6, we left Hula with a fair wind, and were anchored close to Kerepunu by nine A.M. The Bertha was anchored fully two miles off. Kerepunu is a magnificent place, and its people are very fine-looking. It is one large town of seven districts, with fine houses, all arranged in streets; crotons and other plants growing about, and cockatoos perching in front of nearly every house. One part of the population plant, another fish, and the planters buy the fish with their produce. Men, women, and children are all workers; they go to their plantations in the morning and return to their homes in the evening, only sick ones remaining at home; thus accounting for the number of scrofulous people we saw going about when we first landed. They have a rule, to which they strictly adhere all the year round, of working for two days and resting the third.

The Bertha arrived here on Friday evening. Mrs. Chalmers was at the forenoon service on the Sunday, and found there a large congregation. The service was held on the platform of one of the largest houses. Anederea preached, a number sitting on the platform, others in the house, others on the ground all round, and many at the doors of their own houses, where they could hear all that was said.

Mr. Lawes decided to remain at Kerepunu, to revise for the press a small book Anederea has been preparing, and to follow us to Teste Island in the Ellengowan. We left Kerepunu on the morning of Nov. 8, the Mayri leaving at the same time, to sail down inside the surf. We went right out to sea, so as to beat down, had fine weather, and were off Teste Island by Nov. 16. After dinner we took the boat, and with the captain went in on the east side of the island through the reef, to sound and find anchorage.

When we reached the lagoon, a catamaran with three natives on it came off to us. We asked for Koitau, the chief, which at once gave them confidence in us, so that they came alongside, one getting into the boat. He expressed his friendship to us in the usual way, viz., by touching his nose and stomach, and, being very much excited, seized hold of Mr. Macfarlane and rubbed noses with him, doing the same to me. He received a present of a piece of hoop-iron and some red braid, which greatly pleased him. We found the water was deep enough over the reef for the vessel, and good anchorage inside. We went on to the village, to see about the supply of water.

The people were very friendly, and crowded round

us. We were led up to a platform in front of one of their large houses, and there seated and regaled with cocoanuts. The natives here are much darker than are those at Kerepunu ; most of them suffer from a very offensive-looking skin disease, which causes the skin to peel off in scales. In their conversation with one another I recognised several Polynesian words. The water is obtained by digging in the sand, and is very brackish.

We came to anchor next morning, and soon were surrounded with canoes, and our deck swarmed with natives trading their curios, yams, cocoanuts and fish for beads and hoop-iron. Many were swearing friendship, and exchanging names with us, in hopes of getting hoop-iron. There is as great a demand for hoop-iron here as for tobacco at Port Moresby. They told us they disliked fighting, but delighted in the dance, betel-nut, and sleep. The majority have jet-black teeth, which they consider very beautiful, and all have their noses and ears pierced, with various sorts of nose and ear-rings, chiefly made from shell, inserted. A crown piece could easily be put through the lobe of their ears.

We went ashore in the afternoon. There are three villages, all close to one another. Their houses are built on poles, and are shaped liked a canoe turned bottom upwards, others like one in the water. They ornament their houses on the outside with cocoanuts and shells. The nabobs of the place had skulls on the posts of their houses, which they said belonged to the enemies they had killed and eaten. One skull was very much fractured ; they told us it was done with a stone axe, and showed us how they used these weapons.

We tried to explain to them that no one was to come to the vessel the next day, as it was a sacred day. In the early morning some canoes came off to trade, but we sent them ashore; a few more followed about breakfast time, which were also sent ashore. In the afternoon our old friend of the preceding day came off with his wife and two sons. He called out that he did not wish to come on board, but that he had brought some cooked food. We accepted his present, and he remained with his family in his canoe alongside the vessel for some time, and then went quietly ashore. We had three services on board, one in the forenoon in Lifuan, in the afternoon in Rarotongan, and in the evening in English.

As Teste Island is about twenty miles from the mainland, with a dead beat to it, I decided to seek for a position more accessible to New Guinea, and as I had not a teacher to spare for this little island, Mr. Macfarlane decided to leave two of the Loyalty Island teachers here. It is fertile, and appears healthy, is two-and-a-half miles long and half a mile broad. A ridge of hills runs right through its centre from east-north-east to west-south-west. The natives have some fine plantations on the north side, and on the south and east sides they have yam plantations to the very tops of the hills. There are plantations and fruit trees all round the island.

On Monday I accompanied Mr. Macfarlane when he went ashore to make arrangements to land his teachers and secure a house for them. The people seemed pleased that some of our party would remain with them. Mr. Macfarlane at once chose a house on a

point of land a good way from our landing-place, and at the end of the most distant village. The owner was willing to give up the house until the teachers could build one for themselves, so it was at once taken and paid for. We came along to our old friend's place, near the landing, when we were told that the house taken was a very bad one. In the first place, the position was unhealthy, in the second, that was the point where their enemies from Basilaki (Moresby Island) always landed when they came to fight, and the people could not protect the teachers if so far off when their foes came. All agreed in this, and a fine new house which had never been occupied was offered and taken, the same price being paid for it as for the other one. This house is close to the landing-place, and in the midst of the people. The owner of the first house offered to return the things, but we thought it would not be ruinous to let him keep them, their English value being about ten shillings.

We passed a tabooed place, or rather would have done so, had we not been forced to take a circuitous path in the bush. None of the natives spoke as we passed the place, nor till we were clear of it; they made signs also to us to be silent. A woman had died there lately, and the friends were still mourning. There had been no dancing in the settlement since the death, nor would there be any for some days to come.

I think women are more respected here than they are in some other heathen lands. They seem to keep fast hold of their own possessions. A man stole an ornament belonging to his wife, and sold it for hoop-iron on board the Bertha. When he went ashore he

was met on the beach by his spouse, who had in the meantime missed her trinket; she assailed him with tongue, stick and stone, and demanded the hoop-iron.

The teachers were landed in the afternoon, and were well received. The natives all promised to care for them, and treat them kindly. There are about 250 natives on the island. No Ellengowan appearing, we determined to leave this on Wednesday, Nov. 21, and to proceed to Moresby Island. Next morning we left, but, owing to light winds, we did not anchor in Hoop Iron Bay, off Moresby Island, till the morning of Nov. 22. The anchorage here is in an open roadstead. It is a very fine island—the vegetation from the water's edge right up to the mountain tops. Plantations are to be seen all round. The people live in small detached companies, and are not so pleasant and friendly-looking a people as are the Teste Islanders. This is the great Basilaki, and the natives are apparently the deadly foes of all the islanders round. Before we anchored, we were surrounded by catamarans (three small logs lashed together) and canoes—spears in them all.

Mr. Macfarlane decided, as soon as we came to the island, that he would not land his teachers here; and I did not consider it a suitable place as a head station for New Guinea. We left Moresby Island at six A.M. on Nov. 23, and beat through Fortescue Straits, between Moresby and Basilisk Islands. The scenery was grand—everything looked so fresh and green, very different from the death-like appearance of Port Moresby and vicinity. The four teachers were close behind us, in their large whale-boat, with part of their

things. On getting out of the Straits, we saw East Cape; but, as there is no anchorage there, we made for Killerton Island, about ten miles from the Cape. The wind being very light, it was eight P.M. before we anchored: the boat got up an hour after us. There was apparently great excitement ashore; lights were moving about in all directions, but none came to us. In the morning, a catamaran with two boys ventured alongside of us; they got a present. and went away shouting. Soon we were surrounded with catamarans and canoes, with three or four natives in each. They had no spears with them, nor did they kill a dog on our quarter-deck, as they did on that of the Basilisk. They appeared quite friendly, and free from shyness. They brought off their curios to barter for beads, red cloth, and the much-valued hoop-iron. The whole country looked productive and beautiful. After breakfast, we went ashore, and were led through swampy ground to see the water. On our return to the shore, we went in search of a position for the mission settlement, but could not get one far enough away from the swamp, so we took the boat and sailed a mile or two nearer the Cape, where we found an excellent position near a river. Mr. Macfarlane obtained a fine new house for the teachers, in which they are to remain till they get a house built. We took all the teachers' goods ashore, which the natives helped to carry to the house. One man, who considered himself well dressed, kept near us all day. He had a pair of trousers, minus a leg: he fastened the body of the trousers round his head, and let the leg fall gracefully down his back.

On the following morning, two large canoes—twenty

paddles in each—came in from somewhere about Milne Bay. They remained for some time near the shore, getting all the news they could about us from the shore folk; then the leader amongst them stood up and caught his nose and pointed to his stomach—we doing the same. The large canoes went ashore, and the chief came off to us in a small one. We gave him a present, which greatly pleased him.

After breakfast, we went ashore to hold a service with the teachers. We met under a large tree, near their house. About 600 natives were about us, and all round outside of the crowd were men armed with spears and clubs. Mr. Macfarlane preached. When the first hymn was being sung, a number of women and children got up and ran into the bush. The service was short; at its close we sat down and sang hymns, which seemed to amuse them greatly. The painted and armed men were not at all pleasant-looking fellows.

At two in the morning (Monday) we weighed anchor and returned to Moresby Island. The wind was very light, and we had to anchor at the entrance to Fortescue Straits. Next morning we sailed through the Straits, and, on coming out on the opposite side, we were glad to see the Bertha beating outside. By noon we were on board the Bertha, and off for South Cape, the Mayri going to Teste Island with a letter, telling the captain of the Ellengowan to follow us, and also to see if the teachers were all right.

By evening we were well up to South Cape. The captain did not care to get too near at night, and stood away till morning. About ten next morning I accompanied the captain in the boat, to sound and look for

anchorage, which we found in 22 fathoms, near South-West Point. By half-past five that evening we anchored. The excitement ashore was great, and before the anchor was really down we were surrounded by canoes. As a people, they are small and puny, and much darker than the Eastern Polynesians. They were greatly excited over Pi's baby, a fine plump little fellow, seven months old, who, beside them, seemed a white child. Indeed, all they saw greatly astonished them. Canoes came off to us very early in the morning. About half-past seven, when we were ready to go ashore, there arose great consternation amongst the natives. Three large war canoes, with conch shells blowing, appeared off the mainland and paddled across the Mayri Straits. Soon a large war canoe appeared near the vessel. A great many small canoes from various parts of the mainland were ordered off by those on whose side we were anchored. They had to leave. On their departure a great shout was raised by the victorious party, and in a short time all returned quietly to their bartering. It seemed that the Stacy Islanders wished to keep all the bartering to themselves. They did not wish the rest to obtain hoop-iron or any other foreign wealth. They are at feud with one party on the mainland, and I suppose in their late contests have been victorious, for they told us with great exultation that they had lately killed and eaten ten of their enemies from the mainland.

About nine, we went ashore near the anchorage. I crossed the island to the village, but did not feel satisfied as to the position. One of our guides to the village wore, as an armlet, the jawbone of a man from

the mainland he had killed and eaten; others strutted about with human bones dangling from their hair, and about their necks. It is only the village Tepauri on the mainland with which they are unfriendly. We returned to the boat, and sailed along the coast. On turning a cape, we came to a pretty village, on a well-wooded point. The people were friendly, and led us to see the water, of which there is a good supply. This is the spot for which we have been in search as a station for beginning work. We can go anywhere from here, and are surrounded by villages. The mainland is not more than a gun-shot across. God has led us. We made arrangements for a house for the teachers; then returned to the vessel.

In the afternoon, I landed the teachers, their wives, and part of their goods—the people helping to carry the stuff to the house. The house in which the teachers are to reside till our own is finished is the largest in the place, but they can only get the use of one end of it—the owner, who considers himself the chief man of the place, requiring the other end for himself and family. The partition between the two ends is only two feet high. Skulls, shells, and cocoanuts are hung all about the house; the skulls are those of the enemies he and his people have eaten. Inside the house, hung up on the wall, is a very large collection of human bones, bones of animals and of fish.

I selected a spot for our house on the point of land nearest the mainland. It is a large sand hill, and well wooded at the back. We have a good piece of land, with bread-fruit and other fruit trees on it, which I hope soon to have cleared and planted with food, for the

benefit of the teachers who may be here awaiting their stations, as well as for the teacher for the place. The frontage is the Straits, with the mainland right opposite. There is a fine anchorage close to the house for vessels of any size.

Early next morning there was great excitement ashore. The large war canoe came off, with drums beating and men dancing. They came alongside the Bertha, and presented us with a small pig and food. Then the men came on board and danced. The captain gave them a return present. Mr. Macfarlane and I went ashore immediately after breakfast, and found that the teachers had been kindly treated. We gave some natives a few axes, who at once set off to cut wood for the house, and before we returned to the vessel in the evening two posts were up. As the Bertha's time was up, and the season for the trade winds closing, everything was done to get on with the house. Mr. Macfarlane worked well. Two men from the Bertha and two from the Mayri joined with the four teachers in the work, and by Tuesday the frame-work was nearly up. We landed our things that day, and immediately after breakfast on Wednesday, December 5, we went ashore to reside; and about ten A.M. the Bertha left. On the Tuesday, Mr. Macfarlane and I visited several villages on the mainland: three in a deep bay, which must be very unhealthy, from the many swamps and high mountains around. The people appeared friendly, and got very excited over the presents we gave them.

We got an old foretopsail from the captain, which we rigged up as a tent, in which the teachers slept, we

occupying their quarters. We enjoyed a good night's rest. In early morning the house was surrounded with natives, many of whom were armed. They must wonder at our staying here: they consider our goods to consist entirely of hoop-iron, axes, knives, and arrowroot. About eleven A.M. the war canoes were launched on the opposite side of the water. The excitement here was then great. I met a lad running with painted skulls to the war canoe of this village. Soon it was decorated with skulls, shells, cocoanuts and streamers, and launched. Those on the opposite side came out into the deep bay; ours remained stationary till the afternoon, when about thirty men got into her, and away towards Farm Bay to trade their hoop-iron for sago.

On Sunday, we met for our usual public services under a large tree, and a number of natives attended, who of course could not make out what was said, as they were conducted in Rarotongan. At our morning and evening prayers numbers are always about who seem to enjoy the singing. We see quite a number of strangers every day—some from Brumer Island, Tissot, Teste, China Straits, Catamaran Bay, Farm Bay, and other places. Those from Vakavaka—a place over by China Straits — are lighter and better-looking than those here. The women there do not seem to tattoo themselves. Here they tattoo themselves all over their faces and bodies, and make themselves look very ugly. I have not seen one large man or woman amongst them all.

We had much difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of plaited cocoanut leaves for the walls and roof of

our house. By Dec. 12 we had the walls and roof finished, when all our party moved into it. We had a curtain of unbleached calico put up between the teachers' end and ours, and curtains for doors and windows, but were glad to get into it in that unfinished state: the weather was breaking, and we felt anxious about the teachers sleeping in the tent when it rained, and we had no privacy at all where we were, and were tired of squatting on the ground, for we could not get a chair in our part of the house; indeed, the flooring was of such a construction that the legs of a chair or table would have soon gone through it. On Dec. 13 we were busy getting the wood we had cut for the flooring of our house into the sea to be rafted along; got ten large pieces into the water by breakfast-time.

After breakfast, Mrs. Chalmers and I were at the new house, with the captain of the Mayri, when we heard a noise like quarrelling. On looking out, I saw the natives very excited, and many of them running with spears and clubs towards the house where Mrs. Chalmers, about five minutes before, had left the teachers rising from breakfast. I hastened over, and pushed my way amongst the natives till I got to the front, when, to my horror, I was right in front of a gun aimed by one of the Mayri's crew (who had been helping us with the house) at a young man brandishing a spear. The aim was perfect: had the gun been fired —as it would have been had I not arrived in time— the native would have been shot dead. I pushed the native aside, and ordered the gun to be put down, and turned to the natives, shouting, *Besi, Besi!* (Enough,

enough!) Some of them returned their spears and clubs, but others remained threatening. I spoke to our party against using firearms, and then I caught the youth who was flourishing his spear, and with difficulty got it from him. Poor fellow, he cried with rage, yet he did me no harm. I clapped him, and got him to go away. All day he sat under a tree, which we had frequently to pass, but he would have nothing to say to us. It seems a knife had been stolen, and he being the only one about the house when it was missed, was accused of taking it. One of the teachers was winding line, and he caught the young fellow by the arm to inquire about the knife. The lad thought he was going to be tied up with the line: he struggled, got free, and raised the alarm.

Only the night before I had to warn the teachers against using firearms to alarm or threaten the natives. An axe was stolen; every place about was searched for it, and for some time without its being found. At last, a native found it buried in the sand near where it was last used. It had evidently been hidden there till a favourable opportunity should occur of taking it away. During the search, the owner of the axe (one of the teachers) ran off for his gun, and came rushing over with it. I ordered him to take it back, and in the evening told them it was only in New Guinea that guns were used by missionaries. It was not so in any other mission I knew of, and if we could not live amongst the natives without arms, we had better remain at home; and if I saw arms used again by them for anything, except birds, or the like, I should have the whole of them thrown into the sea.

In the afternoon of Dec. 14 I went over to the house in which we had been staying, to stir up the teachers to get the things over more quickly; Mrs. Chalmers remaining at the new house to look after the things there, as, without doors or flooring, everything was exposed. I went to the seaside to call to the captain of the Mayri, to send us the boat ashore, when, on looking towards my left, I saw twenty armed natives hurrying along. Though painted, I recognised some of them as those who were very friendly on board the Bertha, and spoke to them; but they hurried past, frowning and saying something I did not understand. They went straight on to the chief's house, and surrounded our party. I passed through, and stood in front of them. One very ugly-looking customer was brandishing his spear close by me. It was an anxious moment, and one in which I am sure many would have used firearms. I called out to the teachers, 'Remain quiet.' Our chief sprung out on to the platform in front of the house and harangued. He was very excited. Shortly he called to the teachers in signs and words, to bring out their guns and fire. They refused. He then rushed into the house and seized a gun, and was making off with it when one of the teachers caught hold of him. I, seeing the teacher with the chief, thought something was wrong, and went to them. We quieted him, and did our best to explain to him that we were no fighters, but men of peace. The babel all round us was terrible. By-and-by a request was made to me to give the chief from the other side a present, and get him away. I said, 'No; had he come in peace, and as a chief, I would have given him a present, but I will not do so now.' They retired

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to deliberate, and sent another request for a present. 'No; no presents to men in arms. If the chief returns to-morrow unarmed, he will get a present.' It seems they are vexed with our living here instead of with them, because they find those here are getting what they consider very rich by our living with them. When quiet was restored, we returned to the carrying of our things. When we came to the last few things, our chief objected to their removal until he got a farewell present. He had been paid for the use of the house before any of us entered it; but we gave him another present, and so finished the business.

Our large cross-cut saw was stolen during the hubbub. It belonged to the teachers at East Cape. It had only been lent to us, so we had to get it back. The next morning the chief from the other side came to see me. He received a present, and looked particularly sheepish when I tried to explain to him that we did not like fighting. All day I took care to show that I was very displeased at the loss of the saw, and by the evening I was told that it had been taken by those on the other side; and offers of returning it were made, but I saw I was expected to buy it from them. I said, 'No; I will not buy what was stolen from me; the saw must be returned, and I will give an axe to the one who goes for it, and fetches it to me.'

The following day, Sunday, Dec. 15, we held the usual services under a large tree near the mission house; a great many strangers present; the latter were very troublesome. On Monday afternoon the saw was returned. The Mayri left us that day, to visit the teachers at East Cape. The people are getting quieter.

At present they are chiefly interested in the sawing of the wood for the flooring of the house. They work willingly for a piece of hoop-iron and a few beads, but cannot do much continuously. They seem to have no kind of worship, and their sports are few. The children swing, bathe, and sail small canoes. The grown-up people have their dance—a very poor sort of thing. A band of youths, with drums, stand close together, and in a most monotonous tone sing whilst they beat the drums. The dancers dance round the men once or twice, and all stop to rest a bit. I have been twice present when only the women danced. They bury their dead, and place houses over the graves, which they fence round, planting crotons, bananas, etc., inside. They do their cooking inside their houses. It was very hot and uncomfortable when we were in the native house. The master being a sort of a chief, and having a large household, a great deal of cooking was required. Three large fires were generally burning in their end of house for the greater part of the day. The heat and smoke from these fires were not nice. Indeed, they generally had one or two burning all night, to serve for blankets, I suppose.

We went on with our work about the place, getting on well with the natives and with those from other parts. We became so friendly with the natives that I had hoped to go about with them in their canoes. Several natives from one of the settlements invited me to visit their place, and said that if I went with them in their canoe they would return me. I went with them, and was well received by all the people at the settlement, where I spent some hours. On the 21st of December

the Mayri returned from East Cape, and reported that all were sick, but that the people were very friendly and kind to teachers. Anxious to keep the vessel employed, and to prepare the way for landing teachers, I resolved to visit a settlement on the mainland at deadly feud with this people. The people here tried hard to dissuade me from going, telling me that as I stayed with them my head would be cut off. Seeing me determined to go, they brought skulls, saying, mine would be like that, to adorn their enemies' war canoe, or hang outside of chief's house. Feeling sure that they did not wish me to go because they were afraid the hoop-iron, the knives, axes, beads, and cloth might also be distributed on the other side, I told them I must go; so they left me to my fate.

I took the teacher with me that I hoped to leave there. We were received very kindly by the people. They led us inland, to show us there was water, and when we got back to the seaside they regaled us with sugar-cane and cocoanuts. They then told us that they did not live at the village, but at the next, and merely came here for food. We then got into a canoe, and were paddled up to the other village, where a great crowd assembled, and where we publicly gave the chiefs our presents. They danced with delight, and told the teacher not to be long until he came to reside with them.

On our return we thought our friends seemed disappointed. We had suffered no harm; however, as I had been unwell for some days, and felt worse on the day following my trip, they felt comforted, and assured me it was because of our visiting Tepauri. We had several things stolen, and amongst other things a camp

oven, which we miss much. Yet these are things which must be borne, and we can hope that some day their stealing propensities will change. From a very unexpected source, and in a very unexpected manner, the whole prospects of this eastern mission seemed all at once to be upset. I do not think I can do better than extract from my journal for the next few days.

December 29. — About twelve o'clock three lads from the Mayri came ashore to cut firewood. One of them came to me, saying, 'I 'fraid, sir, our captain he too fast with natives. One big fellow he come on board, and he sit down below. Captain he tell him get up; he no get up. Captain he get sword, and he tell him, s'pose he no get up he cut head off; he get up, go ashore. I fear he no all right.' They left me and went towards the sawpit. Some men were clearing at the back of my house, some were putting up a cook-house, and the teachers were sawing wood. On the cook-house being finished, I was paying the men, when, on hearing a great noise, I rose up and saw those who were at the sawpit running away and leaping the fence, and heard firing as if from the vessel. I rushed into the house with my bag, and then out to see what it was. I saw natives on board the Mayri, and some in canoes; they were getting the hawser ashore, and pulling up the anchor, no doubt to take the vessel. Everywhere natives were appearing, some armed, and others unarmed. Two of the lads from the vessel, wishing to get on board, went to their boat, but found the natives would not let it go. I shouted to the natives detaining it to let it go, which they did. Had I not been near, they would certainly have been fired

upon by the two lads, who were armed with muskets. Before the boat got to the vessel I saw natives jump overboard, and soon the firing became brisker. I rushed along the beach, calling upon the natives to get into the bush, and to those on board to cease firing. Firing ceased, and soon I heard great wailing at the chief's house, where I was pressed to go. A man was shot through the leg and arm. On running through the village to the house to get something for the wounded man, I was stopped to see a young man bleeding profusely, shot through the left arm, the bullet entering the chest. I got some medicine and applied it to both.

When I reached the house I found Mrs. Chalmers the only calm person there. Natives were all around armed. When at the chief's house with medicine I was told there was still another, and he was on board. They kept shouting, 'Bocasi, Bocasi,' the name of the man who was on board in the morning. I found a small canoe all over blood, and two natives paddled me off. On getting alongside, I saw the captain sitting on deck, looking very white, and blood all about him. I asked, 'Is there still a man on board?' Answer: 'Yes.' 'Is he shot?' 'Yes.' 'Dead?' 'Yes.' He was dead, and lying below. I was afraid to remain long on board, and would not risk landing with the body; nor would it do for the body to be landed before me, as then I might be prevented from landing at all; so I got into the canoe, in which one native was sitting. The other was getting the body to place in the canoe; but I said, 'Not in this one, but a larger one.' So ashore I went, and hastened to the house. I understood the

captain to say that they attempted to take his life, and this big man, armed with a large sugar-cane knife, was coming close up, and he shot him dead. The captain's foot was frightfully cut. He had a spear head in his side, and several other wounds.

The principal people seemed friendly, and kept assuring us that all was right, we should not be harmed. Great was the wailing when the body was landed, and arms were up and down pretty frequently. Canoes began to crowd in from the regions around. A man who has all along been very friendly and kept close by us advised us strongly to leave during the night, as, assuredly, when the war canoes from the different parts came in, we should be murdered. Mrs. Chalmers decidedly opposed our leaving. God would protect us. The vessel was too small, and not provisioned, and to leave would be losing our position as well as endangering Teste and East Cape. We came here for Christ's work, and He would protect us.

In the dusk one of the crew came ashore, saying that the captain was very ill, and wanted to go off to Murray Island. I could not go on board, and leave them here. We consented to the vessel's leaving, and I gave the lad some medicine for the captain, and asked him to send on shore all he could spare in the way of beads, etc. I took all that was necessary, and about half-past seven the vessel left. We were told we should have to pay something to smooth over the trouble, which we were quite willing to do. Late at night we had things ready. We had our evening prayers in Rarotongan, reading Psalm xlvi., and feeling that God was truly our refuge.

People were early about on Dec. 30. We gave the things which were prepared, and they were accepted. The people from the settlement to which the man belonged who was shot came to attack us, but the people here ordered them back. Many people came in from islands and mainland. A number of so-called chiefs tell us no one will injure us, and that we can go on with our work. We thought it not well to have services out of doors to-day, so held prayer-meetings in the house.

Great crowds came in from all round on Dec. 31, and many war canoes. The people were extremely impudent, jumping the fence and taking no heed of what we said. One of the chief men of the settlement to which the man who was shot belongs returned from Vaare (Teste Island). He seemed friendly, and I gave him a present.

I had an invitation to attend a cannibal feast at one of the settlements. Some said it would consist of two men and a child, others of five and a child.

The people continued troublesome all day, and seemed to think we had nothing else to do than attend to their demands.

January 1, 1878. — We were told we might be attacked. There was a great wailing assembly at the other village. A canoe from Tanosine, with a great many ugly-looking men, passed, and our friends here seemed to fear they would attack us. We thought everything settled, and that we should have no more to pay. The warp belonging to the Mayri was carried past to-day and offered for sale; but I would have nothing to do with it. We have tried the meek and

quiet up till now, and they only become more impudent and threatening.

Having tried the peaceful and pleasant, we determined to show the natives that we were not afraid, and resisted every demand, and insisted that there should be no more leaping the fence. On demands being made, I shouted, 'No more; wait, and when Beritama fighting canoe comes, then make your demands.' They seemed afraid, and became less troublesome.

In the afternoon of January 2, the parties who have the hawser brought it to me; but I would have nothing to do with it. I told them if Ponairo, the settlement of the man who was shot, determines to attack us, let them come, we, too, can fight. One of the teachers fired off his gun at some distance from a bread-fruit tree, and the bullet went clean through a limb of it; it caused great exclamations, and crowds went to look at it.

The hawser was returned and left outside. We took no notice of it. The people were much quieter, and no demands were made. The cannibal feast was held. Some of our friends appeared with pieces of human flesh dangling from their neck and arms. The child was spared for a future time, it being considered too small. Amidst all the troubles Mrs. Chalmers was the only one who kept calm and well.

The Ellengowan arrived on January 20. The natives were beginning to think no vessel would come; but when it arrived they were frightened, and willing to forget the Mayri affair. A few days before she arrived some of our friends warned us against going too far away from the house. After her arrival we were able to go about among the people again.

CHAPTER II

A FEW TRIP INCIDENTS

Start eastwards from Heath Island—Naroopoo—Trading with Natives—Landing at Roux Island—Interview with the Chief—The Man with the club—Effect of a gunshot on the natives—Ellengowan Bay—Narrow Escape—The steam-whistle useful—Attempt to go inland unsuccessful—Amazons—Women chief instigators of quarrels—Toulon Island—The real 'Amazons' Land'—How the report arose—Cloudy Bay—Interview with the Chief—Sandbank Bay—A hurried time—Dufaure Island—Attack on Mr. Chalmers by Aroma natives—Defended by some of the natives—Attack due to evil conduct of white men—Intentions of the natives—Heathen customs—Pigs—Planting—Trading—Sickness.

THE Ellengowan had been thoroughly refitted at Sydney; and in the spring of 1878, accompanied by my wife, I embarked on a cruise from east to west along the south coast of New Guinea. The little steamer was commanded by Captain Dudfield, and manned by an efficient native crew. Communication was held with some two hundred villages, one hundred and five were personally visited, and ninety for the first time by a white man. Several bays, harbours, rivers, and islands were discovered and named; the country between Meikle and Orangerie Bays, together with that lying at the back of Kerepunu was explored, and

the entire coast line from Keppel Point to Macfarlane Harbour, traversed on foot.

In travelling through a new country, it is impossible not to have many experiences that may interest those at home, although to the traveller they may seem of little moment. In May, 1878, I began my journeys on New Guinea, in parts hitherto unknown, and amongst tribes supposed to be hostile. I resolved, come what might, to travel unarmed, trusting to Him in whose work I was engaged, and feeling that no harm could come to me while in His care.

On leaving Heath Island we really began on new and little known seas and country, and we first anchored in a bay we called Inverary Bay. On landing we were met by a few men, the others coming out with goods and chattels. We steamed round by the Leocadie, through what forms a good harbour for small vessels, and over by the sandbanks in Catamaran Bay. We called at Tanosina, to the east of the Leocadie, landing with caution, as these people had been very troublesome on our first arrival at South Cape, and were very anxious to avenge the man shot on board the Mayri. They did not receive us heartily, and seemed inclined to be impudent, so I thought it best, after giving one or two presents, to get quietly to the boat and away. I may here say that in after times these people were very friendly, and helped us much in our work. We visited all round the bay, returning to South Cape.

After getting a supply of water and fuel on board, we started again, going east round Rugged Head to Farm Bay, and well up to the head of the bay,

anchoring opposite to Naroopoo. I landed, and soon had an admiring crowd round me. I was dressed in white, with black leather boots. Sitting on a verandah, some, more daring than others, would come up, touch my shirt and trousers, bite their fingers and run away. Again and again this was done by the bold ones, who always eyed my boots. After consultation, one old woman mustered courage, came up, touched my trousers, and finally my boots. She was trembling all over, but, horror of horrors, to add to her fear, lifting my foot, I pulled my boot off; she screamed and ran, some others setting out with her, and did not stop until quite out of sight.

After visiting several villages, and finding that the bay was thickly populated, I went on board. The following morning many canoes came alongside, and on our getting up steam were much afraid. It was evident they wanted to show us that they had confidence in us, but it was difficult with the steam up, the snorting and general commotion on board being so great. We warned them on getting up anchor to clear off. Why should they? There was no sail, nor were we going to move. A commotion aft, canoes with crews clearing away to a very safe distance. One canoe hanging on is pulled under, a wild shout, a moment's silence, and then there is a loud roar of laughter, when they see canoe and paddlers appear astern at some distance. We rounded One Tree Point, and could see no entrance to a bay, just a few miles beyond, but since explored and named Lawes Bay. Keeping on, we anchored outside of the Roux Islands, in a fine safe harbour. Before leaving our friends at South Cape, they were

boasting of having visited some place on the coast, where, on showing their large knives, the natives all left, they helping themselves to a good many things.

We had some difficulty in getting a canoe to come alongside, and it was not until we had fastened a piece of red cloth to a stick, and floated it astern, that the first canoe would come near. The natives approached, picked up the red cloth, and in showing them pieces of hoop-iron, they gradually came near enough to take hold of a piece, look well at it, and finally decide to come alongside. Once alongside we were soon fraternising, and on seeing this other canoes came off, and trading for curios began. Asking the captain to keep on trading as long as possible, I hastened ashore, to see the chief of one of the villages. As long as trading canoes remain alongside, the parties landing are perfectly safe; care should be taken to get away as soon as possible after the canoes leave the vessel.

The tide was far out when our boat touched the beach. A crowd met us, and in every hand was a club or spear. I went on to the bow, to spring ashore, but was warned not to land. I told them I had come to see the chief, had a present for him, and must see him.

'Give us your present, and we will give it to him, but you must not land.'

'I am Tamate, from Suau, and have come as a friend to visit your old chief, and I must land.'

An elderly woman came close up to the boat, saying, 'You must not land, but I will take the present, or,' pointing to a young man close by, 'he will take it for his father,' he being the chief's son.

'No; I must see the chief for myself; but the son I

should also like to know, and will give him a present too.'

Springing ashore, followed by the mate, a fine daring fellow, much accustomed to roughing it on the diggings, and not the least afraid of natives, I walked up the long beach to the village, to the chief's house. The old man was seated on the platform in front of the house, and did not even deign to rise to receive us. I told him who I was, and the object of my coming. He heard me through, and treated the whole as stale news. I placed my present on the platform in front of him, and waited for some word of satisfaction; but none escaped the stern old chieftain. Presents of beads were handed to little children in arms, but indignantly returned. Loud laughing in the outskirts of crowd and little jostling.

'Gould,' said I to the mate, 'I think we had better get away from here; keep eyes all round, and let us make quietly to the beach.'

To the chief I said, 'Friend, I am going, you stay.' Lifting his eyebrows, he said, 'Go.'

We were followed by the crowd, one man with a large round club walking behind me, and uncomfortably near. Had I that club in my hand, I should feel a little more comfortable. When on the beach we saw the canoes had left the vessel, and were hurrying ashore; our boat was soon afloat, still, we had some distance to go. I must have that club, or I fear that club will have me. I had a large piece of hoop-iron, such as is highly prized by the natives, in my satchel; taking it, I wheeled quickly round, presented it to the savage, whose eyes were dazzled as with a bar of gold. With my left

hand I caught the club, and before he became conscious of what was done I was heading the procession, armed as a savage, and a good deal more comfortable. We got safely away.

From Fyfe Bay we went round to Meikle Bay, where I visited all the villages, and was well received. Before landing I decided to walk inland, and see for myself if there was no arm of the sea running up at the back. The charts showed no such thing, but I felt sure, from the formation of the land and the manner of clouds hanging over it, that there must be a lake or some large sheet of water, and that there must be considerable streams carrying off the water of the Lorne Range and Cloudy Mountains, as no stream of any size came to the sea on the coast-side. I got the chief of the village at the head of the bay and a large following to show us the way. We travelled for some miles through good country, and at last came out opposite a large sheet of water, stretching well up towards Cloudy Mountain and away towards the head of Milne Bay. Seeing the Stirling Range, I was able to take a few positions.

Our mate, who had his fowling-piece with him, saw a very pretty parrot on a cocoanut tree. He approached until close under—the natives, about forty in number, standing breathlessly round, and wondering what was going to happen. Bang! Down dropped the parrot; a wail, hands to ears, a shout, and we were left alone with the chief, who happened to be standing close by me. Those natives only ceased running when they reached their homes.

We visited several villages, and at sundown returned. In the dark we travelled along the bed of a

creek, passing small villages, whose inhabitants were terribly alarmed, but none more so than our chief. Poor fellow, he *was* frightened. How nimbly he ascended his platform on our arrival at his house, where his two wives were crying, but now rejoiced to see him in the body. Long ago the escort had returned with a terrible tale, and they feared whether their husband could have lived through it all. But he was now considered a veritable hero, to be sung in song and shouted in dance. Friends gather round; he tells his tale; presents the bird; the wives examine it, then the crowd of relatives. He afraid! oh dear no! But he looked pale for a native, and no quantity of hoop-iron would induce him to move from that platform and the sides of those dear wives that night. Enough for one day, one month, one year, so, 'Good-bye, Tamate; I shall be off in the morning to see you.' Arriving on board late, we were welcome; they feared we had been spirited away.

The following day we got round to Ellengowan Bay. After visiting all the villages, I went right up to the head of the bay to see Silo and its chief. The tide was very low, and after pulling the boat some distance through mud we left her in charge of the two rowers, the mate and I going to the village. He had hoop-iron cut in seven-inch lengths in his pockets. The old chief received us graciously, and began giving me a long story of what he wished to do in the way of pigs and food, if I would only stay two days. It was a sickly-looking hole, and not being quite rid of fever, I hoped to get on board and away in an hour. A large crowd gathered round all under arms, very noisy, and

certainly not gentle. A slight scuffle took place, but was soon over. The mate missed some of his hoop-iron, caught one young man with a piece, and took it from him. The crowd increased. I told the chief I should prefer his people unarmed, and not so noisy. He spoke to them, some put down their clubs and spears; but they were hidden in the bush close by. We bade the chief good-bye, but he expressed a great wish to see us in the boat. Apparently with great carelessness we made towards the beach, attended by a noisy crowd, all arms now picked up. Remembering the difficulty we had in landing, and knowing savages preferred killing out of their own villages, hospitality having ended when friends left the precincts, I determined not to have that crowd near the boat. I asked the chief to send them back; but to him they would not listen, and still the noisy crowd followed on. I shouted to them to return, and not come troubling us, as we were getting into the boat. No use; on they followed, and the boat they meant to visit. I stood still, and not feeling particularly cheerful, I told them to go on, and go off to the vessel—that I should wait and return to the village. Stamping my foot, as if in a towering passion, I told the chief, 'Go with all your people to the boat; as for me, I shall return.' It had the desired effect. The people fled, and the few who remained listened to the old man, and came no further. We got to the boat and away, glad to escape without any unpleasantness.

Entering Orangerie Bay, we anchored off the village of Daunai, from which the whole district takes its name. When here, our Chinese cook lost his knife, and

spotting the thief, determined to have it; but our captain prevented him from jumping into one of the canoes, and so avoided trouble. There were over one hundred canoes round the vessel, and altogether over four hundred men.

We stopped all trading, and frightened the canoes away by blowing the steam whistle—they were much afraid of it, and kept at a very respectful distance.

We went up the long sheet of water we saw when we crossed Meikle Bay, finding it in every way suited to its native name, Paroai, or piggish water, and quite useless as a harbour for anything larger than an ordinary boat. I went ashore in one of the canoes, to be landed at Bootu, and walk across to Milne Bay. Before leaving the vessel I engaged with the natives to take me right away to the head of the lagoon, and when I had seen Milne Bay, to return me to the vessel, when they would be paid for all their trouble. So with our bags and a few eatables, we started; when about a mile away from the vessel, they headed the canoe more in towards the right shore, and no amount of talk in calmness or wrath would get them to do otherwise. We touched at a place not far from a village we visited overland—some left us, and we were certainly now too weak to proceed. We ran down to the village, where we landed with my bag, and away went my native canoe men. Love or money would not move the villagers, and they were exceedingly impudent, knowing well that we were quite in their hands. My friend the mate, who insisted on accompanying me, agreed with me that things were rather out of the common with us, and that a sharp eye, and quick ear, and quick action

were of some importance. They at once went to get their clubs and spears, and begged and insisted on presents; but they were astonished, I doubt not, to find their begging of little avail.

'Go to the vessel, if you want presents.'

'Why are you anchored so far off?'

'Can't get nearer, and only wish you would show me the way in close to here.'

Pointing to a passage close in shore, I suggested they had better take us off, and we would try and get her round when the tide rose; but to this they objected, and instead of becoming more friendly, it seemed to us they were just going the other way; but that may have been merely as we thought, looking at them through coloured glasses, suspicion, and a certain mixture of doubt if ever we should again see the vessel. A few men came running along the beach. I met them, and hurriedly asked them to take us off, when they would have hoop iron and beads.

'Yes.'

'Quick! do not let them think! Into the nearest canoe.'

Away in the distance those in the village were shouting and gesticulating.

'Come back! Come back, at once.'

'Oh no, my friends; pull, you must pull!' and while they are discussing we are paddling. I tell them it would be dangerous to attempt going back. On we go, beyond small islands in sight of vessel, and now they give up speaking of returning. We got off, and I paid the fellows well. Anxious to get in, we tried in many places at high tide to enter the shore channel, but all

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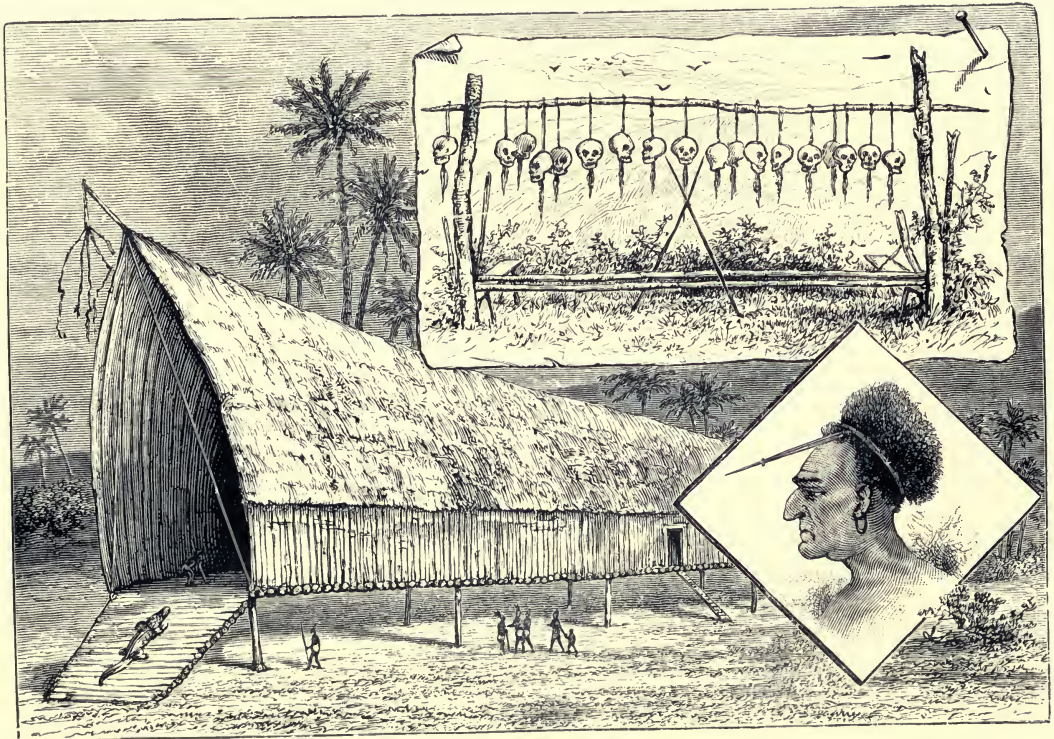

was useless. For several miles we were sailing deep in mud, unable to work the engine. A canoe came near, and I told them to inform those ashore that we could not get in.

At Port Glasgow the people cleared out, bag and baggage, leaving us in quiet possession. At Port Moresby I had heard of a woman's land, a land where only women—perfect Amazons—lived and ruled. These ladies were reported to be excellent tillers of the soil, splendid canoeists in sailing or paddling, and quite able to hold their own against attacks of the sterner sex, who sometimes tried to invade their country. At the East End they knew nothing of this woman's land, and nowhere east of Hula have I ever heard it spoken of.

To find so interesting a community was of great moment, and everywhere we went we inquired, but only to be laughed at by the natives; sometimes asked by them, 'How do they continue to exist?' But that, too, puzzled us. As no part of the coast from East Cape to Port Moresby would be left unvisited by us, we were certain to come across the Amazonian settlement, and when we did, it would be useful to keep a sharp look-out, as I have noticed that the instigators of nearly all quarrels are the women. I have seen at South Cape when the men were inclined to remain quiet, the women rush out, and, as if filled with devils, incite them. Just after the attack on the Mayri, and when I was going about the settlement attending to the wounded, I heard the women call loudly for vengeance, and, because the men would not at once heed them, throw their shields on the ground and batter them with stones, then pull their hair, and tell the men they were only poor weak cowards.

We heard that Mailiukolo (Toulon) canoes with women were more numerous, and some very large ones with women alone. In the early morning we were off the island, and soon ready to land. On crossing the reef we met two canoes, one with men and one with women. We signed to them to go to the vessel, whilst we pulled up to the large village on the north side. As the boat touched the fine hard sandy beach, a man, the only being in sight, ran down and stood in front. I went forward to spring ashore, but he said I must not. Finding he knew the Daunai dialect, I said to him, I must land; that I was a friend, and gave him my name, which he already knew from the east. I gave him a strip of red cloth and stepped ashore, when he ran away into the bush.

At our first approach I could only see this one man, but now I saw hundreds of grass petticoats on women standing under the houses. I could not see the upper parts of their bodies, only the petticoats and feet. They were indeed quiet until I advanced nearer, when one wild scream was given that would try stronger nerves than mine, and signs to keep away. It required more inquisitiveness than I possessed to proceed. I retired a few paces, warning the boat's crew to keep a good look-out, and especially from the bush end of the village, where the man ran to. I invited the dusky damsels to come to me, if they objected to my visiting them; but no, I must return whence I came; they had seen me, that was enough.

'No, my friends; we must meet, and you will have some presents.'

I held up beads and red cloth; but, strange to say

they seemed to have no effect on that strange crowd. I never saw so many women together. How were we to meet? was now the question; to be baulked by them would never do. I threw on the beach a piece of red cloth and a few beads; walked away quite carelessly, and apparently not noticing what was taking place. A girl steals out from the crowd, stops, turns, eyes fixed on me; advances, stops, crosses her hands, pressing her breast. Poor thing, not courage enough; so, lightning speed, back. It is evident the old ladies object to the younger ones attempting, and they are themselves too frightened. Another young damsel about nine or ten years old comes out, runs, halts, walks cat-like, lest the touch of her feet on the sand should waken me from my reverie; another halt, holds her chest, lest the spirit should take its flight or the pattering heart jump right out. I fear it was beyond the slight patter then, and had reached the stentorian thump of serious times. On; a rush; well done! She picks cloth and beads up.

I have gained my point, and will soon have the crowds—no need to wait so long to have the baits picked up now, and, after a few more such temptings, it is done. I am besieged by the noisest crowd I have ever met, and am truly glad to escape on board the boat. We went to the vessel, and brought her round to the west side, where we anchored, and I again landed. Crowds met me on the beach, but no men. I gave my beads indiscriminately, and soon there was a quarrel between the old ladies and young ones. The latter were ordered off, and, because they would not go, I must go. The old ladies insisted on my getting into the boat, and, being now assisted by the few men we met in the

canoe, I thought it better to comply. Long after we left the beach we heard those old cracked, crabbed voices anathematising the younger members of that community. I suppose I was the first white mortal to land on that sacred shore, and I must have been to them a strange object indeed.

I am fully convinced that this is the Woman's Land, and can easily account for its being called so by stray canoes from the westward.

After leaving the island, we steamed round to the westward of the small islands in Amazon Bay, where we intended to spend a quiet Sabbath after a hard week's work, and previous to beginning another. After anchoring, canoes with men and boys kept crossing from the mainland, and all day Sunday it was the same. They halted at the islands, and with the next tide went on to Toulon. Landing on the Saturday evening to shoot pigeons, we met several natives, and learned that their plantations were on the mainland, and that they crossed to plant and fight, taking their boys with them. Afterwards at Aroma, they told me they left their wives and daughters at home in charge of a few men, whilst the majority crossed to the main, and stayed away for some time, returning with food, to spend a few days at home on the island. During their absence, the women sail about and trade, going as far as Dedele in Cloudy Bay, being one and the same people. Canoes from the westward might have called at Toulon when the men were on the mainland fighting and planting, and seeing only women, would soon report a woman's land. Many years ago an Elema canoe was carried away there: they were kindly treated by the Amazons, but at

Dedele on returning, were attacked and several killed; they naturally reported a woman's land too.

The following week we visited Dedele in Cloudy Bay, which had been visited two years previously, by Messrs. Lawes and Macfarlane. The village was barricaded with high and thick mangrove sticks, with a narrow opening to the sea. They objected to my landing, and formed a crescent in front of the boat. I sprung ashore and asked for the chief. I held out a piece of hoop-iron, and a rather short, well-built man, dressed with boar's tusks and other ornaments, stepped forward and took my present. He took me by the hand and led me to the village, just allowing me to peep in at the opening. I could see the women rushing out by an opening at the other side; pigs, dogs, nets, and other valuables were being carried off; they were rushing off wildly away into the bush. I was very anxious to get right in, and meant to before I went to the boat. My beads were all done up in small parcels, so I could throw them about easily. A poor old woman was sitting under the nearest house, bewailing her sad lot, with an infant, the mother of which had very likely gone off to the bush to hide the valuables and to return for the child, or perhaps she was upstairs packing up. I threw the poor old dame a packet of beads for herself and another for the child. Spying another old lady close by on the opposite side, I threw her one. It had the desired effect; my friend, the chief, who stood guard at the opening, now conceived the 'happy thought' that something could be made out of me.

'Would you like to walk round and look at the village?'

'Yes, I should.'

'Come, then;' and, giving me his hand, he led me, attended by an armed crowd, to every house, on the verandahs of which I deposited a packet of beads. He was the chief, and was named Gidage. When going round he said—

'You are no longer Tamate, you are Gidage.'

'Right, my friend; you are no longer Gidage, you are Tamate.'

I gave him an extra present, and he gave me a return one, saying, 'Gidage, we are friends; stay, and I, Tamate, will kill you a pig.'

'No, Tamate. Gidage must go; but hopes to return, and will then eat Tamate's pig.'

'No, stay now; we are friends, and you must be fed!'

'No, I cannot stay; but when I return, then pig-eating'—not a very pleasant employment when other things can be had.

Pigs are very valuable animals here, and much thought of, and only true friends can be regaled with them. The women nurse the pig. I have seen a woman suckling a child at one breast and a small pig at the other; that was at South Cape. I have seen it also at Hula and Aroma. Proceeding to the beach, we parted, old and well-known friends.

'Gidage, must you go?'

'Yes, I cannot now stay, Tamate.'

'Go, Gidage; how many moons until you return?'

'Tamate, I cannot say; but hope to return.'

'*Kaione* (Good-bye), Tamate.'

'*Kaione* (Good-bye), Gidage'; and away he started,

leaving Tamate on the beach, surrounded by an interesting crowd of natives.

It was near here, a few years after, that a *bêche-de-mer* party of seven were murdered; and on the opposite side of the bay two cedar-seekers were waylaid, and lost their lives. We went into Sandbank Bay, and I landed at the village of Domara. What a scene it was! The women rushed into the long grass, and I was led, after a good deal of talk, up to the village—only to see, at the other end, grass petticoats disappearing, the wearers hidden by the quantity of stuff they were carrying. One poor woman, heavily laden with treasures, had perched above all her child, and away she, too, was flying. Never had white man landed there before, and who knows what he may be up to?

The following incident illustrates the shocks a traveller must put up with in New Guinea.

It was resting-day at a village, far away from the coast, and, spreading my chart out on the middle of the floor in the small native house in which we were camping, several sitting round, I was tracing our journey done, and the probable one to do, when strange drops were falling around, a few on the chart. They came from a bulky parcel overhead. Jumping up quickly, I discovered that they were grandmother's remains being dried. Our chart was placed on the fire, and the owner was called lustily, who hurriedly entered, and walked away with the parcel. It was altogether a hurried time, and spoiled our dinner.

Feeling convinced that a suitable locality for the settlement of teachers might be found in the neigh-

bourhood of Orangerie Bay, I resolved on returning thither, and we anchored at Kuragori, on the east side of Dufaure Island, on April 25, 1879. I went ashore, and found the people delighted to meet me. The chief, Tutuaunei, seems a fine young fellow. The people are good-looking, clear-skinned, and very few suffering from skin disease. They were quite at home with us, and a number accompanied me inland. In strong trade winds, the vessel could lie under the lee of the mainland opposite. We got on board, and steamed round to the north side, anchoring off Bonabona.

I went ashore, and was met on the beach by Meaudi, the chief. He is the chief of four villages, some distance from one another, and all a good size. I visited all four. They have good houses, and all looks clean. I saw no mangroves whatever, and no appearance of swamp. The villages are on the beach, and I believe in good healthy positions. We walked from Bonabona to Sigokoiro, followed by a large number of men, women, and children, who were much interested in my boots, clothes, and hat. The chief lives in Gokora, and when on the platform in front of his fine large house I gave the present, and we exchanged names. By adopting his name, it meant I was to visit all his very special friends, and give them also presents. I called an old woman sitting by to come to me. Very hesitatingly she came, and stretched forth her arm to receive a present. I asked her to come nearer, which she did, when assured by the chief it was all right, and I put her present of beads round her neck. Then all the people shouted, clapped their hands, and danced with delight. After that, all the old women were pro-

duced. We were well known by report to them, and so Tamate passed as a great *taubada* (chief).

Dufaure is a fine island, quite equal to any I have seen in the South Pacific—plantations on all sides, right up to the mountain tops. They know nothing of fire-arms, for, on inquiring if there were birds on the island, they asked if I had a sling. The people are a much finer race, and freer than any I have seen further east. The two races seem to meet here—that from the Kerepunu side, and that from the east. We are anchored some distance from the shore in three fathoms, and further out it is shallower. The opposite shore on mainland looks low and unhealthy.

There are ten villages on the island, five of which we have visited.

After visiting the Keakaro and Aroma districts, our journeyings were nearly brought to a sudden termination. When we got half-way between the point next to Macfarlane Harbour and Mailu, where there is a boat entrance, we saw the boat, and waved to them to approach. They came near to the surf, but not near enough for us to get on board. The native of Hula, from Maopa, got on board. The Hula boy got on board early in the day, leaving us to go on alone. I called out to them to proceed to the boat entrance at Mailu. Great numbers of natives were with us; we saw, in the distance, numbers more sitting on the beach, and armed. Some of those following us were armed. When within two miles of where the boat was to await us, we came upon a crowd of men and women; the former carried spears, clubs, or pieces of hard wood, used in opening cocoa-nuts; the women had clubs. Some time before this, I

said to the teacher and Loyalty Islander, 'Keep a good look out; I fear there is mischief here.' When we came upon the last group, I asked for a cocoanut in exchange for beads; the man was giving it to me, when a young man stepped forward and sent him back. We hastened our steps, so as to get to the village, where the strangers from Mailukolo and Kapumari might help us. The teacher heard them discussing as to the best place for the attack; and, not knowing that he knew what they said, he heard much that left no doubt in our minds that murder was meant. I carried a satchel, which had beads and hoop-iron in it; they tried to get it. I gave presents of beads; some were indignantly returned. I was in front, between two men with clubs, who kept telling me I was a bad man. I held their hands, and kept them so that they could not use their clubs. The Loyalty Islander had a fowling-piece—thinking we might be away some days, and we might have to shoot our dinners. They tried hard to get him to fire it off, and twice tried to wrest it from him. They knew what guns are, and with reason. They tried to trip us; they jostled us. On we went.

Two men, when near the village, came close up behind me with large wooden clubs, which were taken from them by two women, who ran off to the village. Things looked black, and each of us prayed in silence to Him who rules over the heathen. Soon a man came rushing along, seized the club, and took it from the man on my left, and threw it in the sea. He tried to do the same with the one on my right; but he was too light a man, and did not succeed. An old woman, when at the

point, came out and asked them what they meant, and followed us, talking to them all the way, so dividing their thoughts. An old chief, whom we saw on our way up, came hurriedly along to meet us, calling out, 'Mine is the peace! What have these foreigners done that you want to kill them?' He closed up to the teacher, and took him by the hand. Another chief walked close behind me. They began to talk loudly amongst themselves. Some were finding fault that we should have been allowed to get near the village, and others that there was yet time. The boat was anchored some distance off: we got her nearer; and, when ready to move off to the boat, I opened my satchel, gave hoop-iron to our friends the chiefs, and threw beads amongst the crowd. I shouted for Kapumari, and a sturdy young fellow fought his way through the crowd. I gave him a piece of hoop-iron, and, with our friendly chiefs, he forced the crowd back, calling on us to be quick and follow. So into the water we got, the chiefs calling, 'Go quick; go quick!' We got on board; our Chinamen got flustered, and very nearly let the boat drift broadside on the beach; we, with poles and oars, got her round and off, sails set, and away for Kerepunu. Before changing clothes, we thanked God our Father for His protection and care over us. We felt He alone did all; unsettled their thoughts as to who first, where, and when; and it was He who gave us friends.

Why should they want to kill us? It was surely never for the small satchel I carried. I believe it was revenge. Some years ago, a vessel called off Aroma; trading for food was done on board; thieving went on; food was sold twice; revolvers and rifles were brought

out; the natives were fired on, several were wounded, and very likely some were killed. Natives on the beach were fired upon, and some were wounded who were hiding in the bush close by. We land—the first foreigners to visit them—and on us they will be revenged. What a pity that the same foreigners who fire on the natives do not return the following week, and so receive their deserts! The wretches steer clear of such parts. I have asked the teacher to find out, if possible, why Aroma wished to kill Tamate and Taria.

When in the boat, we asked the Hula boy why he left us and took to the boat. He said he had heard some say we should be killed, and that we would make a fine feast. He did not tell us, because he had not an opportunity, and was afraid the people might hear him if he told, and so he would be killed.

A week later a chief from Maopa came with a Kerepunu chief to see me. I recognised him as the one who kept back the crowd the other day at Aroma, and opened the way for me to get into the water, and so into the boat. He says, from our landing in the morning they had determined to kill us, but the suitable time did not arrive. When we arrived at the place where the large canoes from Toulon and Daunai were lying, it was there arranged by the Aroma people and those from the canoes that Aroma should kill us and have all they could get, and those from the canoes should have the bodies to eat. He says they kept putting it off, until, finally, it was to be done when we were at the boat, then they would have boat and all; but he and two other chiefs arrived just in time. He

says it was not revenge, and, turning to the Kerepunu chief, he said, 'You know Aroma from of old, and how all strangers are killed.' I gave him a present, and told him that I hoped to see him soon.

The inhabitants of the inland villages are probably the aborigines, who have been driven back to the hills by the robuster race now occupying their plantations on the coast. Their habits and customs are curious and interesting. They cook the heads of their slain enemies, to secure clean skulls to put on sacred places.

They have one great spirit—Palaku Bara, who dwells in the mountains. They worship him unitedly in one place. Each family has a sacred place, where they carry offerings to the spirits of deceased ancestors, whom they terribly fear. Sickness in the family, death, family, scarcity of fish, &c.—these terrible spirits are at work, and must be propitiated.

Pigs are killed only in the one place, and then they are offered to the spirit. The blood is poured out there, and the carcase is then carried back to the village, to be divided, cooked, and eaten.

Pigs' skulls are kept and hung up in the house. Food for a feast, such as at house-building, is placed near the post where the skulls hang, and a prayer is said. When the centre post is put up, the spirits have wallaby, fish, and bananas presented to them, and they are besought to keep that house always full of food, and that it may not fall when the wind is strong.

The great spirit causes food to grow, and to him presentations of food are made.

Spirits, when they leave the body, take a canoe, cross the lagoon, and depart to the mountains, where

they remain in perfect bliss; no work, and nothing to trouble them, with plenty of betel-nuts. They dance all night long, and rest all day.

When the natives begin planting, they first take a bunch of bananas and sugar-cane, and go to the centre of the plantation, and call over the names of the dead belonging to their family, adding, 'There is your food, your bananas and sugar-cane; let our food grow well, and let it be plentiful. If it does not grow well and plentiful, you all will be full of shame, and so shall we.'

When they go on trading expeditions, they present their food to the spirits at the centre post of the house, and ask the spirits to go before them and prepare the people, so that the trading may be prosperous.

No great work and no expedition is undertaken without offerings and prayer.

When sickness is in the family, a pig is brought to the sacred place of the great spirit, and killed. The carcase is then taken to the sacred place of the family, and the spirits are asked to accept it. Sins are confessed, such as bananas that are taken, or cocoanuts, and none have been presented, and leave not given to eat them. 'There is a pig; accept, and remove the sickness.' Death follows, and the day of burial arrives. The friends all stand round the open grave, and the chief's sister or cousin calls out in a loud voice, 'You have been angry with us for the bananas we have taken (or cocoanuts, as the case may be), and you have, in your anger, taken this child. Now let it suffice, and bury your anger.' The body is then placed in the grave, and covered over with earth.

CHAPTER III

SKETCHES OF PAPUAN LIFE

Journey inland from Port Moresby—Evening with a chief—Savage life—Tree-houses—Uakinumu—Inland natives—Native habits of eating—Mountain scenery—Upland natives—Return to Uakinumu—Drinking out of a bamboo—Native conversation—Keninumu—Munikahila—Native spiritists—Habits and influence of these men — Meroka — Kerianumu — Makapili — The Laroki Falls—Epakari—Return to Port Moresby.

IN 1879 I made a long journey inland, in a north-easterly direction from Port Moresby. I visited many native villages, and explored the mountainous country along the course of and between the Goldie and Laroki rivers.

The reader will get some notion of the country, the natives, and their customs, from the following extracts taken from a journal kept at that time.

July 15, 1879.—We left Port Moresby at half-past seven, reaching the Laroki at half-past eleven. We crossed in shallow water near to where the Goldie joins the Laroki. We had eighteen carriers, four of them women, who carried more than the men. After resting awhile at the Laroki we went on about three miles further to Moumiri, the first village of the Koiari tribe of Port Moresby. On entering the village we

took them by surprise; the women shouted and the men rushed to their spears. We called out, *Mai, mai, mai* (Peace, peace, peace), and, on recognising who we were, they came running towards us with both hands outspread. We met the chief's wife, and she led us up the hill, where there are a number of good native houses. It was shouted on before us that foreigners and Ruatoka had arrived, and down the hill the youths came rushing, shaking hands, shouting, and slapping themselves. We were received by the chief under the house, and there we had to sit for a very long time until his wife returned from the plantation with sugar-cane. Our carriers chewed large quantities of sugar-cane, got a few betel-nuts, and then set off on the return journey. We are now north-east from Port Moresby, thirteen miles, 360 feet above sea-level, the thermometer in shade 84°. The people are small, women not good-looking, and children ill-shaped. The Goldie runs at the base of the hill; the natives get water from it. The houses are very similar to those inland from Kerepunu. On the door hangs a bunch of nutshells, so that when the door is shut or opened they make a noise. Should the occupants of the house be asleep, and their foes come, they would, on the door being opened, be wakened up. Spears and clubs are all handy.

16*th*.—Ruatoka, Joe (an African), and I started at half-past ten for Munikahila, where we hope to get carriers, our Moumiri friends objecting to go. The first village we came to we found deserted, and in one old house the skeleton of a child. We crossed to another village, and coming suddenly upon the few

who were at home, they were terribly frightened; one woman danced up and down the village, and shouted to the people in the neighbouring villages to come at once. We are 1170 feet above sea-level at a village called Keninumu. The people soon gathered round, some with spears, clubs, and shields, others unarmed. Feeling cold after the climb, I signed to be allowed to go into a house to change clothing, and was given to understand that a very good place to do it was on the verandah in front of the house, and before the assembly. When the chief, Poroko Butoa, arrived, we were assigned a small house: a man during the evening came rushing along with one piece of sugar-cane and calling out for a tomahawk. A tomahawk for a piece of sugar-cane would be throwing money to the winds. We are E.N.E. from Moumiri.

17*th.*—Rather cold during the night. Five natives who slept in the house with us kept a fire burning all night. A child sitting in front of the house has a taro in one hand, a bamboo pipe in the other; takes a bite of the taro, then a draw from the charged pipe, and the mixture seems to be thoroughly relished. Feeling sure we should get carriers here, we took no supplies with us, so are now eating the best we can get, doing Banting to perfection. A number of men have been sitting all day about the house making spears, the jawbone and tusks of the wild boar being the only implements.

18*th.*—Thermometer at sunrise 70°. A number of ugly painted and feathered fellows came in this morning on their way to the village in the valley. The

people here are much darker than the coast tribes, and their hair is woolly. Joe said on arriving here, 'Hallo, these people same as mine, hair just the same.' They are scarcely so dark. A few are bright-coloured, but all have the woolly hair. A goodly number suffer from sores on feet and other parts of body. Their one want is a tomahawk. The people seem to live in families. We had a good supper of taro and cockatoo, the latter rather tough.

19*th*.—The carriers have not yet arrived. In the evening a woman shouted and yelled; all rushed to their spears, and there was great running, snorting, and blowing at some imaginary enemy. After the chief came in we lay about the fire for some time; then to our blankets. I was beginning to nod, when some women in a neighbouring house began giggling and laughing. Our friend wakened up and began talking. I told him to sleep; he answered, *Kuku mahuta* (Smoke, then sleep). He had his smoke, and then began reciting. I remember, as a youth, being told, when I could not sleep, to repeat a psalm or paraphrase, or count 100 to myself, and I should soon drop off. This fellow repeated aloud, and he must have been going over the mythologic lore of his family for very many generations, and yet he did not sleep. At last a smoke, beginning with a scream of *kuku*. Now surely sleep; but no, he changed to a low monotonous chant, so grating on the sleepy man's nervous system that it would have driven many desperate. At last, in the morning hours, the notes became indistinct, long pauses were observed, and, finally, I fell asleep.

The women carry exceedingly heavy loads up these steep hills. Yesterday one woman had two large kits of taro, and a child of about two years on the top of all. Ruatoka shot eight blue pigeons and one bird of paradise to-day: the latter must be eaten with the best of all sauces — hunger. The natives pick up heads, legs, and entrails, turn them on the fire and eat them.

20th.—Yesterday evening, about six, the carriers came in with great shouting, and glad was I to see my lad and companion Maka then. Great was the joy at the division of salt and tobacco. Before we came here the women and children slept in the bush at night, the men in the village. They are at enmity with the natives on the flat across the ravine, and it seems that sometimes they get a night visit, and may lose a man. For the last two nights the women have been in the village, but every sound heard causes a shout. Last night, when just getting off, they came rushing up to our house, and calling on us to get up with our guns, as their enemies were coming. 'Only fire off one, and it will frighten them away.' We told them to go and sleep, and not be afraid.

The state of fear of one another in which the savage lives is truly pitiful; to him every stranger seeks his life, and so does every other savage. The falling of a dry leaf at night, the tread of a pig, or the passage of a bird all rouse him, and he trembles with fear.

How they relish salt! The smallest grain is picked carefully up. Fortunately we have a good deal of that commodity. Never have I seen salt-eating like this; only children eating sugar corresponds to it.

Here as in all other parts of New Guinea—it is not the most powerful man who fights and kills most, but little abominable sneaks, treacherous in the extreme. Since our arrival here we find the thermometer from 82° to 84° during the day, and as low as 68°, more frequently 70°, during the night. By bearings we are only about twenty miles in straight course from Port Moresby.

21*st*.—The village is built on the ridge, the chief's house right on the high end and looking east, our small house close by on the side of the others, on each side leaving a pathway in the centre. At the very end of the ridge is a house on a very high tree, used as a look-out house and a refuge for women and children in case of attack. There are quite a number of tree-houses in the various villages on the ridges seen from here. The people are anxious to get Maka, a light-coloured and very fine-looking native lad, married to one of their girls and settled down amongst them. I said to our African, 'They want Maka to marry one of their girls.' Joe, I suppose, felt slighted that he too had not an offer, and he replied, 'Well, sir, in Madagascar, a very big chief was real anxious I marry his daughter; fine-looking girl; he make me chief, and give me plenty land; far cleaner people than them be.'

I find the people have the same sign of friendship as in the east end of New Guinea—nose and stomach pointed to. They speak of a land, Daui, with which they are friendly, a very long way off. Daunai, of Orangerie Bay, is called Daui in some places. To their tree-houses they have ladders with long vines on each side to assist ascent. Our delay here will help

us to know the people. I have just been showing them the likenesses of two young friends, and the excitement has been great, men, women, and children crowding round, thumbs in mouth, scratching and shaking heads and leaping and screaming, coming again and again to have a look.

22*nd.*—A number of strangers slept, or rather made a noise all night in houses close by, and amongst them a spiritist, whose hideous singing and chanting of revelations was enough to drive one frantic. We tried to quiet him, but it was of no use—silenced he would not be. A man sitting by us when having morning tea asked for some of the salt we were using. We told him it was not salt, but sugar. He insisted it was salt, and we gave him some on his taro. He began eating, and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing; he rose up, went out, spat out what he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away.

23*rd.*—Cannot get the natives to move; they say they are tired, and will have to rest until to-morrow morning, and they are also afraid of their enemies. The excitement is great, but what it all means is difficult for us to say. Noon: all have cleared out with spears, clubs, and shields, two men having been killed in a village near, and they have gone to get hold of the murderers if they can. Dressed in their feathers and fighting gear, with faces streaked, they do certainly look ugly. After being some time gone they returned, saying the enemy, who were from Eikiri, had gone off to the back mountains.

28*th.*—Left this morning, and had to carry our things, no natives accompanying us. When about

four miles on we met natives who willingly took our bags and accompanied us to Uakinumu. The travelling was not so bad—a good deal of descending and ascending. Oriope, the old chief, was delighted to see us. His wives and children have gone with great burdens of betel-nuts and taro to trade at the sea-side. The old fellow goes with us. We are now 1530 feet above sea-level, east-by-south from last camp—Mount Owen Stanley due north. Oriope is Mr. Lawes' great friend. He used to live in Munikahila, but trouble through marrying a wife has sent him in here. He seems greatly attached to Ruatoka. He is a terrible talker, long-winded and deafening.

29th.—We had a strange sort of hut for sleeping quarters on the top of a rock. The house, being open all round, felt exceedingly cold when the fire went down. The people here seem much lighter than at the other place, and the children have a more pleasant expression. Basaltic rocks lie scattered about in every direction. We had our flag flying, and the admiration was great, the natives viewing it from underneath, then from a distance, and in each position noticing something new. About half-past eleven we left. The old chief and four carriers went with us. After crossing the head of the Munikahila Creek we passed through fine thickly-wooded country, that may yet become a very extensive coffee country. After travelling for some hours we camped 1800 feet above sea-level. On the way the carriers struck and were for going back, but we insisted on their going on a little further. Strange formation of country all around here. This ridge seems alone in a large basin, one side of which

is bare perpendicular rock. There is a good quantity of cedar, but so difficult to get away that it would never pay to work. We are north-east from Uakinumu.

30*th.*—We started late, continued our journey along the ridge, rising gradually to 2250 feet, and then along a fine level country for some miles, when we began to descend. Soon our old friend began shouting, and received an answer from a village a very long way off. Close by us was a very steep descent, down which we went till we came under the shadow of a great rock, where we rested, and in about an hour up came ten natives unarmed, touched our chins and we theirs, then all squatted to smoke. One of them, some time ago, had been to the coast, and knew Rua; his joy at now seeing him in here was great. A shot had been fired at a cockatoo before they heard the shouting, and they were much afraid. When all seemed satisfied, and the crust of the news broken, I proposed a start, so up bundles and away we went. When having gone about two miles there was a halt in an open space, and we were given to understand we must camp there. I could not agree to it, 'We must go on to the village.' 'No, you must stay here.'

'We cannot; we must go on.'

'If you go on you will be devoured by the *boroma badababa* (great pig).'

I insisted upon going on; they called to those in the village, and on being answered we again went on for about half-a-mile, when every bundle was put down and a halt called, and again we had to listen to the unintelligible story of the wild animal or animals that would destroy us. We sat down and tried to get them

to see as we did, that a house was necessary for our comfort. A thunderstorm was working up, and soon the rain would be down on us—let us be off for the village. They had a long confab with those in the village on the ridge, which, when ended, seemed favourable; and so up the steep side of the ridge we went. When halfway up they halted, and wanted us to camp under the shelter of a great rock. Seeing some young men with bundles rounding the rock, I joined myself to them, and away we went, followed by the others to the village. Under the first house in the village sat a man with a large pig standing by him, which he was clapping and scratching, as if to keep it quiet; and as we went along we saw great pigs under the houses. Certainly they were savage-looking pigs. We were given an open house, and the rain was coming on. I was ascending, when it became necessary to spring from a pig that was after me. Is this Goldie's big beast the natives told him of? This is a fine country. We passed through large plantations of yams, taro, sugar-cane, and bananas. During the evening we had crowds of men and lads—no women or children—to see us. Some are quite light copper-coloured, others are very dark; nearly all are dressed with cassowary feathers; many with ruffs round their necks made from these feathers. There are none very tall, but all seem well-built men with good muscle. They have the same calabashes and chunam sticks for betel-chewing as at Kerepunu. Some chunam sticks made from cassowary bones are very well carved. They are a very noisy lot; one would think they were trying to see who could speak the loudest. They tell us it is impossible to cross

to the other side, as further inland the ridge ends—and there is nothing but bare broken rock—inaccessible all round. The majority of the men are bearded and moustached, and have cassowary feathers like a pad behind, on which they sit. They dress with a string. The demand for salt is very great; grains are picked up, and friends are supplied with a few grains from what they have got for taro. The name of the place is Kenakagara, 1810 feet above the sea-level, E.N.E. from Uakinumu.

31*st.*—Great crowds of people keep going and coming. We spent a miserable night. Our old chief, Oriope, had a conclave round the fire, and it took him all night to recount the doings of the *Naos* (foreigners), not forgetting the toilet. At times he waxed eloquent, and the whole gully rung again. It was useless telling him to be quiet. All men and lads have the nose and ears pierced. A number of women and children are about. Some of the women are fine, tall, muscular, and clear-skinned, as light-coloured as Eastern Polynesians. The children are lithe, blithe, and hearty—some very dark and some very light. The women have brought large quantities of taro for salt. Oriope is very sleepy, and I have every now and again to waken him up, so that to-night he may sleep soundly, and not prevent our sleeping.

My name here is Oieva—that of the fine-looking old father of the village. At present I am all alone, the others being out after birds. The natives are very friendly. They relish salt and ginger, which I have tried them with, and which they pronounce good. Ruatoka and Maka have returned; they shot a pig,

which the natives who accompanied them cooked and divided, to be carried in. The excitement is great over the division, and the whole assembly are shouting; those from the hunt recounting the day's proceedings, acting the shooting of the pig, to the intense delight and amazement of the others. They eat flesh nearly raw. A pig is put on the fire until the hair is well singed off; then division is made, then re-divided, and eaten. They take a piece between the teeth, hold with one hand, and with a bamboo knife cut close to the mouth. A bird is turned on the fire a few times, then cut up and eaten.

August 1*st*.—Left this morning to look for a track. We passed through a fine large village about one mile from here, and were joined by sixty men, all armed with spears and clubs, and faces painted. They accompanied us for about four miles, and then turned away to the south. We continued the ridge for some miles further, until we could see that all round were great inaccessible mountains with bare faces. It begins with the Astrolabe, extending west until Vetura is reached, and then away east by south until the centre of the range is reached. In some places it has a perpendicular rock face of many hundred feet; in other places it is broken rock with bush growth, and only at very long distances can tracks be found, and even then it is difficult to get up. We descended to the river, a large one, flowing west, through great rocks, often lost, sometimes only pools appearing here and there until, some distance down, and when 800 feet above sea-level, it comes out a fine flowing river. We had a good bath, and, of course, the inevitable *kuku*, and then skirted the side of the ridge

passing close by and under great rocks and over-hanging cliffs, and up a most extraordinary steep path into splendid sugar-cane and taro plantations. Weary, we sat down and ate sugar-cane under the shade of a great rock. This West Indian 'long breakfast' goes well when thirsty and hungry. The natives who accompanied us, having caught a large rat and a frog, turned them on the fire and ate them.

A truly wonderful country! What terrible convulsions of Nature there must have been here, ere these great boulders were displaced and rolled about like mere pebbles! The villages are so built that they are accessible only on two sides by very narrow tracks. We saw no game of any kind, yet the cassowary must abound somewhere near, as every one of the natives wears great head-dresses and neck-ruffs made from the feathers. Our highest ascent to-day was to 2360 feet above sea-level; we call it Mount Bellamy; it stands out alone, and from it we saw the Astrolabe, Vetura, and Munikahila.

2nd.—We left this morning for a pig and cassowary hunt, but were unsuccessful. We bagged four cockatoos, one green parrot, one brueros, and three pigeons. Of my travelling in this land, to-day beats all; it was along mere goat tracks on the edge of frightful precipices, down precipitous mountain-sides and up steep ridges, on hands and knees at times, hanging on to roots and vines, and glad when a tree offered a little rest and support. I gave it up at last, hungry and weary, and let the others proceed. I stayed with a large party of natives who were getting a kind of large almond with a very thick fleshy rind, the nut inside very hard, which

they broke open with stones, filling their kits with the kernels. They call the nut *okari*. They fed me with sugar-cane, taro, and *okari*, and then got leaves for me to rest on. They had all their arms handy; I was, as I am always, unarmed, and felt thoroughly comfortable with them. Only once in New Guinea have I carried a weapon, and then we had spears thrown at us. I consider a man safer without than with arms. The return 'home' was frightfully steep and trying to wearied and hungry folks.

3rd.—Youths busy with feathers of cockatoos got yesterday, making head-dresses. They take the feather, strip it down, throw the quill away, fasten all the stripped feathers neatly together, dry in sun, then bind round their combs. One youth is preparing a head-covering from the bark of the mulberry: he is making native cloth by chewing the bark, and no wonder he complains of his jaws being sore, for it is a long job. I gave the children presents of beads this morning, and some of the old gentlemen objected, saying they ought to have had them; but I did not understand them. It is very convenient at times not to understand what is said—it is thoroughly native. We have been asking them if they will receive teachers, and they all say yes, and at once, for it means tomahawks, knives, and salt. They say, 'To-morrow we'll all go and get the two teachers at Munikahila and bring them here now.'

We here are in excellent health and spirits; a little disappointed at not being able to cross. Certainly we have not lived on the best, and we have camped anywhere. I like these mountaineers—free, independent,

and kind. When they cook taro, if near, we get a hot taro to eat, and often they bring hot taro to the house. They bring their presents of taro and sugar-cane and at once walk away. They have very good houses, thatched with grass, some with a verandah on two sides, and all built six feet and more from the ground. When we were away yesterday, a wild boar from the bush took possession of the village. Often when the natives are in the bush they have to seek refuge in climbing trees from the savage tuskers, especially if they have been speared and are determined to fight. Our flag is flying, to signify that it is 'resting day.'

The natives very seldom bury their dead, leaving the body in a house set apart for it, which they often visit. When a number of deaths take place, they leave the village and settle somewhere else not far off. There is one grave here, near to our house, on which a tobacco plant is growing, a bamboo pipe, the property of the deceased, alongside, and a few sticks on end with yams on top. When they do bury, the body is placed standing in the grave.

4th.—We left Kenakagara this morning, accompanied by natives. Our friends soon left us, and we lost our way, and after some hours' travelling found ourselves in a thick bush and surrounded by precipices. It has been up hill and down dale with a vengeance, trying hard to get to the south-west. At last, wet through and thoroughly tired, we camped to have breakfast, dinner, and supper in one. We were ten hours on the tramp, and carrying our bags, so feel ready for a night's rest.

5th.—We see where we are; but how to get out is the

problem to be solved. Ruatoka has gone to look for a track. We had a fine night, a roaring fire at our feet, and so enjoyed sleep. Camping this way is preferable to living in native huts, far more comfortable and enjoyable; but for our work it is better for us to be with the natives. Uakinumu bears south-west by west from us now, and could be reached in a few hours, if only we could get down the precipice. Rua has returned. When some distance off he heard cooeying, and responded, when our old friend, who had been looking for us in a great state of fear, shouted his name. Rua told him to follow, and he did so, arriving at the camp soon after. He was so excited he could not speak, but embraced us all round and then sat down.

After breakfast we set off, each carrying a bundle. The travelling was difficult, until we arrived on the path leading to the creek and up to Uakinumu. When on the spur, the old man shouted for the youths to come and help us; they cooed back, and we hoped to see them in about an hour, or at the most two hours; after waiting and no one coming, we descended, and when at the creek met a youth coming slowly along and saying others were following. I felt sure they delayed their coming to meet us until we should be near the village, where they would take the bags and receive tobacco and salt; but they were sold; we trudged on, and would not let them have a bag. We took no notice of those we met, and to their solicitations asking to carry bags we turned a deaf ear. The chief's eldest son came along and begged to have my bag. No, on no condition. The poor old chief was in a sad state; but as we are likely to require their services some future day, it is

necessary to teach them that for work or service they will be paid, but for skulking, and hoping to get tobacco and salt, their hopes are futile. We reached the village, and Oriope did all he possibly could to keep us. No, on we will go; his sleepy boys may sleep on. We gave him and his little grandchild who accompanied him presents, bade him good-bye, and away.

6th.—Here, and in all the villages we have been, we have seen very few women and girls, and very few of the young men seem to be married. Do they kill the girls when born?

7th.—Left this morning for a mountain close by, hoping to see the windings of the Laroki from it. We had to descend 1000 feet, and then ascend 1800. From the droppings about, I should say the cassowary and pig abound in the gullies about this mountain. We found on the top a deserted village and five cocoanut-trees. We could make nothing of the Laroki, because of thick bush on top. We saw that the Munikahila creek flows west and south, until, due north of this, it turns sharp and flows north by east and falls into the Goldie. We reached camp with thoroughly whetted appetites, and enjoyed breakfast and dinner of pigeons and taro. We call the mountain Mount Elsie. It is north of Vetura, and west and south of Keninumu. We have seen four new villages close to one another where a teacher could work well. We have now five positions for teachers, and I hope before we have finished with this inland trip to have thirty, giving four and five villages to each teacher. In crossing one of the spurs a native and his son brought us bananas, and water in a bamboo. It is difficult to drink out of a bamboo. Place the open end

to the mouth, raise gradually, look out, here it comes—steady. Ah, too much raised; it is a deluge streaming over you and nearly choking you. Try again—well, a little better, yet far from perfect. Choking, are you? Never mind, practise, and you will soon be an expert—a native in drinking truly. The natives have been having a feast. They began with boiled bananas and finished with a large snake cooked in pots. It was cut up and divided out amongst all—sixteen eggs were found in her, a little larger than a good-sized fowl's egg. They seemed to relish it much, and the gravy was much thought of. They say pig is nothing compared to snake. Ah, well, tastes differ.

9th.—We had a few noisy strangers in the village, and they seemed to be anxious that all they had to say should be heard in every house. The conversation is kept up by the inmates of the various houses, and at times all are speaking and trying to drown one another. A lull comes, and you fancy the turmoil is ended, and so roll on your side for a sleep; but, alas, it was only drawing breath, the noise being perhaps worse than before. Our chief and his wife had a quarrel over something or other last evening. Of course the woman had the best of it. Strange, she said very little, but that little seemed to be to the point. Every now and again he would shout, *Pirikava! pirikava! pirikava!* (Dear me! dear me! dear me!), and then scream and rage. The wife would then laugh at him, which made him worse, screaming and dancing more than ever. She would then say something, which he would answer, and so quieted him down a little. All have gone hunting to-day—men, women, and children, pigs

and dogs. Before leaving, they told us if we saw any one sneaking about, we were to be sure to shoot them; but if they came up openly to us, and pointed to the nose and stomach, they were friends, and had come for salt and tobacco. We get our water in canvas bags, and teachers or missionaries coming inland will require a set of water-bags made from the very best canvas.

11*th.*—A number of natives have gone to Port Moresby to help Rua and Maka with tomahawks, salt, &c. After they left we went to the bush, and cut down a number of trees for posts for a house. The chief, Poroko, has given us land, at an elevation of 1260 feet; splendid view all round; and if not healthy, I know not where to go, unless it be to the top of Mount Owen Stanley. There will be plenty of room for taro, sugar-cane, and coffee plantations. A woman often passes us with a frightful load of taro and sugar-cane on her back, and on the top of all an infant in a net basket. She goes to the next house, swings the infant kit off first, placing it on the ground, where the infant in it kicks and rolls, but cannot get out until the kits of taro and sugar-cane are safely housed.

14*th.*—This morning, after an early breakfast, we started with the Port Moresby natives for Munikahila, they being anxious to secure a supply of betel-nuts to return with. Have promised our old friend Oriope of Uakinumu, before we started on the Eikiri trip, that if he led us across and gave us bearers, all should have tomahawks, knives, &c. He did not carry out his part, and the bearers from him returned, leaving us inland. I was anxious to pay them for what they did,

so we went on there with tomahawks, tobacco, and salt. We were about two miles from the village, when we shouted, and were replied to, and soon four young fellows came rushing along, in a great state of perspiration, and very excited, rubbing our chins and throwing their arms around us, highly delighted that we had returned. They were not going to serve us as they did the last time. We reached the village, and were seated with strangers and surrounded by old friends, when Oriope, who had been on his plantation, came along to where we were, nearly breathless, and streaming with perspiration; he threw his arms around me, embraced me, rubbing his dirty moist cheeks on mine, sitting down and not speaking for some time. When he began, he said he was afraid we were terribly offended and would not return; but, having returned to him, we must stay. No, we cannot; we must return to Keninumu that night. Ah, he could manage it; he would have us tied, and so detain us. Four coast natives who knew the Koiari language were with us. We told our old friend we wanted a large quantity of betel-nuts, and that he had better set out at once for them. Soon the women and lads were off. We then removed to our old house on the rock, and there told him, through the interpreter, what we had expected of him, and that he had not done it, but that having told him we should pay them, we had come now to do so for the journey made. We gave our tomahawks, tobacco, and salt, and the old man was truly delighted, saying, 'I and my people will take you wherever we may go with safety.' He does not go to sea on the other side, as Mr. Lawes supposed, and says it is impossible to cross over unless we go up by Yule

Island, and there he says it is dangerous because of the cannibals. In returning, I saw, for the first time in New Guinea, a bush of the real South Sea Island *kava* (*Piper methysticum*).

17*th*.—We have just had a service, and through Kena we have told the natives the object of our coming and staying, that they might know of the true God, and of Jesus Christ the Saviour. It was interesting to mark the different expressions on their faces as they heard for the first time of God—the God of love, and that as His servants we were here. When told of the resurrection they looked at one another ; some laughed, others seemed serious. They were very particular in their inquiries as to the name of the Great Spirit, and of His Son—forgetting, and returning to hear it again.

18*th*.—Here we are at Uakinumu for another trip ; but alas, alas ! cannot get carriers. The young men are all off wallaby-hunting, so we must start. This evening a woman came in with several bamboos of grubs, which were cooked in the bamboos, then spread on leaves ; some salt was dissolved in the mouth and squirted over all, and it was amusing to see the gusto with which men, women, and children partook. Oriope is very persistent in wanting a teacher. He was greatly delighted when I gave him a large knife ; he examined it all over, then pressed it with tender affection to his bosom. Fearing lest some friends who are with him at present might ask it from him, he returned it to me, requesting me to keep it until they left.

20*th*.—Last night, after turning-in, I heard a peculiar noise as of some one in great distress, then

loud speaking in a falsetto voice, and knew then what was up—we had a spiritist in the village, and revelations were now about to be made. We were all named, and the places we were to visit. I felt somewhat anxious as to the revelation, for if it should be the least doubtful as to our going, no native would stir with us. However, the revelation, on being interpreted to us by Kena, was all right; we were good men, and kind, and the villages would all willingly receive us. The spirit dilated at length on the good qualities of foreign tobacco and the badness of the native stuff, and wound up by asking for some foreign. Oriope at once got up and gave from his own stock what was wanted. These native spiritists are terrible nuisances; they get whatever they ask, and the natives believing so thoroughly in them, they have the power of upsetting all arrangements and causing serious trouble. This morning I found our spirit friend to be a man who sat in our house all day yesterday, a stranger from an inland village. He has quite a different look from the other natives—an anxious, melancholy expression. While at morning coffee he came and sat down alongside of us all right, and we learned from him that the spirit of a deceased friend comes into him, and then things are revealed, the spirit speaking through him. He says, when we were at Eikiri, a few weeks ago, he knew it, and told the people of his village of it.

The wallaby-hunters are to come in this afternoon with great supplies. When sitting round the fire with our old chief, we asked him if he knew of any tailed folks about inland. 'Oh dear, yes.' And then he gave us a perfect and laughable description of what

must be some creature of the monkey tribe. It climbs, laughs, and talks a peculiar language of its own; it scratches the head, slaps the thigh, and sits down to eat like a man. I then said, 'But they are not really men?' 'Well, not exactly, but very near it; they are hairy all over, and some are perfectly black.' The tail, according to his description, must be about a fathom long. We are to see them, and must, he says, secure one or two, dead or alive. Our spirit is out in his prognostications, the wallaby-hunters have not returned, and we cannot leave to-morrow.

21*st*.—Our spirit friend is quite out as yet, for here we are nursing Patience, and trying to make her a dear friend. We are promised a start to-morrow. In the evening the hunters came in with large supplies of wallaby. They report innumerable horses and foreigners as having gone to Kupele; we suppose it to be Goldie's party. From to-day's shooting, the old man got a green parrot, and devoured it raw. Oriope dressed himself in his fighting gear, and went through a few antics; he looked a perfect fiend. He is very proud of a stone club he possesses with a piece broken off; he says it was broken in felling a tremendous fellow in a neighbouring village. He killed him. 'What, stand before me!'

22*nd*.—I was eating a banana this morning, when I was told not to throw the skin away, but hand it to them, which I did, when it was passed round and kissed by all with short ejaculations. I asked what it meant, and was told it was their manner of thanking the spirits for ripe bananas. We started at eight A.M. with eight carriers and our old friend, and twenty

inland natives returning home with wallaby; one poor woman had two large kits on her back, and an infant in another, hanging in front of her. We were seven hours on the tramp, along a good path, on which horses could get along well. The most difficult ascent was shortly after we left Uakinumu; but the path was good. The last hour of travelling was in a thunderstorm, with a regular tropical pour of rain. When we neared the village Marivaeanumu, the men came rushing out with their spears and shields, thinking it was an attacking party; but on seeing Maka, who was just behind the first native, and I following up, they shouted out, *Nao, nao!* (Foreigners), and ran back with their spears. The village is small, and the houses very dilapidated; it is 1800 feet above sea-level. Maka was buying taro with salt, and having finished, some natives noticed damp salt adhering to his hand; they seized the hand, and in turn licked it until quite clean. Grains of salt falling were sought for and picked up. The shields here are the same as at Hood Bay, beautifully made. They are going to fight soon with another district, and are making great preparations in spears, clubs, and shields.

23*rd*.—Our spiritist gave us a very short and indistinct séance last night. A man speared the other day in a wallaby hunt, near the Laroki, he told us, was dead. He seemed to be raving a great deal, and wound up the first part with, *Nao kuku daure* (Foreign tobacco is bad). Continuing to rave and disturb sleep, I told Oriope that, if that spirit did not at once go back where it came from, I should certainly have to make it; he reported what I said, and the spirit thought it

advisable to leave. We started this morning after a good breakfast, and had good travelling across a fine level country E.S.E. for about four hours, crossing several times the head of the Laroki: it is a magnificent country for horses. In somewhat thick scrub, a youth met the first of our party, and was fraternising very feelingly with them: I appeared, and he took to his heels, and no calling of friends or foreigners could bring him back. We came suddenly upon a woman and two children, and, poor things, they went into a terrible state; nothing would comfort them; beads, tobacco, and salt lost their charm on them. The family pig was with them; it danced, grunted, advanced, retired, and finally made at me. In the morning I took a piece of plaster from my heel, and threw it into the fireplace; instant search was made for it, by about a dozen natives; it was found and handed back to me, they making signs that I should throw it somewhere else. Yesterday morning I unthinkingly put the loose hair from my comb into the fire, and great was the outcry.

We are now in Nameanumu, in the Sogeri district, and in a fine house twelve feet from the ground. We are about 1530 feet above sea-level. Teachers here need have no difficulty about food; there is a great abundance all round of taro, banana, sugar-cane, and bread-fruit. A teacher with some 'go' in him, and a good earnest wife to help him, would do well here. I am inclined to think an easier way here will be from Moumiri; but we have to travel with natives where they can take us with safety to themselves. Sitting round the fire a little while ago, our spirit

friend having just left us, an old woman shouted out to Oriope to look out, as the spirit was about to go through the thatch near to where he was sitting. Instant search was made, but nothing found. She then called out from her verandah that it had gone, as Rua and Maka were doing something with their guns. I may say the old woman was with us last night, and heard my threat. We have had the description here of some other animal that is in the Kupele and Moroka districts. It is a dangerous one to go near, and several have lost their lives from it.

24th.—Very heavy rain. A number of people have come in from the villages to have a look at us, so I have to go through the process of baring arms and chest. This forenoon they described an animal to us that I think must be the tiger—a long animal, with a long tail and large paws, treads lightly when seeing its prey, and then bounds upon it, tearing the bowels out first. They say they are as long as the house—twelve feet. We are not prepared to tackle such customers. Our host is a quiet man, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. I like the people much, and pray God the day is near when they shall have the Gospel preached unto them, and receive it, and know it to be the power of God unto salvation. Evil spirits reign over them, and the utterance of every rascally spiritist is thoroughly believed.

They seem very much attached to their children, and in their own peculiar way, I dare say, love their wives. Husband and wife meeting after a separation is strange. Some who returned with us had been away for a fortnight; their wives looked pleased when

they saw them, so did the husbands; not a word was spoken, only a look; clubs and spears were put down, and the husbands went to where other men were sitting, the wives to light fires and cook food; when cooked, the wife took it to the husband, who ate a little, gave away some, and then went and sat by his wife. I have noticed that the wives are particularly happy when preparing this return food. Oriope's wife, who accompanied us, is ill with a cold; I wished her to take a dose of chlorodyne, but she cried and hesitated much; the old man then took the cup and told her to look; he drank some of it, said it was not bad, and then pressed her to drink it off, which she did.

25*th.*—We left this morning at eight, and arrived at Orofedabe, in the Favele district, at one P.M. The walking was good and steady, the first few miles along the valley beneath a mountain in the Sogeri district, which we called Mount Nisbet, and the range near to Eikiri. We crossed the Laroki several times, and sat near its head; then ascended an easy ridge of the Owen Stanley Range. We travelled for about two hours along this ridge, then descended, crossing two streams, which we suppose to be the head streams of the Kemp Welch, flowing into Hood Bay. There are six small villages on ridges close by, high mountains all round, and not far off the mountain on which the wild animal lives. They tried to persuade us that this was Meroka, and there was no use our going further; but we could not believe it, and I brought my compass out, and pointed to them where Eikiri, Sogeri, Kupele, and Hapele were, and told them where

I expected to find Meroka, which cannot be very far off. When they saw I knew something of our position, they said we could not get to Meroka, because of rocks and wild beasts. At the village where we slept the last two nights they did all they could to detain us, because of the salt and beads. They were assisted by Oriope, who was anxious that all should go to his cousin and friends, with whom we were staying. In a conversation they had under the house, shortly after we arrived, I could hear sufficient to enable me to understand they would keep us there, and not let other villages get salt and beads. I got thoroughly vexed with the old man, and told him he could return home, and that unless we saw numerous villages with plenty of people we should not again return here. He turned right round and told us we should see Favele and Meroka, and many villages, only we must return to his cousin's; that was all right, we certainly should return. This morning I told him to remain and take care of his wife; that the people here would lead us and carry our things. He begged of me to leave some of the things to ensure our return, and I did so. Some of the people here are very dark and others very light.

26*th*.—They tried hard to prevent our going to Meroka this morning, saying we should be eaten by the *Jakoni* (wild beast)—and how could they return? That would not do—go I must; so I got the things out, and asked some Meroka natives, who had come in, to pick them up and let us start. They refused, and joined in with our friends, saying we had better remain. No; I must see Meroka, and until I saw it not a taro

would be bought nor a pile of salt given. They all sat down, looking true savages. After some time I said, 'Meroka, or we return at once.' I got my bag and went on to the path; they got up, and called to me to come back—they would go to Meroka, but leave the things, and return here to sleep. No; I must have the things; I might want to sleep at Meroka. That was terrible, the salt would be finished, and there would be none for them here. Would I not consent to their taro being bought, and then they would go with me? No; Meroka first, and taro when we return.

Seeing there was nothing for it—that go I would—they consented, and the Meroka folks picked up the things, and away we went. It was a short walk across the side of a ridge, down about 600 feet and up to 1500, and then along another ridge. We soon had crowds to see us, men, women, and children; and all were delighted, for we bought their taro. The village we stayed at was new, and they told us formerly they lived further in on the mountain, but a man was eaten by the *Jakoni*, and they came down. A number of natives were in mourning for the man eaten. After some time we got up to ascend the ridge, to have a good view of the villages, and decide on our position. They tried hard to prevent us, but we went on, a few following to the next village. They pretended great fear of the *Jakoni*, and at some places begged of us to tread lightly, and not to speak. It was all a ruse to get us back. We went on, and up to the highest village, where we had a splendid view. We counted fourteen villages on the ridges in the Meroka basin and on the other side of the river we had crossed, and as many more known as

Havele. I believe it would be much easier to get here from Eikiri than from Sogeri. The natives of Oriramamo, the highest village, told us they went from there to Eikiri in one day.

The people of Meroka are very mixed, some very dark, others very light. Some of the women had quite an Eastern Polynesian look; some of the children were well-formed, and really pretty. A few men had light-coloured whiskers; curly heads abounded, although a number had straight hair. They say they are not Koiari. The Koiari comprises Munikahila, Eikiri, Sogeri, Taburi, Makapili Pakari; and Eikiri is N.W. from Oriramamo; Mount Bellamy is W.N.W. A high round mountain, I have named Ben Cruachan, east; Mount Nisbet, W.S.W. The high rock on the easterly side of Mount Nisbet is just over the house where we slept, and will be known in future as the Clachan. They say there are five kinds of wild animals on the mountains at the back, and but for these they could easily cross to Kupele. The Jakoni, Gomina, and Agila are very large and fierce. The Papara and Gadana are small, but fierce. We were eating biscuits, and they begged for a very small piece each, to keep as a charm to help them catch pigs. Hairs from the beard are in great demand as charms. Having seen all we wanted to, and not being able to persuade the natives to accompany us up to the mountain to see the wild animals, I decided to return to Orofedabe; so we returned to the village, gave the taro we bought to the people, paid our attendants and for the house where our things were, and away we went. Our friends were glad to see us, and rejoiced greatly when the taboo was

taken off the salt, and taro was bought. We are having rain and thunderstorms every afternoon.

27th.—Maka poised a stick twelve feet long on his finger; the natives tried it and it failed; again Maka did it, and all who were looking on came to the conclusion it was very easy for him to do, as a spirit held it for him. In each place we have been, when at prayers, all the natives are most respectful, keeping perfect silence and bending their heads. We had a fine tramp back to-day, and a refreshing bath in the Laroki after it. We have paid our carriers, and they are rejoicing greatly. We were glad to find our old friend and his wife well, and the things we left just as we hung them up. They are very anxious to have teachers here. We were telling them that we could see no people, and they have gone and brought in great crowds, saying, 'No people—what are these?' I cut up tobacco and spread it out on a leaf in the centre of the crowd, and called out, 'For Sogeri.' One of their number was appointed by them, and he distributed it, all sitting quietly round. I got some salt in a paper, and did as with the tobacco. All rose, and in order approached, took some and retired, leaving the remainder, nearly half, for a very old man. The beads I gave to the women, the men saying they ought to have had them too. 'Come and live with us; there is no place like Sogeri—it is good, it is large, it is peaceful, and there is plenty of food.' So say the Sogerians. I was sitting on the ladder of the house, the crowd sitting round. Rua was in the bush with his gun; he fired at a bird, and it was amusing to see the simultaneous jerk of the crowd when they heard the shot.

28*th*.—Last night a chief, Biaiori, of Eribagu, slept in the house with us, to be ready to lead us to his village and other villages about in the morning. We started about half-past seven ; but it was evident at the start he had been talked over during the night in quiet whisperings, so as not to take us anywhere but his own village. We walked about a mile and a half, and came to his village, in a fine dry position, much preferable to the one we had left—good houses, one house floored with cedar slabs, and having a fine verandah all round. I wished to see a chief I had met yesterday, Jaroga, and was told he was at the next village, so we up with our bundles and away for about half a mile further on, to a nice clean village. I at once asked Jaroga to lead us to the places he named yesterday ; he was quite willing, and began pointing in the various directions, and naming the villages, but was soon silenced by signs and words from others ; he then said he could not go ; so we left to go to Epakari ; a young man very much attached to Maka, and who has been with us for ten days, having promised yesterday to lead us there. We had to carry our bags—not a very agreeable job. We had great excitement at leaving, our old chief insisting on our going back to Uakinumu ; but we had discarded him, and were determined to find our own way should Someri, Maka's friend, fail us. I gave orders to keep a good look-out on Someri, who was carrying a bundle, and he was given into Maka's care. Our young friend was very quiet, and tried skulking behind and moving on fast ahead. When crossing a ridge about three miles from the village, I was leading, when we heard Maka calling for Someri. Rua at once returned, and found the bird

had flown, leaving the bundle, but carrying with him the camp tomahawk, which Maka had foolishly let him have to cut a stick with. It would be folly to return to get the tomahawk, so we kept south and west for some distance, when we came to a deserted village; then we turned west. We crossed the Laroki several times before we came into the open country; at our last crossing we met a company of natives, all armed, on watch for Makapili natives, who were expected to attack them. They took our bundles and led us to a small village, where we met some of our Marivaeanumu friends, who led us to their village and to our old house. A young child called Maka was presented for presents, the father telling Maka he called the child after him, because he was his friend when we were here last. We have now the open country before us, and expect no trouble in getting along. The natives are all unsettled at present, and every man we meet is armed. I can see the country better to-day than when here last week. Marivaeanumu is on a rise near the hills of Eikiri and north-north-west from Sogeri. The latter district is in a valley between the Owen Stanley Range and Mount Nisbet, to the south-west of it. Eribagu would make a good station for the Sogeri district. This place would be a suitable station, being at the head of the plain that reaches away to the Astrolabe on the one side and up to Vetura and Uakinumu on the other, stretching east by Mount Nisbet, and away east and south by the country at the back of Mapakapa. The Laroki rises in the Owen Stanley Range, and is the drain for the Sogeri district and all the plain; it is very circuitous, and near here very deep and slow, flowing west.

29*th.*—For nearly six hours we have been travelling with our bags, and I can honestly say I feel tired. We are now at a new village—the houses just going up—on the top of the high green hill in front of Munikahila, overlooking the Kupa Moumiri valley. The village is named Keninumu, and consists of four houses at present, two on high trees and two on high rocks. We have pitched our tent close by, and intend resting until Monday, when we hope to start for the plain—a very fine country, but no natives. This part of the plain is dry and barren, with stunted gum-trees. A party met us when near the village, and a woman with a child on her shoulder, I suppose seeing me look tired, insisted on my giving her my bag. I looked at the child, and wondered how she was going to manage, but that was soon arranged; she made the child sit on her left shoulder, holding her by the hair; then she took my bundle, and away she went. Some young men have come in from one of the districts we wish to visit, and I hope to keep them until we leave; it will be a help and of great value as an introduction at this time of trouble. We are 1440 feet above sea-level.

A fortnight ago there was a great wallaby hunt down at Moumiri, and natives from all the districts round were present. A native of Munikahila speared a man from Tabori, who died soon after, so now Makipili, Epakari, and Efari are said to have joined on with Tabori, and unitedly mean to attack Munikahila. All the natives condemn the murder of the man, because of the time and place.

31*st.*—Natives all excitement, expecting Munikahila to be attacked. Every evening the men go armed to

Munikahila, and the women, children, dogs, and pigs to the bush. I am sorry our Keninumu friends should consider it their duty to assist the murderers. The natives of the district to which the murdered man belonged are quietly biding their time, hunting wallaby close by us. The kind woman who assisted me the other day has a son by her first husband living at Keninumu, and for a long time she has not seen him, he being afraid to come here. She knows that Maka was returning yesterday, and felt sure her son would accompany him. When some distance from here Maka fired a shot, to let us know he was coming, to which we responded, assuring him all was right. On hearing the shot the poor woman became quite excited, came and sat down by our fire, got up and got us firewood, sat down again, telling Kena to get the taro cooked for Maka, rose again and fetched more firewood, then sat down in front of the path, looking steadily and anxiously for the travellers. Poor body, they came in sight, but her son was not one of them. She seemed to feel it very much, rose, went to her house, and was not again seen until this morning. God grant the day is near when the song the heavenly host sang, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and goodwill toward men,' shall be known and enjoyed here!

September 1*st*.—We left this morning at seven o'clock and drew up at Makapili at four P.M., resting by the way. For salt, tobacco, and beads we had help all the way. What appears a fine level plain in the distance turns out to be a fine country, full of ridges and luxuriant valleys, abounding in every kind of native vegetable. From the departure this morning until our bringing up

we could have ridden horses at a fine canter along the ridges from one to another. This is the best country I have yet seen in New Guinea, and the natives seem very kind and friendly. At the Laroki we had to strip, and just above small rapids, holding on by a long line fastened to poles on each side, we crossed over. The natives have the line to help them when the river is up. We called at several villages on the ridges, passed others, some on large table-rocks. Fancy a table-rock with twenty or thirty houses on it. At Chokinumu, a village 1600 feet above the sea S.E., from Marivaeanumu seven miles, we alarmed the people so that they rushed away, leaving us the village. Shortly a man came back, pretending to be very unconcerned, chewing betel-nut; we soon were friends, and he called out to the others, and they returned. We told him where we were going, and he said he and his wife would accompany us, as we were the first foreigners who had ever been to his village, and he would not leave us. At other villages they also cleared out, screaming terribly. Gimenumu, 1900 feet above sea-level, and two miles east from Chokinumu, will make a fine mission station—a large village, fine plantations, and plenty of water. We crossed several streams from the Astrolabe Range, all flowing into the Laroki. The whole drainage of the Astrolabe Range and of this country falls into the Laroki. We are now in Vaiako, Makipili district, 2250 feet, in a really lovely spot.

There are a great many natives in this district. About four miles from here we passed a deserted village on a table-rock, at one time the home of this people; but the Sogeri natives came over and killed eleven of

them, and the others thought it time to settle somewhere else. We have now a splendid view of Mount Owen Stanley, due north of us, and rising far away, clear and distinct above a thick mass of cloud. Mount Bellamy stands alone, with a bare south-east side, and Mount Nisbet just across from here, behind which is Sogeri, so much dreaded by this people. On all the ridges stretching away to the eastward from here behind Kapakapa are natives. A woman, coming to have a look at us, spied our black dog, *Misi Dake*, and off she went, climbing a tree, kit and all, quicker than I ever saw a native climb before. We met a fine old patriarch in a stream about two miles from here, and the meeting with our friend from Chokinumu was most affecting, touching chins and falling into one another's arms weeping. He sat down beside me with grave dignity, and the woman from Chokinumu sat in front of him, chanting and weeping. We had strawberries coming along, with little or none of the flavour of the home strawberry. The raspberry bush is very abundant.

2nd.—Just after sunrise we had a great crowd up at the tent to have a peep at us. At eight o'clock we started for the summit of the Astrolabe, to have a look at the sea. It is very broken on the summit, and we had a good deal of ascending and descending before we got over Kaili, to be disappointed in not seeing the sea, the fog hanging thick under our feet. We returned by a very circuitous path, passing several villages built on rocks and trees. On one large table-rock was a snug village, and to the east of the rock four large posts beautifully carved. On feast days the food is collected

close to these, and a platform is fixed on the posts, on which dancing takes place. We returned at three P.M. The old chief soon followed us up to the camp with a large present of food, and saying he hoped we would soon return. I hope the same. After some delay, so that it might not appear as payment for the present, we gave our present to the old chief; when he got the tomahawk he wept for joy, looked at his friends, then at us, pressed it to his bosom, and then kissed it. The chief's name is Kunia.

3*rd*.—We left Makipili this morning at eight o'clock, and came along leisurely, arriving at Chokinumu at half-past ten. The chief and his wife who accompanied us pressed us to stay a night in their village, and, seeing it would displease them if we went on, we consented. We had a thorough downpour of rain in the afternoon, after a very hot sun, the thunder rolling all round us. The chief Lohiamalaka and his wife are exceedingly kind and attentive; they have kept close by us since we left here on Monday. I am sorry for the Makipili people; they are so afraid of Sogeri that they have left their houses and are living in the bush, and under the shelter of rocks. Sogeri, Makipili says, will listen to no conditions of peace. Several overtures have been made, but all are useless. We were told at several places that if we ventured to Makipili we should never return; but we have been there, were treated kindly, and pressed to return.

4*th*.—Using our blankets yesterday as a flag for our tent, they got so wet that it required a day to dry them, so we decided to remain here and visit the Laroki Falls. Ten days ago we found from the natives

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that they were near here. The native name is *Round*. We found the falls in a deep gorge formed by the west end of Astrolabe and east end of Vetura Range. On each side of the gorge the mountains run sharp down, in many places precipitous rocks. The falls are E. from Port Moresby, E.S.E. from Moumili, and S.E. from Vetura proper. They are grand, and well worth seeing. I wish we had seen them from below. For a long distance up there are small falls and rapids. The water comes surging on, and then takes a fearful leap of many hundred feet on to a ledge, and from there to the boiling cauldron below. The noise is deafening. Where we stood, nearly level with the water, it was 1340 feet above sea-level, and I do not think that from there to the cauldron could be less than 900 feet. I think it may be possible to get to them from the north side by Mangara, and then we can rightly tell the height of the falls.

5*th*.—Left Chokinumu this morning at eight, and had a pleasant walk for three hours, ascending gradually the Astrolabe until we reached the summit at the back of Tupuselei, 2300 feet high. We were resting before descending, when a native party appeared and approached us, somewhat scared. They said on coming up they heard the noise as of chopping wood (we were marking trees). They came on and saw through the bush a white man, and at once went back; then, hearing as if natives were with him speaking in Koiari, they returned and determined to meet us. They were much pleased at receiving a present of salt. We descended on the west side of the Astrolabe; the descent, being steep and difficult, took us some time.

In the afternoon we arrived at Janara, near to Efari, at the back of Pyramid Point, the Astrolabe bearing north. Our friend Lohiamalaka, the chief of Geminumu Monito, and three youths are with us. I have never met a kinder and more friendly native than Lohiamalaka. Janara is a good large district, and seems to have a number of natives. The village we are in is 600 feet above sea-level. Tupuselei is the nearest mission station, and a teacher placed here or at Efari would have constant communication with that place. I was the first to enter the village. They had heard us cooeying to one another; so only saw one man, and he tried to look very unconcerned, with a bamboo pipe, trying to light it, but too excited to succeed. The women had shut themselves indoors with the children, and the men had gone into the bush close by with their weapons.

6th.—From Janara to Epakari there are several steep ridges to go up and down, and the last ascent is truly steep. It took us three good steady hours' walking and climbing to get to Karikatana, the first of six villages in this district. Dawes and Stone were at a village, I believe, on a ridge nearer to Port Moresby. The chief, Nikanivaipua, received us graciously, and insisted on our taking his house. We paid off our friends, and they departed well pleased. We received presents of cooked food and smoked wallaby. They were prepared for us, having been shouted to an hour before we arrived at the village by our friend Lohiamalaka. The village looks to be in a fine healthy position, close to the west end of the Astrolabe, the high bluff bearing N.E. They

have plenty of all kinds of food. We crossed from the Janara a good-sized mountain torrent flowing S.W. to Bootless Inlet. We are 700 feet high. High bluff of Astrolabe, N.E.; Bootless Inlet, S.S.W.; peak of Astrolabe above Kaili, E.S.E.

7th.—Our friend Lohiamalaka turned up again last evening; he did not like leaving us. This morning he really set off, promising to visit us at Port Moresby in October; that is, not this moon, nor the next, but the one that follows. I asked for a little ginger to eat, and they have brought it me in bundles. It is really good when green, with salt. A large number of natives attended our service, and were truly orderly—not a whisper, and during prayer every head bent. On the Astrolabe, the other day, Lohiamalaka said he felt anxious for us in entering Janara. Rua, through Kena, told him not to fear anything on our account, as the Great Spirit was with us, and no harm could come near us. Last evening he was telling the people here of his fears, and what Rua said, 'and how true it was the Great Spirit or something is with them.' At all the villages Lohiamalaka repeated all he could remember of what he had been told, and of our singing and praying. Every evening he would sit at the tent door and get us to sing for the benefit of a crowd of natives outside, who, having heard from himself of our musical powers, refused to go to their homes at sunset, and insisted on remaining until after *noko* (singing). When the Koiari visit the coast they go in for begging largely, and they generally get what they ask, as the Motu people are very much afraid of their spiritual power, they being

thought to hold power over the sun, wind, and rain, and manufacturing or withholding the latter at will. When the Motu people hear that Koiarians are coming, they hide their valuables. All the young swells here have head-dresses of dogs' teeth, got from the sea-side natives. At Eikiri they told us they got theirs by killing and stealing. We can truly say we are under arms in this house—sixty-two spears overhead, four shields on walls, and two stone clubs keeping watch at the door. A Makipili woman has been telling Kena how she happens to be here. Formerly her people and these were at enmity. Makipili sought peace, but had no pig. She was selected to supply want of pig, and taken with food. When she grew up, the old man (not her husband) insisted on her living with him.

8th.—We had six hours' good walking, and are now camped under the shade of Vetura. The country from Epakari to here is very ridgy, and, after leaving the ridges of Epakari, very barren. Coming suddenly on a large party of men, women, and children returning from a dance, they were so frightened when we called out, *Naimo!* that they set off, kits, spears, and drums, and no fine words would bring them back. We have seven natives with us; the old chief says he must see us safe to Keninumu. We passed a fine village—Umiakurape—on a ridge west of Karikatana; the chief's name is Vaniakoeta. It would make a splendid station. The high ridge at the back of Epakari, along which we came, is 1000 feet high, and from it we saw Fisherman's Island, Redscar Bay, Bootless Inlet, and the whole coast east to Round Head.

9th.—Arrived at Keninumu at half-past ten A.M. Found all well. The natives are constantly on the look-out for the Tabori attack on Munikahila. We hear the Munikahila natives have been stealing from Goldie.

14th.—Since our return we have been house-building, but are getting on very slowly. I fear we are six weeks too late for the Kupele district, and shall have to leave it for another season. It would be awkward to get in and not get back until the end of the wet season. I find our friend the chief, Poroko, has had two wives; one he killed lately. She was in the plantation, and some young fellows coming along, she sat down with them to have a smoke and get the news; Poroko heard of it, and on her coming home in the evening he killed her. A woman at Favelle said, 'Oh, the Koiari man thinks nothing of killing his wife.' The word for 'sneeze' in Koiari is *akiso*. When they are leaving for a journey or going for the night they call out *kiso*, and often from their houses they shout their good-night to us, *kiso*. There is a woman in deep mourning for her daughter. She has hanging round her neck all the ornaments once the property of the deceased, and along with them the jawbone. The headless body she visits occasionally, and rubs herself all over with the juice from it!

18th.—We have a great crowd of natives in from Kupele, the nearest district to Mount Owen Stanley. They are the same race of people as at Meroka—some very dark, others very light-coloured. Their weapons are the same as the Koiari, so also is their dress. Two men are in mourning, and are wearing knitted vests. The chief is rather a fine-looking fellow, and dressed

profusely with cassowary feathers. They all have a wisp of grass bound tight at one end, and hanging from a girdle behind, to be used as a seat when they sit down. It is a stretch of imagination to say it looks like a tail. They are very anxious we should accompany them on their return, and say they will show us plenty of villages and people. Yesterday we had great feasting in the villages on yams and taro. To an Eastern Polynesian it would be ridiculous to call it a feast, seeing there was no pig. In the evening we had a good deal of palavering with spears and shields, fighting an imaginary foe, and at times retreating. Their movements are swift and graceful: advance, retreat, advance, pursue, ward off to the right, to the left, shield up, down, aside, struck on knee, a shout, all gone through with the greatest alacrity, and I am not at all astonished at so few being killed or wounded in a fight. They value shields that bear the marks of spears.

19*th.*—Our old friend Oriope came in to-day, and handed us the tomahawk stolen by the deserter on our last trip. He says when he heard how Someri had served us he sent at once to Sogeri, and got the tomahawk, telling them it was very wrong to steal from such dear friends of his. One of the Kupele natives stole a knife, but he had to give it up to the Keninumu friends, who returned it to us. I should have liked to have started a station at Chokinumu, so as to try the climate of both sides of the district this wet season.

23*rd.*—We find it impossible to get the men to help us with the house whilst so many of us are here, so we

return to the port, hoping to get into Chokinumu soon. The people, seeing that we are really going, have begged hard for Jakoba to be left, and they promise faithfully to assist him in finishing the house. Jakoba being anxious to remain with them, I consented.

24th.—Arrived at Moumiri about two P.M. We heard there that Tabori and Makipili have been murdering. A number of people from Marivaenumu were here wallaby-hunting, and on returning were met; three women and two men were killed. They report here, also, that Kupele proper (a small village) no longer exists; the Koiari to the west of us having gone over and killed all but five, who have gone to another village.

26th.—Returned to Port Moresby to-day, and found all well, and good news from all the stations. The services have gone on here in Rua's absence with great success. On two Sundays the chief Poi conducted the services, addressing those present, and telling them he thought that now it was time for them all to receive the Gospel which had been so faithfully taught them during these years; in prayer he remembered us who were inland, and asked our Father in heaven to watch over us and bring us back safely, and to enlighten all of them at the seaside.

CHAPTER IV

THE EXPLORATION OF THE GULF OF PAPUA

Explorations in the Gulf of Papua—Maiva—Coombes River—Temple at Motumotu — Silo — Kerema — Vailala — Treachery Point—The cannibals of Maiva—Native dress and ornaments —Native trading—The gods of Port Moresby—Native ideas of a future life—Directions to seamen.

ON November 22, 1879, accompanied by Mr. Beswick and Piri, native teacher of Boera, with two Port Moresby natives to act as pilots, and three natives from the Gulf of Papua, who had been at Port Moresby for some months, and were now returning to their home, we left Boera, to make a long-talked-of visit to the Gulf of Papua. In 1875, Mr. Macfarlane visited some part of the Gulf on this side, but how much I do not know. In 1878, Mr. Ingham, who was murdered by the natives of Brooker Island, came along the whole coast in his small steamer from the Fly River; but I fear the information obtained on that voyage has all been lost. Mr. Goldie ran along the coast from Yule Island to Freshwater Bay just before our visit; but I believe only landed at Maiva. Our trips extended to Bald Head of Deception Bay, the utmost known to the Port Moresby natives. We have

made two visits—one on our way to Thursday Island, and another on our return. For brevity, I condense both into one chapter. At Yule Island (native name Lavao) we were met in a friendly manner by the people.

Starting early on the morning of November 25 from Yule, we arrived about two hours after (10 miles), off a large district, very thickly populated, called Maiva, comprehending eleven villages, five on the coast, and six about half a mile inland. Between the sea and the low hill at the back is about a mile of good country, where all kinds of native food can be grown. The inland villages are, I fear, unhealthy, being close by a swamp; but those on the coast are as fine-looking as any we know, and may be tolerably free from fever, being built on the same kind of sand as those in the Aroma and Kerepunu districts. The natives are a fine, strong, healthy race, resembling much the Hood Bay and Aroma natives, and there are crowds of children. They have good large houses, kept wonderfully clean, with sleeping benches in all of them. In front of many of the houses are nicely kept flower gardens. The largest houses are built to represent an alligator with open mouth; the platform in front of the house is the lower jaw, and the long shade over the platform the upper, so that standing on the platform you stand in the alligator's mouth, the house sloping to appear as a body. One house, to be used as a temple in one of the inland villages, was about 150 feet long, very high, with carved posts, and in front overhead a beautifully decorated shade, with long pendants of different kinds of leaves. The

back country is very hilly, but fertile. On the sides of the hills are many well-kept plantations. With the exception of the country at the back of the Astrolabe Range, there is no other that I have yet seen in New Guinea to compare with it. On the chart the villages are marked about two miles too far west. There are now no villages in the bight close to Cape Possession.

Beyond Cape Possession, and near to Wedge Hill, are three villages, comprising the district of Oiapu; we visited two of them. They were small, and the houses in a very dilapidated state; yet men, women, and children swarmed about, very friendly, and similar to those at Maiva. We caused great excitement, being the first foreigners to land amongst them. They shouted and clapped their hands with delight, and were greatly disappointed at our leaving so soon. Before leaving we were led up to the temple, and a mat spread out, were told to be seated, where we gave our presents, and told the people the object of our visit. We do not consider a people visited unless we have landed unarmed, and remained some time amongst them. The most easterly of the three villages bears a bad name, the inhabitants being looked upon as petty pirates, who rob the trading canoes on their return from the west.

A few miles further on is Jokea, a very pretty village on the point between North-West Hill and One Tree Hill. There are beautifully kept plantations running back to the hills. The natives received us in a very friendly manner. We did not see arms anywhere. The village is kept fine and clean; and if we dare now give an opinion as to healthiness or unhealthiness,

I should say the former. Fifty yards off shore we were in five fathoms; but, on going east round the point towards the cape, vessels should keep well out, because of reefs and sandbanks.

Three miles further west we discovered a large river, and named it the Coombes. At low water, 150 yards off entrance, there are four-and-a-half fathoms, gradually shallowing, until on the bar there is only one fathom. There is a large basin inside, with two-and-a-half and three fathoms. Running south is a broad creek with a small island in centre. Keeping the creek on the right, we pulled up the river for about a mile in an east by south direction, and got from two-and-a-half to three fathoms well towards the left bank. It is about seventy-five yards across, with great swamps on both sides. The water is fresh on the bar. About a quarter of a mile up from the basin a smaller river falls into it, coming from the west and north. From the natives we learn the Coombes comes from the Yule Range, passing by several very large villages, where sago in great abundance is made. The inland villages are named Hinavi, Mekeo, and Poro. The inhabitants are very light-coloured, a few dark ones like the Port Moresby natives.

Continuing our course westerly, we came to the large village of Lese, where the people were prepared to receive us, being dressed in their very finest, the ladies besmeared with red ochre mixed with oil. This place is noted for mosquitoes and alligators. At the back of the village is a very pretty lagoon we named Macey Lagoon, the opening into which is at Cliff Head, extending from there to beyond the village, and ending

in two large creeks with mangrove banks. If we can get a passage-in deep and wide enough, we shall have one good harbour west of Yule, safe in all weather. The mat was brought out in front of the chief's house, and we were invited to a seat. The crowd was great, and very noisy; our presents were received with the greatest grace, and in return we were presented with the sacred betel-nut, a few cocoanuts, and a few bundles of sago, and had a very pressing invitation to dine on sago and wallaby; but the sun hurrying on to its bathing, we thought it best to decline.

Between Cliff Head and Motumotu is a large river called Maratu, deep and broad; inland some distance are three small villages, the same kind of natives as at Port Moresby, and sago and all kinds of food very abundant. Keeping west four miles, we landed at Motumotu, a very fine large village near Freshwater Bay. At first it appeared as if the crowd that met us on the beach meant to walk off with us, boat and all. Getting ashore, and the boat going off to deep water, we were led through the village, or collection of villages, and at last up and on to the platform of a large temple sacred to Semese. No woman has ever entered that temple or stood on that platform. Hanging high up overhead, at the entrance, is a representation of a mermaid, half fish and half human. It looked old, certainly not as if made in recent years. We asked them what it represented, and were told they appeared sometimes in the sea opposite. Inside the temple were sleeping benches running down both sides, and at each post an idol—the figure of a man, representing Semese. Turtle nets were kept inside; sticks, with bunches of

empty nuts attached, used in dancing, and drums, were hanging about. There are no windows, and only one door, opening in from the platform. We gave presents to the chief, and placed others on the platform, for the temple. The chief brought two of Semese's priests, and asked us to give them presents. These people intermarry with the Port Moresby natives. We met a number of people from Boliapata, Pari, and Vapukori of this district. Piri is well known here by report, as he is all along the coast, and all were delighted to meet him. A large river, which flows close by the village, named by Mr. Goldie the Williams, is a branch from a very large river inland, called Arubada. About thirty miles up the Arubada breaks off into two branches, one flowing into Freshwater Bay, and the Williams forming the other.

Leaving Motumotu, and rounding the point, we saw the Alice Meade at anchor in Freshwater Bay. Mr. Goldie came on board, and told us of a lagoon he had discovered and named Alice Meade Lagoon. On our return voyage our captain examined it, and reports small vessels able to enter, and once in, safe in south-east season; but the difficulty will be in getting in, as, according to native report, the sea breaks heavily a very long way off. There are no villages in Freshwater Bay, only a few houses—lean-overs, used by natives when on fishing expeditions.

Falling into the west side of Freshwater Bay is the large river called Kaurepinu, and said by the natives to be another branch of Arubada. The Arubada rises a long way off in the back range, which may be a continuation of the Owen Stanley Range.

The Port Moresby natives go up the river for three days, when they arrived at a village called Moveave, at the base of a mountain we saw on our return voyage. We named the mountain Mount Chapman. It is north-east from the small islands in the bay forty miles, and about 8000 feet high; round bluff on west side, and three finger-points on east with saddle, and then a round peak. Inland and coast tribes are constantly at war. The Port Moresby natives go up to Moveave for sago and food of various kinds. They say it is impossible for them to describe the quantities of food grown there. The people are black, with woolly hair, and are not cannibals. They have very large temples.

Along the coast, five miles from the Kaurepinu, is a district named Karama, with three villages. Our natives gave the inhabitants a very bad name; and, on our nearing the large canoes that came off to meet us, they went below and got into the sailors' bunks, begging the mate to shut up the forward hatch. On our seeing all the canoes armed with clubs and bows and arrows, and all the bows ready as for action, and natives standing up with guards on their arms, we thought it best to have little to do with them, and, after giving a few presents, we steamed along to Namai and Silo.

To the latter place our Gulf natives belonged, and we landed with them. We were received as real friends, and the natives we returned to their homes made us out to be great chiefs of peace, great, 'like the sun in its meridian splendour, and the moon at the full when it travels in the zenith.' We were led to the temple, then through the village, so that all might have a good look at the great personages who

brought their friends home 'in a ship that can go without wind, and straight ahead, though blowing a strong head breeze.' On our first visit we secured the hat of the goddess Kaevakuku, and on our second tried to purchase two idols, Semese and Tauparau; but the people would not hear of parting with them. The district of Silo comprises several villages; in one of them, when being led to the temple, the women and all those not allowed near the sacred place insisted on our squatting on a mat some distance off, that they might have a good look at us. On our return visit we received large presents of sago, and the people helped in wooding the vessel.

At some distance from the coast is a fine range of hills extending from Freshwater Bay to behind Pier Point, and named by us the Ingham Hills. Between the sand ridge on the coast on which the villages are built and the base of the hills is a large swamp covered with sago palms. The houses are small, and built low, not raised on piles, as further east.

Passing round the Cupola to Pier Point, we were met by several canoes full of natives, who came along shouting for Piri. They were from a village called Pesi, in the small bay into which the river Vaibada flows. Up this river some distance is Opao, a district of several villages, where sago and all kinds of native food are to be found. The people are not cannibals, and are the same as at Port Moresby.

Next to Pesi is the Kerema district, of three villages, all friendly; but we could not find sufficient depth of water to get near enough to land. Our pilots from Port Moresby told us the country was very swampy

at the back. Next to Kerema is the district of Keuru, with three small villages, inland some distance. There are no rivers in this district, the openings, as on chart, are only salt-water creeks in mangrove swamp. The inhabitants are said to be bad, and treacherous, and we were strongly advised to have nothing whatever to do with them; but, on our return voyage, being short of wood, we anchored off some distance for the night, intending to go ashore in the morning and get two boat-loads. About half-past two in the morning the shells were blowing, and lights were seen all along the coast, so that we thought it better to heave up anchor, run on to our friends at Silo, and there get wood. Round Maclatchie Point, on the west side, is Vailala, a good-sized village or collection of villages, with some very large temples. The people were very excited, and numbers followed us about carrying arms. When coming out of one of the temples the old Port Moresby chief came close up to me and said, 'Tamate, there is no chief here, only useless fellows about; I think we should get off to the vessel.' Understanding what he meant—that the useless fellows without authority might cause trouble—we got away to the vessel.

Vailala is built on a neck of land, with a large river running into the sea on the west side, and the sea on the east. The river we named the Annie. In two districts, called Heran and Keuru, up this river, are many large villages. The population is very great. The natives are spoken of as being very big men and women, and as light-coloured as our Eastern Polynesian teachers; they are not cannibals. The country at the

back is very swampy. The sago and all kinds of native food are as abundant as in other inland districts. There are a very few low hills near the coast. Elephantiasis seemed very prevalent amongst the natives of Vailala.

On the west side of the river, and four miles along the coast, is Woody Hill. The point stretching out to sea is known by the natives as Aumana, and beyond in the bay is the large district of Orokolo, comprising six villages, viz., Namea, Haremamu, Kaeva, Kamu, Marea, Huku, and Kavara. The bay we named Orokolo Bay; it extends from Aumana Point eleven miles to Treachery Point. Our Port Moresby natives advised us strongly to have nothing to do with the people, but pass on. On entering the bay, and getting close up to the villages, we were soon surrounded by a number of well-manned and well-armed large double canoes. Things not looking particularly pleasant, bows being handled, and men taking stations on the platforms that join the canoes, we thought it well to give a few presents and get away. 'Full-speed ahead,' and away we went with two double canoes keeping well up for a considerable distance. On our return we again visited the bay, and a few small unarmed canoes coming alongside, we allowed the natives on board, and were fraternising all right with them until we observed two large double canoes; one working up to port, and the other to starboard, and our natives noticed signs being given that led them to tell us 'to look out, get rid of these lying fellows.' We told them to get over the side, as we were going to leave; but they lingered on until some time after we were

under weigh. It seems they are at deadly feud with all natives in the Port Moresby district, because of one of their chiefs, who left in a Boera canoe, and on their way east calling at Maiva, being murdered. The Orokolo natives believe the Boerans did it, and they vow vengeance and no peace until many heads are brought in as compensation.

Passing the villages, we steamed through discoloured water coming from a very large river that breaks up inland, and reaches the sea through several large channels or mouths, falling partly into the bay and partly to the west of it. The first mouth is named the Alele, and up it a short distance is the district of Jare, consisting of three large villages. The population is comprised of black and light-coloured natives, all cannibals. On the east bank is the district of Muro. Sago and native food so abundant as to beat all description.

The west bank of the Alele extends to a point named by us Treachery Point, because of an attempt to surprise and secure our wooding party a few miles from there. After passing Orokolo there are no more coast villages as far as we went; but inland parties come down the river or channels and remain on the coast for some time fishing. Our boat went ashore in charge of the mate with five men to cut wood. When cutting, a native came down through the swamp, and appeared friendly, trying to get them to go inland and have cocoanuts; but, on no one going, he disappeared. Soon a few unarmed natives were seen coming along the beach, and on looking into the thick of the bush, an armed party of about fifty was seen. The mate

shouted to our men to hurry into the boat; they got in, when the unarmed natives rushed into the water to seize the boat, and those in the bush were ready with arrows on their strung bows; but the boat was got away, and soon pulled beyond reach. Passing along from Treachery Point to Bald Head, you will notice on the chart East Entrance and West Entrance Islands: these have gone, it may be have become part of the mainland, or been washed away by the force of water from the various mouths. Between Treachery Point and Bald Head are four mouths—the natives say long branches of the inland river coming from far back in the country. The following information we obtained from the natives.

The first is named Aivei. This inland a short distance is one with Alele. The greatest body of water comes out of this mouth. A short way up is a large village called Maipua. The natives are black, with woolly hair, and all cannibals eating human flesh, cooked or uncooked, and pronounce it better food than anything known.

The second is named Panaroa. It comes a long way from the main stream. At the mouth there are great quantities of cocoanuts, sugar-cane, and taro. There are no villages along it, and it is therefore not ascended by the Port Moresby natives.

The third, Urita, is large, deep, and broad, and far away inland leaves the main stream. Two days' good hard pulling up it brings the traveller to the district of Kailu, where the natives are perfectly black, with woolly hair, and are all cannibals. Sago and all kinds of native food are very abundant. To the west of Kailu is an-

other thickly populated district called Kerepenairu. From Kailu the mountains are seven days' good pulling. In all the districts the natives are continually fighting with one another.

The fourth, Arai, large, broad, and deep. Two days' hard pulling brings to Ukerave, a large district with black natives, and all cannibals. As in the other districts, sago and all kinds of native food are abundant. The natives are very friendly with the Port Moresby natives. Fresh water can be obtained on all the bars.

At the Bald Head, on the east side, is the mouth of a very large river, called Maivau. They say it is a distinct river, and comes through a very great extent of country. On passing off the mouth, our old chief announced to us that we had now reached the end of Elema, the furthest point of their coast knowledge. He and his people go up this river to villages far inland for sago. They leave Port Moresby in the month of September, during the strength of the south-east monsoon, in their large trading canoes, and after several days and nights at sea enter the mouth of this river, and for seven days work their way up to their friends. All the way up the river is deep and wide. The people are black, with woolly hair, beards, and moustache; are very friendly, but terrible cannibals, laughing at their Port Moresby friends for not eating such delicate food as human flesh. They have good houses and very large temples, believing greatly in the power of Kaevakuku, Semese, and Tauparau. The Port Moresby natives, during the remainder of the south-east monsoon, remain cutting

wood and making large canoes, which they lash alongside their old ones. Sometimes they will have as many as fifteen lashed together, forming a very large and peculiar-looking raft. When the north-west monsoon sets in they take on board their cargo of sago, visit the temple of Kaevakuku and leave offerings, bid their friends farewell, and come down to the coast, where they take in supplies of taro, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane, and with the strong north-westers return to Port Moresby. We tried to get into Deception Bay, but, finding no passage deep enough, we stood out until well off and in deep water, where we anchored for the night. In the evening we saw indistinctly rising away above the clouds, far inland, a long range of mountains; and further west, towards the Aird, three peaks. On our return voyage we made Bald Head early in a fine clear morning, and then we saw our new range very distinctly. We named it the Sir Arthur Gordon Range. It is from forty to fifty miles inland of the low land stretching from Maclatchie Point to Bald Head. The high bluff on the western end we named Mount Chester.

To the west of the range, and between that and Aird Hill, we discovered the three peaks of our down-trip to be three mountains, and have named them as follows:—Mount Gill, N.W. by N. ½ N. from Bald Head; Mount Alexander, N.N.W. from Bald Head; Mount Charlton, the largest of the three, N.W. from Bald Head. To us they appeared as standing alone, and not connected by intervening ridges.

After leaving Maiva, the married men and women have very little dress; the young men and girls have a

little more than their parents. Shells are much used in making head-dresses; the small ones are cut, bored, and strung together, and fastened round the hair. The large ones are cut and rounded, and, with tastefully cut tortoiseshell, placed in the concave, are worn, the larger ones on the forehead and the smaller ones on the temples. They have shell necklaces, and wonderfully wrought earrings made from tortoiseshell. Their nose-jewels, also made from shell, are very large, some three-quarters of an inch in diameter. On their arms they wear large shell armlets, and round their waists broad fancy-cut bark belts; some of the younger swells wearing tight bands of native cloth, nicely coloured, made from the bark of the native mulberry, and if compared with the tight-lacing of civilisation, they would undoubtedly carry off the palm. They paint the face in stripes of black, white, red, and yellow. When in mourning, they paint themselves all over black, and wear finely wrought net collars. When in very deep mourning they envelop themselves with a very tight kind of wicker-work dress, extending from the neck to the knees in such a way that they are not able to walk well. All along the Gulf coast and inland they have an abundance of food. Nowhere east of Yule Island is it possible to find cocoanut groves to compare with those from Maiva, westward, and everywhere the sago palm is abundant. Yams and sugar-cane are also grown in great quantities, and wherever you go the bread-fruit tree is to be seen with large plantations of bananas.

The Gulf natives come east to the Port Moresby district during the north-west monsoon, with cargoes of

sago, and return laden with earthenware, armlets, shell head-dresses and necklaces, tomahawks, knives, beads, and red cloth; and in September or later the Port Moresby natives pay them a return trading visit, conveying fresh supplies of earthenware, &c., in exchange for which they get sago, native food, and canoes, returning home at the beginning of the north-west monsoon. A very large trade will yet be carried on by foreigners in the Gulf in sago and copra.

In all the villages west of Maiva we saw large sand mounds over the graves of the dead, and on the top or close by these mounds are small houses, where near relatives sleep to watch by their deceased friends.

The dialect is different from that of the Port Moresby natives, but they so constantly visit one another that there is no difficulty in travelling.

After passing Motumotu the natives are much darker, a few amongst them light-coloured. As in Polynesia, they rub noses when meeting, and to us it was not at all pleasant when an affectionate chief met us, his face got up for the occasion, the paint still wet, or perhaps in mourning, and that only recently put on, and insisted on rubbing noses.

The people of Port Moresby speak of themselves as one with the Gulf natives, being of one origin. Two men sprung out of the earth, Kerimaikuku and Kerimaikape, but no woman; their only companion was a female dog. Anxious for children, a daughter and a son were born to them. When these were grown up they married, and children being born, the inhabitants soon numbered fourteen. They then

separated, two going right back to the mountains, and from them sprung the great Koiari tribe; two going not so far inland, and dwelling on the low lands, and from them sprang the Koitapuans, a tribe of sorcerers; the remainder all going to Elema, where they remained many generations. A quarrel occurring between two brothers, the younger with a large party set out for the eastward, and on arriving at Taurama (Pinnacle Point) decided on settling there. On leaving, the goddess Kaevakuku said, 'Go, and in dance, in feasting, at planting, and growing times, remember me, and I shall behold you.' Semese and Tauparau said the same. On a feast-day certain parties dress up with different kinds of leaves from the bush, and with ornamenting sticks come into the village representing Kaevakuku.

The gods live in Elema, and dances and feasts are held in their honour, when hymns or chants are intoned or sung. Their priests are sacred, and their temples; no female or youth is allowed near. When one is sick, food is presented to the idol, and prayers are offered that the sick one may be saved. When the Port Moresby canoes arrive at their destination in Elema, the chief or chiefs on board repair at once to the temple with offerings of large armlets, earthenware, &c.; and when ready to start on their return voyage, another visit is paid, offerings made, and requests for favourable breezes, and a safe and speedy return home. The gods are much offended if their sacred men are slighted. The centre post in every house is sacred to Kaevakuku, and her portion of food in every feast is first offered there. The first-fruits belong to her. All planting is

useless unless blessed by the gods. The sun belongs to Kaevakuku. Rain, lightning, and thunder, to Semese and Tauparau. When we were at Vailala, Semese's temple was closed, and he kept a prisoner inside until a great dance and feast they were soon to have were finished, when he would be set at liberty, to go out to the mountains and do as he pleased in thunder, lightning, and rain.

At Port Moresby and other parts along the coast they have many charms used in planting, fishing, &c. These are obtained from Vailala, and have been blessed by the gods. Kaevakuku is represented by a large frame of wicker-work; her hat is large, and is something like a penguin in shape, and when she is consulted in difficult affairs she gives her answers by shaking her head or remaining still. A party wishing to fight would at once go to the temple with an offering and inquire as to whether they should fight or not, and if she would assist them. Were she agreeable, her head would shake; if otherwise, she remained still. Semese and Tauparau are made from blocks of wood, and stand outside of some temples, and against all the posts running down the centre. At Port Moresby the natives say that the spirit as soon as it leaves the body proceeds to Elema, where they for ever dwell in the midst of food and betel-nuts, and spend their days and nights in endless enjoyment—eating, chewing betel-nuts, and dancing. Most worthless fellows are sent back to Poava and Idia, small islands near Boera, there to remain until the goddess sees fit to send for them.

I may add here the following directions to seamen

by the captain of the Ellengowan, about the coast from Bramble Bay to Cape Possession.

'The best place to make the land is to the westward of Maclatchie Point, where the first villages on the coast are situated. When within a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles of the land in clear weather, the high mountain range named Sir Arthur Gordon Range will be seen, with the three mounts to the westward. These are unmistakable, appearing as three islands; the two eastern ones are very rugged; the centre one bears from Bald Head about N.N.W. 35′. On nearing the land it is easily known if to the east or west of Maclatchie Point, as to the westward of Flat Top and Woody Hill there is no high land near the coast, nothing but low, flat country. East and West Entrance Islands could not be made out sailing on the four-fathom edge of soundings. If wishing to go close to the land, the lead is a sure guide; the water shoals very gradually to the beach; nowhere between Bald Head and Cliff Point did the water shoal more than a fathom in a mile, except off the river-mouths; it is necessary to pass these at a distance of three miles. Alice Meade Harbour, reported by Mr. Goldie, can only be used by very small vessels drawing no more than four feet, and it should not be attempted in bad weather, as the approach to it for some distance has a depth of only two-and-a-half and three-fifths, which will break heavily. Between Cliff Point and Jokea village (North-West Hill) a depth of five and six fathoms was found close to the shore; here the water shoals more rapidly; off Coombes River there is a depth of four fathoms to within two hundred yards of the bar, on which there is

six feet. After passing Jokea village it is necessary to keep a distance of two miles from the shore, to avoid very shallow water till nearing Cape Possession. The soundings on the other part of the coast are correctly laid down.'

CHAPTER V

THE KABADI DISTRICT

Manumanu—Wish for teachers—The Skittle Rocks—The Aroa River—Native villages—Kind reception—Native customs—Natural products—The Enona and Varemenana Rivers—Unhealthy region—Hammocks—Native Legends about the Origin of Man and the Flood.

ON Saturday, the 31st of July, 1880, we left Port Moresby for Boera, intending to start in the morning for Redscar Bay. When seated in the boat, and about to cross the reef outside Boera, intelligence arrived of an attack that had been made on a Chinese junk at Aroma, resulting in the murder of seven Chinamen. We at once resolved to change our plans, in order that we might proceed to the scene of the outrage, and visit the teachers located in the neighbourhood, whom we were greatly relieved to find safe and well. Retracing our course, we reached Boera on the 10th of August, and on the following morning commenced the Redscar Bay trip. We spent the night at Manumanu in the midst of mosquitoes and noisome smells. There are about three hundred inhabitants at Manumanu, all belonging to the Motu tribe, and, although the place is at the mouths of two large rivers and surrounded by

extensive mangrove swamps, the people look strong and healthy, altogether superior to their neighbours at Boera and Port Moresby. The children are numerous, and blither, noisier children need not be wished. About forty years ago a great disturbance took place at Hanuabada (Port Moresby), and a large number migrated, some settling at Boliapata, and the others here. The houses are high and strong, and, being so near to timber, vastly superior to any of their neighbours. The women are great makers of earthenware.

Ours was the first visit that had been paid to this place since the teachers left it in 1873. The old chief, Naimi, wanted to know what he had done that he had been so left out in the cold. Was he not the first to receive teachers? Was it not through him that the teachers became so well known all along the coast? Had he killed any one of them? Shortly after they landed, and when some, fearing sickness, wished to kill them, did he not interfere to save them? I replied, 'All this is true; but your place is surrounded with swamp, so that foreigners cannot live here, and during the short time they were here a number died.' He replied, 'Listen, Tamate; that was a year of great sickness; we were all sick, young and old; the foreigners came, and they too became sick; some died; but have they not died in other places too? This is not so bad a place as you think.' The old chief accompanied us to Kabadi, and during the days he spent with us this was his one complaint. He would often say: 'I am left uncovered, I who opened the door; others are happy.'

This opening is not laid down correctly in the chart. Galley Reach is a salt-water creek; to the east of it is

a large opening, the mouth of the Veoru (Brown), rising in the Kapele district and flowing close in by the base of Mount Owen Stanley, along past the range through a very swampy country with very few inhabitants. To the east of that is the mouth of the Vanapa (Laroki), rising in the Eikiri and Sogeri districts. A little distance inland both rivers meet, and then break out into two openings. On the western side of the mouth is Morabi, a fine planting country, used by the Manumanu natives as such.

The following morning we left Manumanu, and sailed out by the Kekeni or Skittle Rocks, which, according to heathen tradition, came from far inland down the river. They halted at the mouth, and would go no further, although often implored and hard pressed by imprisoned fish, who were anxious to get to sea. At last a number of big fish determined to open a passage, and began eating at the foundation, but, before they got through, a great flood came down and swept the Kekini away, carrying them out to where they now are.

Keeping the largest of the Skittle Rocks right astern, with west point of opening right ahead, we found a fine passage into the river. Toutu is the name of the other opening, and not the opening at Manumanu; so that Mr. Gill is correct. The river is large and fresh a long way out, and swarms with alligators. It is called Aroa.

About ten miles from the mouth, the Akevailui falls into the Aroa. Above the junction, the Aroa shallows very much, but we had no difficulty in getting along. Near the mouth are extensive mangrove and sago-palm swamps; but a few miles up we passed, on both sides

some very fine country, and above the junction came to beautifully kept plantations on both banks, continuing so until we arrived at the villages. The district is known as Kabadi, and comprises twelve villages, with fine flat country about.

We camped at Ukaukana with an old chief named Naimieru; but the largest village is Keveo, where the chief, Naimiarua, resides. This is the head chief of the district; he has power over all the villages. He is a fine, kind-hearted, fatherly fellow. He has a fine large council house, strongly built, and beautifully finished. The villages are swept every morning, and all the houses are kept in good order. From the large number of cocoanut and betel-nut trees about, the villages are cool and pleasant in the hottest day. The houses of the principal people have large covered verandahs in front, different from anything I have hitherto seen. I have visited a good many districts in this great island, but nowhere have I experienced so much kindness from natives as here.

On going up the river, the people crowded out to see the first boat and foreigners they had ever looked upon, and on our landing Naimieru met us. He is about fifty-five years of age, a fine intelligent-looking man, with an expression indicating that it would be better to have him as a friend than an enemy; as the latter he could be disagreeable; to us he was the former, and he treated us in a right friendly manner. He gave us his council house to camp in, and permitted our cooking arrangements to be carried on close by his own, superintended by his wife, who, as we can testify, can make savoury dishes, and one in particular, a pudding fit for

any table. She is a clean, tidy body, with a terrible temper.

The people brought us cooked food daily, and, although our party was large, we could not consume it all. We were entertained in the council house at a sumptuous repast, all sitting round the house in groups of six or eight, with dishes in the centre of each group, from which all partook. After dinner betel-nuts were handed round with peppers and lime calabashes, and then all chewed and talked. My travelling bag astonished them much, and its contents were examined with great interest, they never having seen pins, needles, thread, scissors, &c., before; but the most astonishing thing was the small case, explained by a Port Moresby native to those around as containing things that told roads, heights, and weather. I opened it and showed them my barometer, thermometer, and compass, and tried to explain to them their uses. 'Shut it, shut it; put it away, now put it away; we shall be all sick!' I put it away, assuring them it would cause no sickness.

Visitors from the Naara district, who had been attracted by the presence of white men, were also hospitably entertained. I was compelled to decline the request of their chief that I would accompany him to his home.

The men of Kabadi have their persons covered, and the women are very neatly dressed with petticoats made from the young leaf of the sago-palm, dyed red, yellow, brown, and black. The women do not shave the head, as is done along the coast, but allow the hair to grow long, tying it all together on the top of the head.

The young women in their dress use many shells of various kinds, and the young men resemble the Gulf natives. Daughters of chiefs, when they are about twelve or thirteen years of age, are kept indoors for two or three years, never being allowed, under any pretence, to descend from the house, and the house is so shaded that the sun cannot shine on them. When the time arrives for one so kept to be introduced into society, a great feast is prepared, and all the young swells in the neighbourhood are invited. The food is brought up in front of the house, where, when the young lady descends, it is divided. When dinner is ended, dancing begins, and the prisoner of the last few years mixes with the crowd and selects her beau, presenting him with a betel-nut. She is now, like other girls of the place, allowed to go about as she desires.

Along the rivers are ferries, with canoes regularly plying, and men or women are always ready to take you across. A dog that accompanied us was much honoured. Getting to know that she was called Jess, they would, when some distance off, shout, 'Jess! Jess!' *Maino! maino! maino!* (Peace). I was often asked to tell Jess that all Kabadi is *maino*, and she must not frighten any one. She has a particular dislike to any one carrying arms; so I tell them that only such and thieves need be afraid. Opportunities for preaching the Gospel were not infrequent, and on Sundays public services were held, at which the attendance was good. On the 19th of August we started on an inland journey, accompanied by the chief Naimieru, as guide.

We passed through a fine level country, studded with plantations of bananas and yams, into a belt of

thick low scrub, with a swamp close in to the hills. We camped at Kokoubadina, a place with a few tumble-down sheds used by natives when making sago. The place is entirely surrounded by swamp, with numerous sago palms. The next day we had a long tramp through thick scrub and long deep bogs. We crossed the Akevailui on a native suspension bridge made of cane, the same as the Dyak bridges of Borneo. The river is deep, and contains a large body of water: it rises in the Owen Stanley Range and flows west, falling into the Aroa a few miles below Kabadi. Some miles beyond the Akevailui we crossed the Maikona, about three feet deep and not very broad, with pale blue water flowing away to the westward, and falling into the Akevailui. About six miles beyond the Maikona we crossed the Mabina, a small stream that also runs into the Akevailui. Before crossing, we saw on the opposite bank two girls, who, knowing our guide, remained, and helped to carry our goods down and up the steep banks. This was certainly a suspicious-looking place for alligators, and I felt right glad when all were safely over. Lest we should frighten the people, the girls and one of our carriers went on ahead; but, on entering the miserable tumble-down village of Revareva, we found all had gone on to another village some miles further west.

We crossed the Enona about two miles beyond Revareva. It runs swiftly over slippery shingle, is broad and tolerably deep. The native women were leading, shouting, as they were crossing the stream, the names of several small pigs following. When I was just getting into the river, I heard a great noise ahead, and the native women apparently in great trouble.

Jess did not like the pigs leading her, so, seizing one, nearly tore off its ear. The pig was saved; but Jess will remember that attempt at murder. Through this incident we nearly lost our dusky female guides. The Enona flows into the Akevailui. Again, through swamp, into a splendid forest of very high trees, on to higher ground, sixty feet above sea-level, for some miles, and then descended to cross the Varemenana, a broad stream, apparently from the Yule Range, at the back of Hall Sound. All had a bathe and then a smoke, and away through forest and swamp to Iduna. On nearing the miserable tumble-down place, the men came rushing out with spears, and in their terror were about to thrown them, although the women and their chief kept calling on them to desist. Poor fellows! They had never seen foreigners before, and never expected to, and here they were in their village! A more miserable place I have not been in in New Guinea. Bush and swamp all around. In a short time we obtained a change of clothes, and were squatting on the ground feeling quite at home with the villagers. They were delighted with our salt, knowing only the salt sand from the seashore at Toutu. They showed us bundles of this salt sand, got from Kabadi natives. I found this was not their permanent home, but that they belonged to a large district on the Yule Range, and that at certain seasons they come down to the sago swamps and visit Kabadi, to get salt and make sago, and then return to the mountains. Dogs, pigs, and people live altogether in terrible squalor.

We pitched our tent, but the mosquitoes being numerous, I preferred the open air in the middle of the

village. After dark a triangle was made of sticks, and three hammocks were fastened to them. Each hammock was occupied by a youth. In all their dwellings hammocks were swung about. I noticed the same custom at Kabadi. The men sleep in hammocks, the women on the floor. These hammocks are made by inland natives, and are similar to those used in Ashantee. They use adzes, roughly made from slate; certainly the poorest I have seen. The men have their persons covered; the women wear only a slip of native cloth. The women work very fine fancy garters worn by the men. Several of the men at Iduna had shell ornaments that I knew could not be got anywhere on this coast, and, on inquiring, found they came from the other side. This is the first time I have met trade from the other coast; and, from information I have, I hope to have a walk there on a path from this place. Our clothes and gear amused them very much; my air pillow will never be forgotten by them. They were highly delighted with our beads. They presented to us a pig, some sago, and a quantity of feathers, and gave me a very hearty invitation to visit them in their mountain home. The women were not at all afraid of us, and were as modest as any on the coast. These mountain natives are very reserved concerning their faith. All I could get from them was this: their Great Spirit lived on the mountains, and was called Oarova; he had a wife named Ovirova; they had a son called Kurorova.

On the following day we returned, and fell in with a Orokolo native who greatly interested me. In counting they begin with the small finger on the left hand and go up the arm—by the neck, ear, eye, and nose—to the

other side. Then down the right arm, ending at the small finger thereof. From him I got the following:—

The spirit Kanitu made two men and two women, who came out of the earth. The name of the elder brother was Leleva, and the younger, Vovod; and from them have sprung all mankind. They believe in one spirit, who lives in spirit-land on the mountains, and when he visits them he rests on the ridge of the temple. He is represented in the temple in wicker wood; there he is consulted, and there presents are made to him.

Iko, a brave man, went to the land of spirits, and saw there the inhabitants feasting and dancing. There was a splendid temple, and he, wishing to rest, was told he might lie on the floor, the spirit meanwhile resting on the ridge pole. Iko returned and told what he had seen. He had a wife whose name was Iva. They had one son. Some time after, Iko was murdered, and the murderers, returning to their village, saw him sitting on a large stone. They approached him, saying, 'We killed you; how comes it that you are now alive?' He said, 'I am not killed; I am alive.' They got a cocoanut cup and went to where they had murdered him, got some of his blood, and returned to him, saying, 'Here is some of your blood; what can you say?' He replied, 'Enough; I cannot live with you; and you cannot live with me; but you, too, will die and leave that life, never to return to it again; you will come to me, to the land of spirits, of plenty and joy, land of continual feasting and dancing, and the only life worth calling life. Did you but know what this life is, you would ever be wishing for it. That life you live is bad,

and ends; this only is good, and never-ending.' Iko is now Kanitu, and causes everything to grow.

Once this earth was 'drowned,' only the tops of very high mountains left. Lohero and his younger brother were angry with the people about them, and they put a human bone into a small stream. Soon the great waters came forth, forming a sea, covering all the low land, forcing the people back to the mountains; the waters still increasing, the natives ascended until they had to take refuge on the tops of the very highest, and there they lived until the sea receded. Some went to the low lands; the others remaining on the ridges built houses and formed plantations.

I asked the old man if he thought his people would receive me kindly were I to visit Orokolo. He put his finger in his mouth, threw his head round, and said, 'Receive you? yes, and with great rejoicing, and they will nurse you as their own. Come, Tamate, take me home, and you will see what sort of reception you will get.'

CHAPTER VI

SOME NEW GUINEA VILLAGES

Tobokau—A feast—A New Guinea belle's *début*—*Dubu* or sacred place at Kevanai—Brown River—Native hospitality—Funeral ceremonies—Rain-making—A New Guinea Queen—Death of Da, a native chief—Mourning over him—Ceremonies at the *Dubu* on the death of a chief—The Yule sorcerer—The New Guinea Queen at home.

IN October, 1880, I started to visit Doura, a district near the base of Mount Owen Stanley, but on arriving at Manumanu, in Redscar Bay, I was informed that the day before a party of coast natives had gone up the river and surprised the nearest village, killing twenty, and taking away everything they could carry. It would be useless for us to go then, as the natives of the other villages would have fled to the mountains, and would not return for some time; so I determined we should visit Naara, the district around Cape Suckling. A few miles east of Cape Suckling there is a small salt-water creek, in which we left our boat, and walked to the village of Tobokau, ten miles inland. The country is very swampy near the coast, but between the swamp and the hills is very fine, level country. The village is on one of the ridges, 150 feet above sea-level, with low, thick scrub all round; for that part of New Guinea it is a large village.

Houses belonging to one family adjoin, with one verandah covered over. A man with more wives than one has for each wife a separate house. Food, children, house duties, planting, &c., all are distinct. Sometimes the wives are very friendly, and assist one another in planting and cooking, but more generally the opposite, and then the poor husband wishes their houses were in different villages, instead of being close by one another with one verandah. A native asked me if I knew he once had two wives, and on my replying I was not aware of it, he said, 'Yes, I had two wives; but they nearly broke my heart. It was a continuous quarrel, so I sent one about her business, telling her she must never appear again in my house. Lately she sent to me for a little tobacco, and to know if I would have her back. I gave no tobacco, and to have her back I know better than that.'

They were having a grand feast when we entered the village. Some were dancing, others were cutting up pigs, so that we were right in the village before they noticed us. On seeing us the men rushed for arms, women and children climbed on to the verandahs quicker than they generally do. On knowing who we were, arms were put down and a crowd gathered round. Some were all over blood from pig-cutting, others were dressed regardless of expense. There were head-dresses of many shapes, and a few had hats seven feet high, a wooden frame, one mass of feathers and plumes. Some had large pieces of native cloth, beautifully marked, like tartan; from others, long streamers, made from the pandanus leaf, hung from the neck, arms, and legs; and nearly all had necklaces, armlets, and anklets made of

shells. All their wealth of jewellery and clothing they carried on them that day.

Having met the chief Naimieru at Kabadi, we settled down with him. His wife No. 1 attended on us. A noisier body I have not met in New Guinea. She began on our arrival, was at it when we left—getting hoarse though. In the evening, dancing was resumed, and kept up to an early hour. One would think they require the morning light and heat of a sun fifteen degrees high to go home by, as these dances are seldom over until the sun is well up. Some people think these meetings mere innocent amusement; but it is because they know nothing of natives. Purity is unknown. There are no moral natives, unless very young children, and even they have their minds stored with filth. I slept in one of the chief's houses, a pig close alongside of me, and during the night the brute must grunt music, determined to prevent me sleeping. To turn it out would have given mortal offence, and might end in my being turned out in a not very pleasant manner.

The following morning the chief presented us with a pig (not the pet pig of the night before), yams, and bananas, and we gave a return present. In the afternoon we returned to the boat, but finding the wind too strong we slept on the beach, and the following day returned to Manumanu, where we spent the Sunday. We had two good services, the people wonderfully attentive. I had hoped to go up the river on the Monday to Doura, but on the Saturday afternoon we heard that another party had gone inland, and no guide would go with us.

On the 28th of October, 1880, I left Kapakapa, the

village near Round Head, where Ioane is teacher; he accompanied me to visit inland in the Tarova district, two of which villages had been visited by Mr. Beswick. The first we came to was Bonotupu, six miles from the coast, two hundred and seventy feet above sea-level, with a population of about seven hundred. One mile and a half further on is Kanotage, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, substantially built houses, same as at Kalo, and a population of about five hundred. Two miles further is Kidobada, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, and with a population of about five hundred. In this village the women were in charge, all fighting men being out on the war-path in quest of taro. The houses are very large, and for native houses well built. Two miles further on is perhaps the largest of the villages, Rabiamaka, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about eight hundred. North of Bonotupu, about one mile and a half, is Papaga, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about four hundred. We were hurried out of this village by an offensive effluvium from a corpse drying in the sun. At these five villages there are large quantities of food of all kinds, obtained from plantations close by. Their water is got from small running streams in the valleys, and is good.

About three miles further inland is Gerise, nine hundred feet above sea-level, with a population of about two hundred. They were having a grand feast, and insisted on our remaining to see the opening dance. At the opposite end of the village to us we heard drumming, and soon four girls, beautifully tattooed,

came on dancing, followed by thirty men drumming and dancing, and two more girls brought up the rear. The dancing was wild and the drumming noisy. These girls were being publicly introduced into society. They were skilfully dressed with feathers and shells, and short dress petticoats, made for the occasion. It was amusing to see the anxiety of the female relatives to have all correct, and every motion as correct as possible. In the centre of the village they had what I call a gigantic Christmas-tree, about seventy-five feet high, and branches in proportion, laden with cocoanuts, betel-nuts, bananas, and yams, and numerous pandanus-leaf streamers, croton leaves and flowers all hung about. In front of the houses were collections of food, and every verandah was nicely decorated with flowers, variegated leaves and food. A great many natives, all armed, were in from various districts, and many that we met in our last long tramp came to touch chins. They have plenty of food and good water close by.

On the 29th, I visited Veipuri, inland from Kaile six miles. Along the banks of the Vailala River are some fine plantations and plenty of good land under bush. There are three villages in the district on ridges close by the Astrolabe Range. They seem to have abundance of food and betel-nuts. They belong to the Koiari tribe, who generations ago were driven over the Astrolabe by their friends and settled down here. The village we visited is on a ridge, six hundred and thirty feet above sea-level. Close by was a large stream of running water. We were well received, and returned laden with taro and betel-nuts. We got into the boat at Vailala, called at Tupuselei, and arrived at Port Moresby somewhere near

the small hours. The Dourans, we hear, have concluded a peace with Lealea, and the chief Adu has sent us word to visit him. He says that while he lives he will have no peace with the Koitapuans of Lokurukuna, who attacked him and Manumanu, as it was a man from this place who led the attacking party up the river, and showed them the way through the bush; but for his guidance the Koitapuans could not have found the village. At Munikahila, during our teacher Jacoba's visit to the coast, the natives broke into his house, took what suited them, and threw the remainder outside. Hitherto the Koiarians have stolen nothing from any one of us, and it is a pity they should now begin.

We reached Lealea in the evening. Some years ago a teacher lived here, but was removed. The place is surrounded with swamp, and the people looked very miserable. We got the chief's front verandah to sleep on.

Nov. 10.—In the very early morning we left Lealea, pulling up a large salt-water creek for about five miles, under the guidance of a Koitapuan. Leaving the boat in a clump of mangrove, we travelled for about five miles across a very barren piece of country to the Laroki River, where it is a large stream. Meeting a party of Koitapuans on the way, we enlisted two into our service, who were friendly with Doura natives, and willing to accompany us. Having secured a double canoe, we paddled for about twenty miles up the river, which is deep and broad all the way, much more so than at Moumili. We left the river by a large creek that led us into a network of lagoons, and through these to Kevani, a Koitapu village. The lagoons swarmed with

wild ducks and many other kinds of birds, which feasted on the abundance of fish. All up the Laroki and in the creek and lagoons the alligators were very numerous. Beautiful lilies, tinted blue and white, adorned the fever-stinking swamp. Paddling, poling, and wading brought us about five o'clock to the village—a miserable locality in very truth. We were given the *dubu*—sacred place or platform—to sleep on. It is about twenty feet off the ground, the posts are carved, and on each side have representations of men, women, and alligators, roughly done, and showing very little taste. The people were exceedingly kind, giving us food cooked and uncooked. Shooting ducks on the way up frightened them much, but having heard I was likely to be about soon, some thought they would risk coming down in their double canoe and have a look, others were rushing through the bush with their arms. On seeing us, and learning who we were and what we wanted, they shouted to the village, so that on our landing we were received as friends.

Nov. 11.—Stinking swamps all round, and mosquitoes so numerous that even their singing outside of the net prevented sleep. The boards on the sacred place were so uneven that they could not be spoken of as 'very comfortable,' and between them the mosquitoes found me out. It was a most romantic night; clear moonlight, beautiful lilies, tropical forests with gigantic trees; sleeping on a platform twenty feet high, with coarsely-carved figures and pigs' jaws fastened as pegs, on which we hung our things, mosquitoes singing outside your net, and rascally ones biting you inside; men, women, and children coughing, and the last, also,

crying; and ugly dingoes collected underneath, with evil designs, and howling frightfully.

Starting early next morning we travelled westerly through low country, swampy in many parts, with thick low scrub. In the afternoon we came on to the bank of the Brown River. It is about the same in size as the Kemp Welch. A few natives in a canoe poling up the river were very much afraid of us, and it was only after a good deal of palaver we got them to come and ferry us across. Since the attack by the Koitapuans on the village nearest the mouth, the natives have left their houses in the other villages, and for the present have gone further up the river. Two natives led us through the bush for about two miles further up the river, where the elder one gave a peculiar call, and soon there was a great noise from the other side, and, on coming out on the bank, we could see men arming, and women and children running about in great excitement. The native leading us called on me to stand in front close to the stream. I got in front, when he shouted my name, and, laughing, told them to put their arms away. Packed canoes came across, and in one of them was the chief Adu. I had gone into the bush a little way to get out of the sun, having had sufficient for one day, so that Adu on landing wanted to know what had become of me, and on being shown where I was, hurried on, touched my chin, and I his, then took me by the hand and hurried me off, as if impatient to get across. Adu is a fine-looking fellow, light-coloured and tall, with a beard of which he is exceedingly proud. Their present houses are mere lean-overs. At night they cross the river to a sand

beach a little way up, carrying with them all their valuable property. They wanted us to accompany them, and so be safe from enemies. But we had done enough for one day, and would chance enemies. We were given three lean-overs and plenty of bananas.

Nov. 12.—Spent to-day visiting with Adu the villages further up the river. The people live very scattered. Adu says from Veriveri we can get to the very top of Mount Owen Stanley, where villages are to be found. He has heard it is dreadfully cold up there. If I return he will take me to many villages on the spurs. In each of the villages visited we had presents of cooked food. In the afternoon returned to camp. At one village the people were very much afraid of us, and begged Adu to lead us on.

Nov. 13.—Ready to start before sunrise. No sleep: dingoes and mosquitoes beyond description; net simply useless. Adu was anxious to keep us; he brought a pig, but all the pigs in Doura would not have kept us.

'Stay to-day with us, Tamate.'

'No, I cannot; I must return.'

'But here is a pig; you must eat it, or carry it away with you.'

He thinks he has me in a corner; he knows we have no carriers for a pig, and we must remain to eat it; for who ever left a pig?

'Adu, mark that pig as mine, and when I return to visit the places we have been speaking about, then we can have a feast.'

'Are you sure to return?'

'Do you see that mountain, and all these ridges

and spurs? They are unvisited, and you say there are many villages. I must return, if well.'

'I believe you. The pig we shall eat on your return.'

Adu himself must needs take me down the river to the path, and would gladly have accompanied me to see Port Moresby, but I was afraid of his being waylaid, and at present I could not well return to see him home. When parting he said—

'I should like to have gone with you. I can get no young wives here; I might at Boribori.'

'Wait, friend, until I have seen and spoken to the Koitapuans.'

He will gladly now make peace in the ordinary way. We parted as old friends—he giving me a parting present, and I gave him one in return. We travelled hard, no resting; and when we got to Kevani all seemed knocked up. Had dinner, and, to the disgust of our guides, entered our canoes and left for the coast, arriving at Lealea some time early in the morning of the new day.

Nov. 18.—Maiva canoes reported on their way here. Our first report was that Lolo natives (those who killed Dr. James and Captain Thorngren) had come down in force to attack Manumanu, and that several canoes from Port Moresby lying there had only women and children in them, the men having gone to Kabadi. A canoe was despatched, soon returning with information that they were traders only for Lealea, and that numbers more were on their way. Hoping to return with them to Maiva, we hurried off to Tupuselei, to visit their inland villages. A

strong south-easter prevented our arriving before eight P.M.

Nov. 19.—A child having died a few days ago, wailing is still continued. Unfortunately the corpse is not far from the mission house, and with chanting and drumming so near it was impossible to sleep. All was in a low irritating key; if only in a high noisy one, sleep would have been possible. Had early breakfast, then away with guides to Tabunari. Just at the back of coast ridges is an extensive swamp, then good country, well-watered, for a few miles; then leaving it we got on to the ridges in front of Astrolabe spurs. Tabunari is very much scattered; a house or two on a spur. The people are Koiarians. They were very kind—cooking us food, and giving us presents of spears, food, and betel-nuts. The village we were in was three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, close to a fine stream of beautifully clear water. From there we travelled west to Fasili, three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level; forty houses, people all Kirari. Returning early to Tupuselei, we got into our dingy and returned to port, arriving late.

Nov. 23.—Arrived at Boera on our way to Maiva, having promised our friend Oa, the chief, to visit him before the end of the year. When I met him at the port a few weeks ago he asked me to get Renaki and Revakura, of Hula, to send a son each to Maiva, that he would receive them and treat them kindly, and after sago season he would visit Hula. The two lads are with us, but they go with fear and trembling. Our boatmen are not sure of this trip,

they lack the heartiness of former trips. We have met some Maiva men, who say Oa is very ill; one says he is better. (He was really dead, but they were afraid to tell us.) Piri, who is now a great man with the Gulf natives, will accompany us, and, in hopes of getting sago, will take his own boat. Very little would turn our men home and leave us to go alone.

Nov. 24.—Left Boera this morning. In crossing Caution and Redscar Bays we have a strong tide against us, so did not get to Naara coast until dark. The sun was exceedingly hot.

Nov. 25.—Slept last night on beach, near Cape Suckling, and by sunrise left for the west. When a few miles beyond the Cape, we met three Delena canoes with pottery. It seems that in ancient times the Boera natives were one with this people, and now a great many Boera women are married to Delena natives. They were waiting for the Namoa natives to come down and trade for their pottery with smoked kangaroo. We all landed, and, after luncheon, a party was arranged to visit Namoa. When about to start, I said, 'I fear it will rain before we can return.'

A woman sitting close by said, 'It cannot rain until after we return home to Delena.'

'Why not?'

'The rain-maker is with us, and he alone has power.'

'Where is he?' and she pointed to the chief Kone.

'Kone, my friend, what about the rain?'

'It cannot rain; so do not be afraid.'

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QUEEN NOLOKA OF NAMOA.

'But I think it will rain this afternoon, and I am not sure of going to Namoa until our return from Maiva.'

'You need not fear; so let us start.'

They were exceedingly desirous that we should at once start. So off we set for a walk of about three miles. When crossing a piece of level country, I said, 'Now, Kone, it will rain.'

'It will not!' and he cried out, 'Rain, stay on the mountains.'

I said, 'No use, Kone, rain will come.'

We reached Namoa, and the rain has come, and here we are prisoners. Kone only says—

'Do you think I thought you were a man of no power? You are a Lohiabada (great chief), and so am I, but the rain has listened to you.'

Kone laughs when I say, 'Come, my friend, remember what I have been telling you of the great and good Spirit, and His power.' He was greatly relieved when it began to clear up, and the stars to peep out. We were led into the great meeting-house, and as a mark of friendship were at once presented with betel-nuts and cooked food.

For the first time in New Guinea I have met a real chieftainess—a perfect Amazon—who rules her husband as well as others. She is about twenty-four years of age. Her husband is about twenty-six, rather good-looking. I have no doubt he can sulk amazingly. The people are all very kind, coming with presents of cooked food and betel-nuts. The women altogether are very masculine in appearance. Two young girls are being introduced into society,

so there is feasting, and will be dancing during the evening. Both are laden with feathers, shell jewellery, and pigs' tails; they looked pale from long confinement, and were not able to walk well. During the afternoon they were walked up and down the village by two old dames, who preceded them. We have to camp out here to-night, without blankets, and in damp clothes. A great crowd attended our evening service, and all were very quiet.

Nov. 26.—Had a tolerable night, with a crowd of natives to watch us, lest any harm should come to us. Chieftainess Koloka, and her husband, Boe, must also be in attendance. Dancing began about seven, and continued until twelve, when rain dispersed the merry dancers. Our friend Oa is dead, and I fancy my natives are not sure of going on; they are conjuring up all imaginable evils. All our Namoa friends were anxious this morning that we should stay until mid-day; but, anxious to press on, we left in the early morning, accompanied to the boats by Koloka, Boe, men, women, and children, four men carrying a pig, and others food—a present to us from Koloka. A great many were carrying smoked wallaby, and on getting to the coast they traded all away for pottery. They are all sharp traders. Koloka and her husband wish us to call on our return, and they will visit Port Moresby with us. Namoa is a good village about three hundred and sixty feet above sea-level, with a population of about three hundred.

Delena natives having disposed of their ware, we accompanied them to Delena. It is a small village on the mainland opposite Yule Island. Formerly

they lived on Yule, but so many having died there, they left it for this. On both sides are extensive mangrove swamps, and at the back a hill, one hundred feet high, with thick bush, yet the people say it is a very healthy place, they having no sickness, as on the island. When nearing the village two canoes of Lolo natives came off; but I would not let them come alongside until our friends came up, and we had a talk about the murders of Dr. James and Captain Thorngren. After landing, we had a meeting, and I was assured the Lolo natives did not commit the murders, that it was Paitana natives, a village near Lolo, up one of the creeks, and no great distance from the coast. The story we heard three years ago was substantiated as to the reason of the murders. These people are not altogether free from blame, as they could have prevented the Paitana natives attacking, or have informed Dr. James the day before that an attack was arranged. They speak very well of Dr. James, but of another naturalist and collector who lived on the island they use the strongest expressions of dislike, and hope he may never return. They say he was always threatening, and did fire on more than one occasion on natives. I asked them why he was not murdered, and they said he left before a plot laid was carried out; but had he remained much longer he would have gone. Such men do an amazing amount of harm, and endanger the lives of many.

Nov. 27.—Arrived at Maiva this evening in rain. We were met on the beach by a great crowd of natives—men, women, and children, and not a club, spear, or

bow. They have been expecting us for some time. Fearing a westerly wind, we anchored our boats well out, and landed, walking in to Oa's village. They had not heard of our arrival, so we were near the village before they were aware of it. Paru, Oa's brother, came running out to meet us; he led us right up to Oa's house, and, taking me by the hand, drew me in. The house was very dark. The chief is buried in the centre, a mat was spread over the grave, on which I was asked to sit until they had 'a weeping.' His wives, daughters-in-law, and weeping women sat round; his son, Meauri, sat at the foot, and several of the male relatives stood beside me. It was unbearable: at times loud, then again low and plaintive, one party would chant a question of something relating to the deceased, and the opposite party of women would reply, then all would unite in a great burst. They beat their breasts and tore their hair, swaying themselves right and left, backwards and forwards. I sent for Piri, and got him to take my place. Oa spoke of me to them all as a special friend, and shortly before his death wondered why I had not come. He was a fine fellow, somewhat despotic in his own place, a man of war from his youth, and a great sorcerer. He had a wonderful influence all along the coast, to Port Moresby on the east, and to Orokolo, near Bald Head, on the west. His bows and arrows are stuck at the head of the grave, and on these hang some of his ornaments. The greater part of his jewellery is buried with him. The large temple, or *dubu*, is given to us to live in during our stay; but our followers must not enter.

It is one hundred and sixty feet long and thirty feet broad. At the entrance is a screen made from the sago-palm leaf, hanging loosely. Overhead, just inside, are six large frames, all covered with feathers of various kinds. These are sacred to the spirit, and must never be looked upon by women, young unmarried men, or children. I occupy Oa's place in the *dubu*. All the posts are named, and each chief has his own particular post. A large front post, with a well-carved alligator, done by Oa shortly before his death with a tomahawk I gave him, is named Tamate. Meauri came in the evening, and called me out, to know if I was comfortable, and if there was anything he could do for me. He dare not enter, being in mourning.

Nov. 28.—We had a very large attendance at service this morning, in the centre of the village—the first ever held in this locality. Rua, one of the chiefs, is now sitting alongside; he tells me it would be a fearful thing for any woman or youth to look inside the *dubu*; if they did, they would be smitten with loathsome disease, and never recover. Shortly, all the men will gather in this place, and for two months will not see or be seen by females or youths. Enclosed paths are to be made from the *dubu* to the bush, along which they can go unseen with safety. At stated times food will be brought by their wives, and left outside at some distance, and when no one is about they go out and carry it in. Any one becoming sick during these two months must remain in *dubu*, and on no account go out to friends.

'Now, Rua, tell me, if one should die, what then?'

'No one can die during that time.'

'But suppose one should die, what would you do?'

'Take his body outside, and leave it for his wife or wives and children to carry away, weep over, and bury.'

The taboo is very strict, no one will break it. Any one breaking the taboo would be smitten with leprosy that would 'consume' him. When the two months are up, and the taboo is off, all march to the sea and bathe, return to the *dubu*, and dress in their finest, then out to a grand feast prepared by the outsiders, after which dancing and feasting are carried on for several days and nights. Should a man be pursued by an enemy, and take refuge in the *dubu*, he is perfectly safe inside. Any one smiting another inside the *dubu* would have his arms and legs shrivelled up, and he could do nothing but wish to die.

Rua has lately been to the Port, and seen our new church; he says, 'Tamate, your *dubu* is bad.'

'No, Rua, it is small, but light, and we invite men, women, and children to enter to hear of God and His love through His Son, Jesus Christ. Your house is dark, and no women or children must ever enter.'

'Ah! You see this place is too sacred, and they must never enter.'

'Not so sacred as ours; we never smoke or sleep in ours, as you do here. We worship the one Great Spirit, by all meeting together, and praise Him in

song, prayer, reading His Word, and hearing of Him.'

To Rua it was all new. Meauri, Oa's son, is a strapping fellow, about twenty-six years of age. He has five wives, who are all much attached to him. Meauri and all Oa's friends, with all Maiva, would willingly have teachers. A missionary here, with a staff of teachers, could do valiant things for Christ. Real work here can only be done by living amongst the people. The heathen must see our daily life, must learn to love us, must hear from our lips the word of Eternal Life, and so be led to love Christ.

Nov. 29.—Left before daylight for Keveri, a district inland of Cape Possession. We crossed two deep swamps, and passed through numerous well-kept yam plantations. By the light of a waning moon, women were out weeding, fearing to do so in the sun. There are large groves of cocoanut trees: and in the swamps sago, palms, taro, yams, bananas, and sugar-cane are all grown in great abundance. Keveri is as large as Maiva, and the villages all kept as neat and clean. In front of the houses on both sides of the street in each village are cocoanut trees, bread-fruit trees, *dracænæ* of various kinds, and a beautiful assortment of crotons. We had really a splendid reception, and crowds came to see the strangers. Paru, Oa's brother, led the party, and he did his part well. We returned laden with food. Mekeo natives are in from inland with betel-nuts. They are terrible smokers. In the evening we had a strong shock of earthquake; sitting on a platform in the village, I feared it was going to fall, and I felt a peculiar sensation as of

sea-sickness. Meauri and his friends say they will do all they can to live peaceably amongst themselves and with neighbouring villages. We leave to-morrow; so to-night there are great lamentations in the village, and many are the invitations to return soon. Some of those in the *dubu* begged to be permitted to sit by the fire all night, to talk and sing, and so keep us awake. I decidedly objected.

Nov. 30.—Received large presents this morning before leaving, and all turned out to see us off. Meauri would have kept us if he could. The one cry is, 'Do return soon.' With a fine wind from the north-west, we were not long running over to Yule, and outside to Delena. We found four large canoes in from Boera, which were to have proceeded to Marva, but the great Yule sorcerer did not get an armshell large enough to satisfy him, so he told them they must not go, as they would all be killed if they went. They have decided to return from here. I have met the sorcerer—a small, mean, wicked-looking fellow. He would rather not have seen me. The people are dreadfully afraid of him. He was wild with passion when I told him in the presence of the people that his trade was one of murder, robbery, and lying, and that he had better give it up, and no longer deceive the people. He gets the best of everything—best pig, best food, best tomahawk, best shells. If all these men could be changed, there would be fewer murders on the coast. They can use poison well, and their influence can bring tribes against one another. He left me, vowing vengeance, and I fully expected to see him in the morning. In the

evening I gave presents to chiefs, and arranged to visit Mekeo to-morrow, if it does not rain overmuch to-night.

December 1.—Mekeo natives came in during the night, and they report inland districts very unsettled, and think it would be unsafe for us to visit them at present, so we have decided to return. Received presents of feathers, pig, and food. Yule natives are over, but the sorcerer keeps out of the way. With a light wind we ran up to the Namoa Creek, where we landed. On passing through the plantations we met our friend Naime, Koloka's uncle, who, with his wife No. 1, came on to the village with us. The only occupant of the village was one old man; Koloka and husband, with men, women and children, were out planting. Naime's wife at once cooked food—sago and yams; and a youth coming in was despatched to inform the chieftainess that we had returned. Soon she and her husband appeared, and, after dinner, insisted that we should accompany them to where the people were working. We went out, and found men and women hard at work with the long poles turning over the earth. Close by, in the shade, a dozen women were cooking. They use hammocks here, as at Kabadi, and a number were fastened to trees about. In these we spent a lazy afternoon. Her Royal Highness lay in a hammock some distance off, attended by a number of women, who received her orders, and delivered them to the cooks. She gave all her orders without any fuss and in a very quiet manner. We are told by the people that when she travels she is carried in a hammock by women. She

is certainly obeyed, and seems to have great power. After feasting with the people, we returned in the cool of the evening to the village. Koloka would not hear of our going to the *dubu* to sleep. She was much interested in hearing from the boatmen of Maka's marriage to one of Ruatoka's girls; all the presents were carefully enumerated. She would like Maka and his wife to live with them here. Her husband, lounging in his hammock and shaking his head, very seriously told us in great confidence that he had to pay an enormous sum for Koloka, viz., ten armshells, three pearlshells, two strings of dogs' teeth, several hundreds of cocoanuts, large quantity of yams, two pigs.

Dec. 2.—Shortly after turning in last night we were annoyed with mice—mice running over us, mice on each side of us, mice at our feet, mice at our heads, and mice overhead. About midnight we cleared out, and stole away to the *dubu* to have a quiet sleep; but, alas! we were seen. First one came and threw himself close by. Then Naime and his wife No. 2 came and lighted a fire to keep off enemies, real and spiritual. I told them I would rather they had remained away and let the enemies come. Boe, on wakening up for his midnight smoke, found we were gone, and he, too, must come to disturb us. I ordered him away, as he was too talkative. They were greatly astonished at our apparent carelessness, sleeping anywhere, without guards, watch of any kind, or arms. The idea of ordering them out of the *dubu*, and being left alone, will not soon be forgotten.

After an early breakfast, we came to the coast,

accompanied by all the people. Koloka and Boe decided to remain, and finish planting ; they also wish to be in the village when the Boerans call. Up till now, for many years, they have been at enmity with Boera. On our way down, some of our Boera boatmen went in with us, and, being well received, they arranged at Delena to get some of their leading men to call and make peace. We left the Boerans one of our men, who with Kone and the principal men from the canoes will go in to Namoa, and conclude a peace. Boera gives armshells and pearlshells; Namoa, pigs, food, and betel-nuts. With light winds, we crossed Redscar and Caution Bays, reaching Boera safely.

CHAPTER VII

PEACE-MAKING

Mr. Chalmers asked by the natives to go to Elema—Native fears —Difficulties at the start—Namoa—Delena—A Motumotu trading canoe—Interview with Semese, chief of Lese—Christian natives—Friendly meeting with a war canoe—Arrival at Motumotu—Friendly reception—Viewing Mr. Chalmers' feet— Natives in full dress—Sunday open-air service—Sago as an article of commerce—Peace agreed upon—Return to Boera.

WHEN at Kabadi in 1880, the natives begged of me to endeavour to prevent the Elema natives paying them another visit, as they were now living in the bush near the hills. All along the coast the people were much afraid, expecting a raid, and at last news came in from Maiva that Motumotu and Lese were making great preparations that they would visit Motu, kill Tamate and Ruatoka, then attack right and left. Last year when leaving they said they would return and pay off accounts, kill the foreigners first, then all the natives they could get hold of.

Under these circumstances, I resolve to visit Motumotu, and beard the lion in his den. I did not believe they would touch me, but I feared they meant mischief to Kabadi and the coast villages. No time could be lost,

as we were in a bad month for rain and storms, and the coast line is long and bad. The natives said it was too late, yet I resolved to try it.

On the 5th January, 1881, we opened the new church at Port Moresby, and baptised the first three New Guinea converts. The church was crowded, and all seemed interested. I arranged for Piri and his wife to accompany me to the Gulf, they taking the whale-boat. We cannot call at Kabadi on our way down, as we must hurry on, but our natives here were going to Kabadi, and gladly took the news.

On January 10, the flag flying on the boat told all that we were to start. Our leader ran off to Kaili last night, but Huakonio, one of the three baptised on the 5th, was willing to go. Our boat's crew were considered fools, rushing into the arms of death. Wives, children, and friends were gathered round weeping. The men said, 'Cannot you see that if Tamate lives we shall live? and if he is murdered we shall be murdered; it is all right; we are going with him, and you will see us back all right with sago and betel-nuts.' Huakonio told me in the boat that every means imaginable but physical force were used to prevent their accompanying me; and he added, 'We know it is all right; the Spirit that has watched over you in the past' (naming the various journeys) 'will do so now; and if we return safe, won't the people be ashamed?'

We left Port Moresby about nine A.M. with a light head wind; outside found the current very strong setting easterly. We arrived at Boera at four P.M., and found Piri and his wife ready to start at once. Piri has a Boera crew, and we increased ours here by two. Here

the natives did not seem at all afraid, and many wished to accompany us.

On leaving Boera, it was a beautiful clear moonlight night, and there was a light land breeze. Pulling brought us to Varivara Islands, in Redscar Bay, about two A.M., where we anchored until six, when we tried to make Cape Suckling. As it was blowing hard from the north-west, we had to put into Manumanu. The Motu traders did all they could to persuade us to give up Motumotu, and to visit Kabadi. Both crews would gladly have given up; their friends told them to leave us, and return in the trading canoes. They came to me to say 'the bad weather has set in, the winds and rains are here, we cannot go on.'

I replied, 'Think, my children, of the disgrace. We started to go to Motumotu, and at the first breath of contrary wind we put back. It must not be. Let us try it a little longer, and if the wind increases we can put back, and not feel so ashamed.'

'You are right,' they rejoined; 'we will go on with you.'

At sunset we all got into our boats and were ready for a start. A fellow who has just returned from Kabadi thought to get over me by saying, 'Tamate, Kabadi are looking daily for you, and they have a large present ready; feathers in abundance and sago; your two boats cannot take half.'

'I am going to Motumotu, and not all the feathers in Kabadi, nor all the sago they can prepare, will turn me now, until I have made a fair trial, and then, if driven back, I will visit Kabadi.'

I believe our crew had had a talk with that man before he came to me.

It was five o'clock on January 12 before we got to Namoa, near Cape Suckling. Maiva canoes passed with wallaby from Namoa. When ashore, cooking breakfast, Koloka and her husband, with uncles and aunts, and men and women from the village, came down. The two former were going to Maiva, and the crowd followed to see them embark in one of the large Maiva canoes. After the bamboo pipe had been passed all round the embarkation took place, men and women weeping as if taking a final farewell.

When they had gone we told the people we wished to sleep, and they left us undisturbed. In the afternoon we came on to Delena, where we had right hearty welcome. They are truly glad we are going to Motumotu, as they fear an attack, and hope our visit will benefit them. They feel sure Motumotu will receive us well, and seeing that I specially visit them, they say it will be all right. The crews feel encouraged, and are at present ashore, feasting on dugong, sago and betel-nuts. Some have been off for tobacco, and are now laughing at the folly of their friends. The sorcerer is not in Delena; but even he would do nothing to prevent our going on. We are all ready to start with a land breeze. The crews have sent us word, 'When you wish to start, call out; you will see us gladly spring into the water.'

On leaving Delena with a light breeze and pulling, we reached the Kivori beach, near Cape Possession, about eight A.M. When near Maiva, we met a Motumotu canoe. At first they were afraid to come alongside of us, but after a little talk we got near them, exchanged presents, and were soon friends.

They seem glad we are going to their home; they say peace will be arranged. The Motumotu have said that if we only were to visit them, they would gladly make peace.

It seems that they are very badly off for *uros* (earthenware pots), and the native tribes along the coast to the west of them are crying out and blaming them for the scarcity. They are certainly blaming the right party; but for Motumotu, the Pari, Vapukori, Port Moresby, Boliapata, and Boera trading canoes would all have been down the coast last season. The principal man in the canoe, knowing that all, except our boatman, Bob Samoa, had friends at Motumotu, made friends with him, rubbing noses and handing his lime gourd, which is to be shown on arrival, and his father and friends will receive Bob as his friends. They go on to Lolo in quest of *uros*.

We landed to cook food. On awaking from a sleep, I was astonished to find a crowd of natives close by, and my friend the Kivori chief, Arana, sitting near me. Two boys who were on the beach fishing, seeing us land, ran inland and reported, and he, with two of his wives carrying food, followed by men and women from the villages, came down. His two wives are now busy cooking, and he is trying to persuade me to call on our return and get his present of sago and food. I could not promise, and he seemed disappointed.

We left the Kivori beach and pulled round Cape Possession, passing close in by Oiapu. A heavy sea was rolling in, and a canoe putting off to us was swamped. People running along the beach called on Piri and me by name to land and feast, but our crews

were too frightened, and we went on. When off Jokea, men, women, and children all came on to the beach and also by name begged of us to land. We would have done so here, but the sea was too high, breaking with great force on the fringing reef. Several canoes put off, but only one succeeded in reaching us. They begged of us to call on our return, and let them know the result of our visit, and said we had better also visit Lese. They think our visit will put all straight. Motumotu, they say, is very undecided as to what to do, but having heard that I was to visit them, put off the decision for some time, saying, 'If he comes, it will be all right, and we shall have peace, but—' well, they did not know. They rub noses all round, and make for the shore, we for the harbour at the mouth of Coombes River, but a very heavy sea running in, we prefer anchoring outside at midnight.

By five A.M. up anchor and away to Lese. Two Naima canoes returning from Lolo, where they had been trying to get *uros*, passed close to us. They also are glad of the likelihood of peace and *uros*. At seven we got to Lese, and were met by an excited crowd, the majority armed. We anchored a little out, and would allow no canoes alongside. I called out for Eeka, and a very old man walked into the sea, when I went ashore and took him by the hand. Piri and his wife followed with part of the crew and the Boera and Port Moresby chiefs. We were led to the village, the crowd increasing as we went along. Piri noticing an enclosed place, went in to see what it was, and called me to have a look. I went in, but no women or youths followed. Inside were two large houses with rows of masks and hats, the

latter like small canoes about ten feet long, made with very light wood and native cloth. On coming out I was seized by the hand by an elderly man, who, in a towering passion, drew me on. All I could make out was that somebody was a thief and a liar. The Boera chief ran up, and I asked him what was wrong. 'Oh, this is your friend, Semese, the chief you gave the present to when you were last here, and he is angry with Eeka for taking you away.'

'Tell Piri to come up quickly.'

'Piri, go with Eeka as your friend; give him a present as such; it is all right. I go with Semese.'

Soon squatting on the platform, wrath fled, and I had to wait to be fed.

'But, Semese, I want to press on to Motumotu and see them. I am afraid of the weather coming in bad.'

'Motumotu to-morrow, Lese to-day; you must have a pig.'

'Leave the pig for another visit.'

All was of no avail. A fine large pig was speared, brought and laid at my feet. Semese and the people were in the very best humour. Eeka was delighted with Piri, and the latter had a pig presented to him. We gave our presents, and, feeling tired, I suggested to our friends that we had better take the pigs to the other side of the entrance, to Macey Lagoon. Semese is quite agreeable, now the peace is made, and it was arranged that he and his party should visit me with sago at Port Moresby. Both pigs, ready for cooking, were carried into the boat, and the excited crowd, this time all unarmed, were on the shore to see us off. They promised not to molest Kabadi again, and that

they considered our visit as peace with all the coast villages.

Macey Lagoon would make a splendid harbour for small vessels, very large vessels not being able to cross the bar. On the eastern side a bank runs out for nearly a mile, on which the sea breaks; close in by the western shore is a good passage. The great work of the day was feasting and sleeping. There were two Lese men with us, and they said that the Motumotu have been talking of war, not of peace; but now it may be different. To get into Motumotu in the morning, we had come to within two miles of the village, and we anchored off. Notwithstanding some anxiety, soon all were asleep. The natives were astonished at the beautiful weather, and said they felt as if all would be right—the great and good Spirit who had led us so far and safely would not leave us now or on the morrow. At every meal on board or ashore they asked a blessing, and our old friend Hula prayed with real earnest feeling. He was certainly in earnest to-night when he prayed for the Motumotuans, and that our visit might be blessed to them. I was charmed with his simplicity, fervour and expectancy.

This old man, a few weeks before, at the close of a meeting at Port Moresby, said, addressing *us*:—

'Listen, you think we Motumotuans are not attending to your words; but you are mistaken. Before you came here, we were always fighting and were a terror to all, east and west, but now it is different. We are at peace all round; we go about unarmed, and sleep well at night. Soon our fathers' ancient customs will be all given up, and you will see us, old and young,

coming to be taught the word of the great and good Spirit.'

I was aroused about two A.M. by shouting, and, looking over the gunwale, saw a large double fighting canoe alongside of Piri's boat, in which all were sound asleep. On awaking, they were startled by the appearance. They were asked by those on the bridge—

'Who are you?'

'Tamate and Piri going to Motumotu.'

Soon all were friends, chewing betel-nut and smoking tobacco. On each canoe with paddles were over thirty men, and on the bridge adjoining the canoes were armed men and a large supply of sago and betel-nuts. They were going to Lese to purchase *uros*. They came alongside of our boat, received and gave presents, and then an order was given by one from the bridge, and away they went at full speed. It was a pretty sight in the moonlight to see the canoe move swiftly on, when nearly eighty paddles as one touched the water. We rolled ourselves up again for another hour or two's sleep.

At six A.M. we weighed anchor, and were off to Motumotu. There was a great crowd on the beach; but it was all right, as boys and girls were to be seen there, as noisy as the grown-up folks. A chief rushed into the water and called on us to come. 'Come, with peace from afar; come, friends, and you will meet us as friends.' We went round and entered the river in deep water, close to eastern bank near to the village. Until we had a talk, I would allow none but Piri's friend and my friends, Semese and Rahe, near the boats. They had been told that we were going to fight if they visited

us, and that all women and children were to be sent back to the Keiari, and the Keiari fighting men were to be in league with all the foreigners about. Then they heard that I had been murdered, and were terribly sorry; but now they saw I was alive, and had come a long way in a 'moon' in which neither they nor their forefathers had ever travelled. So now they must make peace.

I said, 'You must not again go near Kabadi, and all along the coast we must have peace.'

'It is right, we shall not again visit Kabadi. Lealea feasted us with pigs, and pressed us to attack Kabadi, to pay off an old attack on them. It suited us, because Kabadi thought themselves strong; but now it is peace.'

I landed with them and went up through the villages, then returning to the boats we were told to remain there. Shortly three pigs were brought, and our return presents of *uros*, &c., were carried off. Bob's calabash has brought him a host of friends. Piri is with his friends at one end of the village, and in the opposite I am to reside in my friend Rahe's *dubu*. Semese is his father, and a very old man. The number of old men and old women and children is astonishing.

No enemy dare come near their villages, and their houses have never been burnt down. The Boera chief —a capital fellow to have—speaks this dialect very fluently. Our people at first were very much afraid, but soon settled down, and are now roving about.

Suddenly the war horn was heard blowing—not the pig horn, so often heard on the coast. I wondered what was up, but it turned out to be only the youths train-

ing. Two new double canoes came down the river with large complements of paddles, all young lads gaily dressed. A number of young men painted and extravagantly dressed have been here; they lately killed some Moveavans, and are hence greatly admired by old and young.

I had to take off my boots and socks, and allow my feet to be admired, also to show off my chest. All shout with delight, and every new arrival must have a look. The sun was frightfully hot. Some men were fishing on the breakers; they had a long post with a cross-bar, on which they stand, fixed in the sand, head covered with native cloth, and bow and arrow ready.

A number of people came in from Vailala. They wish I would go down with them, but it is too late to go so far in an open boat. I have had another meeting with the leading men, and I think all is now peace. My friend Rahe seems a great personage with relatives innumerable. He wants to know if I would like to be alone in the *dubu;* only say it, and all the men will leave. I prefer them remaining, and I will make myself comfortable on the front platform.

In the evening men and women—I suppose *they* would say 'elegantly dressed'—bodies besmeared with red pigment, croton and *dracæna* leaves, and feathers of various birds fixed on head, arms and legs, paraded the villages. At present all move about armed, and in this establishment bows, bent and unbent, and bundles of arrows are on all sides.

Rahe has just been to me to ask for boat medicine.

'What do you mean, Rahe?'

'I want you to give me some of that medicine you use to make your boat sail.'

'I use no medicine, only Motu strong arms.'

'You could never have come along now without medicine.'

'We use no medicine, and have come along well.'

I had a splendid night's rest. My mosquito net and blanket caused great amusement. My attendants are innumerable and attentive, and will allow no noise near. Our service in the morning was very noisy—everybody anxious for quiet must needs tell his neighbour to be quiet. Our old Port Moresby chief prayed in the Motumotu dialect. The Boera chief translated for Piri and me. They are very anxious to know of the resurrection and where Beritane spirits go after death.

In the afternoon we held service in the main street. The singing attracted a very large and noisy crowd, but when our old friend began to pray it was as if a bomb-shell had exploded, men, women and children running as for dear life to their home. Another hymn brought them back armed and unarmed. We had a long talk on peace, and they wished I would go with them to Moveave, and make peace. One division of these villages they have simply wiped out. I asked them to leave Moveave alone, and when a fit season comes I will ascend the river with them, and make peace.

I have visited the party who last week killed several of the Moveavans, and they promised not to attack them again. The Kaback jewellery is about in abundance.

Semese spoke nearly all the night through, exhorting all to peace, and that now we had visited them they

ought no more to go about exalting themselves, fighting with their neighbours, and speaking evil of their friends, the Motuans. Rahe has brought his son, whom he has named Tamate. I have no doubt he will be an expensive honour.

We went up the William River to-day. At mouth, on the west side, are two islands, viz., Iriho and Biaveveka. Between the latter and the mainland is an entrance into Alice Meade Harbour. The river is broad and deep. Both banks are lined with sago palms.

When a young man marries a young woman, the custom here is to pay nothing for her; but for a widow something very great. The people live chiefly on sago. Sago is cooked with shell-fish, boiled with bananas, roasted on stones, baked in the ashes, tied up in leaves, and many other ways. We have received large presents of sago, both boats bearing as much as is safe to carry. We leave in the morning. At present a man is going through the streets in great wrath, having been to his plantation and missed a bunch of bananas. As he moves along he shouts out his loss, and challenges the thief.

We had a gathering of old men until late into the night, and they closed with a wail, chanted, with drums keeping time. Hours before daylight Semese was up, waiting for me to turn out.

We had a fine run back to Yule, where, at sunset, we were met by a terrific gale of wind and a thunderstorm. We had to put in close to the land, and for four hours sit it out in a deluge of rain. It was soon inky dark, the lightning very vivid, and the thunder deafening. Piri's boat anchored close alongside. On

the weather clearing up a little we crossed Hall Sound to Delena, where we were soon met by natives carrying torches, and were led to their houses. A change of clothing, and we were all as comfortable as possible.

We spent the hour of midnight with Kone and Levas, chiefs of Delena, telling them of our visit to the west, and its success in establishing peace. They were greatly delighted, and will do me the honour of visiting me at Port Moresby, that is, will relieve me of some tomahawks. With a light wind and a smooth sea, we had a pleasant run to Boera, where we arrived at sunset. There was great joy in the village at our arrival.

We reached Port Moresby on Feb. 20, and on March 6 we baptised Kohu and Rahela, the first two women of New Guinea converted to Christianity. May they be kept as true ministering women for Christ!

CHAPTER VIII

THE KALO MASSACRE

Twelve teachers and their friends killed at Kalo in 1881—The warning—The massacre—The fear for the teachers at Aroma—Mr. Chalmers' views on the question—Voyage westwards in the Mayri—A Sunday at Delena—Visit of Queen Koloka—Threatened attack by Lolo natives—The fight—Peace—Miria's village—Bad character of the Motu natives—Visit to the chief of Motu Lavao—Story of Mr. Thorngren's murder—Peace made with the village.

On the 7th of March, 1881, the natives of Kalo, a village at the head of Hood Bay, near the mouth of the Kemp Welch River, massacred their teacher, Anederea, with his wife and two children; also Materua, teacher of Kerepunu, his wife and two children; Taria, teacher of Hula; Matatuhi, an inland teacher; and two Hula boys—in all, twelve persons.

The earliest news of the tragedy was given in the following letter from the Rev. T. Beswick, dated Thursday Island, Torres Straits, March 24:—

On Friday, March 4, Taria, our Hula teacher, left Port Moresby with Matatuhi, an inland teacher, the latter wishing to visit the Kalo teacher for some native medicine. Reaching Hula on the evening of the 4th, Taria heard a rumour that the Kalo people intended to

kill their teacher and his family. Accordingly he went thither the following day, along with Matatuhi, and requested the Kalo teacher and his family to leave at once. The teacher refused to place credence in the rumour, and even questioned his chief and pretended friend, who assured him that there was not the slightest grain of truth in the rumour.

The Hula teacher returned, leaving Matatuhi behind. On Monday, March 7, Taria, along with five Hula boys, proceeded in a boat to Kalo and Kerepunu, with the view of bringing the teachers and their families to Hula, on account of the ill-health of some of the party. He called at Kalo on the way thither, and apprised the teacher of his intention to call on the return journey. At Kerepunu he took on board the teacher, his wife and two children, and one native youth. The party then proceeded to Kalo. During the interval of waiting there the chief and pretended friend of the Kalo teacher got into the boat for a chat. On the arrival of Matatuhi and the Kalo teacher, along with his wife and two children, the chief stepped out of the boat. This was the pre-arranged signal for attack to the crowds assembled on the bank. At the outset the chief warned his followers not to injure the Hula and Kerepunu boys; but such precaution did not prevent two of the former being killed. The other four boys escaped by swimming the river. The mission party were so cooped up in the boat, and spears flew so thickly and fast, as to render resistance futile, and escape impossible. Taria resisted for a time, but a fourth spear put an end to his resistance. The others were despatched with little trouble. A single spear slew both mother and babe in

the case of both women. The only bodies recovered were those of the Kerepunu teacher's wife and her babe; the natives of Hula and Kerepunu severally interred the two bodies. The rest of the bodies became a prey to the alligators. For the two Hula boys who were slain speedy compensation was made by the Kalo people. The whale-boat, too, was recovered by the Hula natives.

The above sad intelligence reached Port Moresby at early morn of March 11, just as the Harriet was about to leave for Thursday Island, and the Mayri about to take me to Hula, whilst a party of foreigners were leaving for the East End. The news, of course, upset all arrangements, and, after the first moments of excitement were over, our next concern was about the safety of the two Aroma teachers. With as little delay as possible, but with groundless forebodings of coming evil, a large party of us left for Aroma. About ten A.M. of the 14th, we reached there, and whilst our three boats lay off a little, so as not to arouse suspicion, a teacher and myself went ashore. With devout gratitude I heard that both teachers and natives were ignorant of the massacre. In less than an hour the two teachers and their families were safely ensconced in their whale-boat, taking along with them but a minimum of their property, according to the orders given. By these means the chiefs and natives of Aroma were left in utter ignorance as to the cause of our erratic movements, nor did they seem to suspect anything.

At Kerepunu we experienced considerable noise and worry. Here, too, we judged it prudent to remove

very little belonging to the deceased teacher. At Hula my house had been entered, but the few things stolen were mostly returned. Here, too, we have left goods, until some definite course be decided upon. Strange to say, at Hula, where we expected the least trouble and danger, there we had the greatest; indeed, on one or two occasions affairs assumed a rather serious aspect. The main idea present in the native mind was to take advantage of us in our weakness and sorrow. After a very brief stay at Hula, we left there on March 15, reaching Port Moresby the following day; and on the 17th I left for Thursday Island.

The natives of Hood Bay attribute this massacre to the influence of Koapina, the Aroma chief, he having assured the Kalo people that foreigners might be massacred with impunity, citing as an illustration the massacre at Aroma last July, and pointing out at the same time the great fame that had thereby accrued to his own people. The Kalo people have not been slow in acting upon his advice. I visited Hula and Kerepunu within six weeks of the massacre, and was so impressed with the peaceful bearing of the people in both places that I should have been glad to have re-occupied both stations immediately.

I should have visited Kalo, but was afraid of compromising the mission, as it is possible the natives may be punished for the outrage. I fear we are not altogether free from blame; the teachers are often very indiscreet in their dealings with the natives, and not over-careful in what they say; there has also, perhaps, sometimes been a niggard regard to expense on our part. A very few pounds spent at a station like

Kalo in the first years would, I believe, prevent much trouble, and probably murder. The Kalo natives felt that Hula and Kerepunu got the most tobacco and tomahawks, and that their share was small indeed. Instead of our buying all the thatch required for the other stations—only obtainable at Kalo—we got the teachers, with their boys, to get it. We meant it well, to save expense. My experience teaches me to throw all I can in the way of natives not connected with our head station. At this station—Port Moresby—for the next few years the expenses will be considerable in buildings, laying out the land, and in presents to the constant stream of visitors; but it will have a Christianising and a civilising effect upon a large extent of country.

On the 24th of May, 1881, left Port Moresby in the Mayri, and, having taken on board four natives at Boera, continued a westerly course, anchoring next day in Hall Sound, opposite Delena. Early on the morning of May 26, Kone and Lavao, our old friends, came off. They say it is useless going to Maiva, as we cannot land; but we can go and see for ourselves, and they will accompany us. I had to land to eat pigs, *i.e.*, receive pigs and hand them over to my followers. On landing, they led me up the hill at the back of village, where I was astonished to find a fine tract of land forming a splendid position for a house. Kone at once offered me as much land as I wanted. After thinking it over on board, I decided on building. I landed tents and pitched them on the rise above the village. My experience is that places quite exposed to south-east wind are *more* unhealthy than swampy country. On Rarotonga

there were more deaths on the windward side of the island than on the leeward.

On the Sunday after landing we went down and had service in the village. Kone interpreted into Lolo. When telling the people we had no work for them on Sunday, Kone said: 'Oh! we know, and we, too, are going to be *helaka* (sacred) to-morrow.' I asked him, 'Come, Kone, how do you know?' 'From Boera.' I met a lad repeating the Lord's Prayer in Motu, and found he had been taught by Piri. The Motu tribe has already had great influence, and will have more and more every year. I have an interesting class of children, and hope, before we leave, they will know their letters well.

What nonsense one could write of the reception here —such as, 'Everybody at service this morning listened attentively; commented on address or conversation; children all come to school, so intelligent, and seemingly anxious to learn; and, altogether, prospects are bright.' At home they would say, Why, they are being converted; see the speedy triumph! Alas! they are but savages, pure and simple, rejoicing in the prospect of an unlimited supply of tobacco, beads, and tomahawks.

Paura, a chief from Motu Lavao, is in. The people, it seems, told him, being *helaka* day, I could not meet him, and he did not come up-hill. He is rather a nice-looking fellow, with a mild, open countenance. Kone told him to tell the Paitana natives, who murdered James and Thorngren, that, if they wished peace and friendship, they must come in here and sue for it; that I could not first go to them, as they were the offenders and murderers.

Arrangements were at once made for erecting a wooden house at Delena, measuring 36 feet by 18 feet, material for which was easily procurable. On the 30th of May, Queen Koloka, her husband, and a number of men and women came in. The Prince Consort first came up, all over smiles, followed in half-an-hour by his wife and maids. After formally receiving her, I presented Mrs. Lawes' present. I unloosed the parcel, and turned maid-of-honour in real waiting. Her Majesty was chewing betel-nut, but that did not prevent my putting the dress on; first attempt all wrong, the front became the back, and the back the front. At length I succeeded, and, after fastening the dress, tied a pretty kerchief round the royal neck. There was great excitement, in every mouth a thumb, a few moments of silence, and then every soul spoke and shouted. It was amusing to see her husband, uncles, maids, old men and women, young men and maidens, gather round the royal presence, wonder and admire, and then shout, *Oh misi haine O!* (Mrs. Lawes). Ah, Koloka, I wonder how you are going to get out of that dress to-night; will you understand buttons, hooks, and eyes?

During my stay at Delena, one of those warlike incursions by hostile tribes so common in New Guinea took place. My presence and influence happily brought about an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute. I extract the following from my journal:—

June 2. — Our friends seem troubled, and their house-building earnestness is somewhat abated. I find they have heard that the Lolo tribe intend making a

raid on them. Is it on them, or on us? Their great hope is that we shall use our guns, and so frighten the invaders. I tell them that we cannot do this; that we are men of peace, and have no wish to frighten any one. It seems Maiva is very disturbed; they are fighting all round, avenging Oa's death, and may soon be expected here. Maiva would not interfere with us, but Lolo I would not trust.

We shall have to keep a good look-out to-night. Our friends seem very troubled and excited. I have given warning that any one coming near our camp must call out my name and his or her own. No one can come near without our knowing, as my terrier Flora is a splendid watch-dog. This evening some women passed camp, carrying their valuables to hide away in the bush. Bob asks, 'Suppose Lolo natives come to us, what we do?' 'Of course they will not come near to us unless they mean to attack, and then we must defend ourselves.' The guns are ready. It is not pleasant; but I fancy they will not molest us, so hope to sleep well, knowing we are well cared for by Him who is never far off. Through much trouble we get to be known, and the purpose for which we come is understood.

June 3.—Last night I slept lightly, with Flora on watch, and Bob easily aroused. After midnight he kept watch. We placed the lights beyond tents on each side, and so arranged that the light would strike on any native nearing camp. About two A.M. Lavao's wife No. 2 came up with her grandchild, goods, and chattels for safety. The Loloans were coming. All right; all ready. Very loud, noisy talking in village. At four we called out

for Kone, who came up telling us that we should be first disposed of, then Delena. I went to the village, and saw the old friendly chief from Lavao. I told him any Loloan coming over the brow of the hill with weapons we should consider as coming to fight, and we were ready. At five, women and children crowded into camp, with all their belongings, and asked for protection. Certainly; we shall do what we can for them. Men are running all about, planting arms in convenient places in the bush. We are told to keep a good look-out—and that we shall. It is now daylight, so we do not care much. The fight has begun in the village. Some Loloans, running after Delena natives, rush up-hill; we warn them back, and they retire. There is a loud shout for us to go to the village and fight. I leave Bob with guns and cartridges to keep watch over camp. I have more confidence in the skirmish unarmed, and have no wish for the savages to think I have come to fight. I shout out *Maino*, and soon there is a hush in the terrible storm. I am allowed to walk through the village, disarm one or two, and, on my return to our friend Kone's end of the village, he whispers to me, 'There is Arua,' understanding him to mean the chief, or *vata tauna* (sorcerer). I recognise in him the man introduced to me on a former visit, and who in wrath cleared out from my presence. Now might be his time to pay me out. I take his weapons from him, link him on to me, and walk him up the hill. I speak kindly to him, show him flag, and tell him we are *maino*, and warn him that his people must on no account ascend the hill. All right, he will stop the fighting. I sit down to write this, when again they rush up for me,

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saying Kone was to be killed. Leaving Bob with arms in charge, I go down to the village, and without my hat. More canoes have arrived. What a crowd of painted fiends! I get surrounded, and have no way of escape. Sticks and spears rattle round. I get a knock on the head, and a piece of stick falls on my hand. My old Lavao friend gets hold of me and walks me to outskirt. Arua and Lauma of Lolo assure me they will not ascend the hill, and we had better not interfere with them. 'Right, friend; but you must stop, and on no account injure my friend Kone.' It would frighten them were we to go armed to the village; but then we dare not stay here twenty-four hours after. I can do more for the natives unarmed. I am glad I am able to mix with both parties; it shows they mean us no harm, and speaks well for the future.

No one was killed, but several were severely wounded, and a few houses destroyed. They have made peace at last, and I have had a meeting in the village with all; the Loloans have promised to be quiet. I told them we could not stay if they were to be constantly threatening. In the afternoon the chiefs came up, and I promised to visit them all. My head aches a little. Had I been killed, I alone should have been to blame, and not the natives. The Delena natives say: 'Well, Tamate, had you not been here many of us would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return.' There is some pleasure in being of a little use even to savages.

The next Sunday we had a splendid service. All the young fellows dressed for it by painting their faces. It was amusing and interesting to hear them interpret

all I said from Motuan into Loloan; and when I attempted to use a Lolo word, they corrected me if I wrongly pronounced or misplaced it. After service we had all the children and young men to school. A goodly number have got a pretty fair hold of letters. Some would beat native cloth, and Kone grew very angry, and, because they would not listen to him, threatened to pull up his recently buried child. I sent word that he must on no account do that, and must say no more to the men beating cloth; that by-and-by the people will become enlightened, and then they will understand the Sabbath. Poor Kone's idea is that now and at once they should understand.

On June 6, I once more left Delena to proceed to Maiva, and, although a heavy sea was running at the time, landed safely about eleven A.M. at Miria's village, on the Maiva coast. I saw a number of people with *karevas* (long fighting sticks), and wondered what was the matter. I said to my old friend Rua, who met me on the beach, 'Are you going to fight?' 'No, no; it is all right now.' I gave him a large axe for Meauri and party to cut wood for a house at their village. Meauri and a number of followers soon made their appearance: it seemed strange that they should have come down so soon. Miria, the chief, being away cutting wood, went to Meauri's village, passing through several seaside villages. We selected a new position for the house, at the back of a large temple; gave them tobacco and red cloth, they promising gladly to have wood cut against my next return. Sitting on the platform, Rua turned to me and asked, 'Tamate, who is your real Maiva friend?' Fancying there was trouble, I replied, 'Oa

Maoni, who sleeps in that house in death, was my friend: Meauri, Rua, Paru, and Aua are now my friends.' 'I thought so, and Miria has no business to build a house for you. Before we saw the boat we were down on the beach at Miria's village to begin a quarrel; we saw you were coming, and we waited for you.' 'But I want a house on the coast as well as inland; Miria's village is small and too exposed, and I must look for another place.' 'That is all right, but this first.' 'Be it so.' After visiting three villages I had not seen before, and going through all the inland ones, I returned to Miria's village; he not having returned, I went along to Ereere. After dark, Miria came in. He felt sorry when I told him I could not put a house up in his place, owing to its being exposed to south-east wind, and to there not being many people. 'But I have cut the wood.' 'I shall pay you for that, and the wood can remain for my return.' I gave him tobacco for the young men and a present to himself, and all was right.

A few mornings later, I found the natives sitting round rice; one said, 'Come, we are waiting for you to bless the food.' They have seen our boats' crews of Botu and Boera natives always asking a blessing. I said to them, 'Cannot one of you ask a blessing?' 'No; wait until we learn, and you will see.' A good story is told by the captain of the Mayri. On their going to Aroma to relieve the teachers after the Kalo massacre, in the early morning they were pulling along the reef, and just as the sun appeared over the mountains, one of the Motu crew called on all to be quiet, rowers to lean on their oars, and then engaged in

prayer, thanking God for watching over them during the night, and praying that He would care for them during the day, and that no unpleasantness might occur with the Aroma natives. All along this coast, and right away down to Elema as far as Bald Head, the Motu tribe has a wonderful influence, and in a few years excellent pioneers may be had from it. They must have been a terrible lot in the past. I have heard much from themselves of piracy, murder, and robbery, and all along here they tell terrible tales. A Motu chief in one of our meetings, speaking of the past and the present, concluded by saying: 'Since the arrival of the foreigners (teachers), we have changed, and will continue to change.'

An old chief, Aiio, from the Mekeo district, came in to see me, and brought me as a present a splendid head-dress, which is hung up by Kone in front of the tent for all to see. On giving him a present of salt, it was pleasant to see the old fellow's expression of pleasure. He is anxious I should go inland as soon as possible; I tell him I must wait for tomahawks.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 13th of June, I started to visit Madu, the chief of the Motu Lavao. We went up from the bight, a large salt-water creek with dense mangrove on both banks,—a veritable bed of fever,—and anchoring our boats, we walked through the deserted village of Paitana and on for about a mile and a half to Motu Lavao. The path leads along a narrow tract of good country, with dense swamps on both sides. The village is large, with good houses kept nice and clean; but I can conceive of no more unhealthy locality—swamp all around. A number of people were

down with fever, some in their houses, others lying exposed to the sun. I asked them if they had no *vatavata* (spirits) knocking around in their district, and did they not much trouble them. 'Oh, trouble us much, very much.' I told them I thought so, and the sooner they removed from that place the better—that they were right in the centre of sickness and death. They said, 'And what is to become of the place of our forefathers, and the cocoanuts they planted?' 'Better leave them, or in a short time there will be none left to remember their forefathers, or eat their cocoanuts.' Madu was in the country, and we waited his return. He tried hard to get me to stay over-night, but it was of no use. He presented me with a pig and feathers, and we concluded friendship by my giving a return present. An old woman was presented to me, a great sorceress; but, not liking the sisterhood, I did not see my way clear to give her a present. Such as she keep the natives in constant fear, do what they like, and get what they like. It is affirmed by all that the great Lolo sorcerer, Arua, keeps snakes in bamboos, and uses them for his nefarious purposes. Late in the afternoon we left, accompanied by Madu and a number of youths carrying pig, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane. When leaving, the chief said, 'Go, Tamate; we are friends.'

On June 14, I had a long conference with the old Paitana chief, Boutu, and his followers. They looked very much excited and alarmed when I met them, but that wore away during our conversation. Boutu, his party, and other Lolo natives assured me that the attack on Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren was

unknown to all but those in the canoe. The excuse was that the day before they were trading on Yule Island one young man had feathers for sale. Dr. James and Waunaea told him to leave; they would not take his feathers because he objected to the pearl shell produced. This, they say, was the beginning. He tried very hard to sell his feathers, and, if possible, get a tomahawk. Failing, he went home, quietly arranged a party, slept in the bush, and before daylight went off to the vessel. On nearing the vessel, Dr. James called out, 'You must not come alongside: you are coming to kill me.' They said, 'We are not going to kill you, but want to sell yams.' The yams were taken on board, and whilst Dr. James was counting the beads to pay for them he was struck with a club, and afterwards speared, but not quite disabled, as he drew his revolver and shot the man who attacked him. Mr. Thorngren was struck at from aft, fell overboard, and was never again seen. They say, when the people in the village heard of it, they were very sorry, and that ever since they have been looked upon with anger, as they have been the cause of keeping the white man away with his tobacco, beads, and tomahawks. I asked them, 'What now?' 'Let us make friends, and never again have the like.' 'But your young men could do the same again without your knowing.' 'They know better than try it again; they are too much afraid; and they see that what was then done has greatly injured us as well as all the other villages.' I explained to them the object of our coming here, and that they must not think we are to buy everything they bring, and must not be angry when we refuse to give what they demand. We

do not come to steal their food or curios, and, if we do not want them, they can carry all back; we are not traders. After praying with them, they said, 'Tamate, now let it be friendship; give up your intention of going to Mekeo (inland district), and come to-morrow, and we shall make friends and peace.' 'I shall go; but suppose the mother of the young man who was shot begins wailing, what then?' 'She will doubtless wail, but you need not fear; come, and you will see.' 'Then to-morrow I shall go.'

Next morning, the Mayri having arrived the evening before, I carried into effect the intended visit. The chief of Paitana and two followers, with my friend Lauma, of Lolo, waited to accompany me. After breakfast we got into the boat, Lavao in charge. We entered the same creek as for Motu Lavao, and when up it some distance turned up another to the right, too narrow to use oars. When two miles up we anchored boat, then walked or waded for two miles through swamp and long grass. When near the village we heard loud wailing, and Lavao, who was leading, thought it better we should wait for the old chief, who was some distance behind. On coming up they spoke in Lolo, then threw down his club, calling on one of his followers to pick it up. He went in front, and called on me to follow close to him, the others coming after; and so we marched into the village and up on to his platform. Then began speechifying, presenting cooked food, betel-nuts, pig, and feathers. When all was finished I gave my present, and said a few words in the Motu dialect. The uncle of the man shot by Dr. James came on to the platform, caught me by the arm and shouted,

Maino! (Peace), saying that they, the chiefs, knew nothing of the attack. The murderers lived at the other end of the village; and thither, accompanied by a large party, I went. They gave me a pig, and I gave them a return present. The real murderer of Mr. Thorngren sat near me, dressed for the occasion, and four others who were in the canoe stood near the platform. The mother and two widows were in the house opposite, but with good sense refrained from wailing. I spoke to them of the meanness and treachery of attacking as they attacked Dr. James and Mr. Thorngren. They say there were ten in the canoe—one was shot, three have since died, and six remain. They also say they feel they have done wrong, as they not only made the foreigners their enemies, but also all the tribes around were angry with them. 'What now, then?' 'Oh, *maino* (peace) it must be; we are friends, and so are all foreigners now.' 'I am not a trader, but have come to teach about the only one true God and His love to us all in the gift of His Son Jesus Christ, to proclaim peace between man and man, and tribe and tribe.' What seemed to astonish them most was my being alone and unarmed. After some time our old friend came from the other end of the village and hurried us away. It was time to leave them, so, giving a few parting presents, we picked up our goods and away to the boat.

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MOURNERS AND DEAD HOUSE AT KALO.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE KALO MASSACRE WAS PUNISHED

Commodore Wilson—Anxiety to avoid bloodshed—Attack on Kalo—Death of the Chief Quaipo—Effects of the punishment—Bad conduct of Chinese.

THE native is very impulsive, and often commits deeds for which he is afterwards sorry. Much of the same impulse is noticeable in white men, and deeds are often committed under the influence of excitement or passion for which they also are afterwards very sorry. Some of those who have been murdered on the New Guinea coast brought about their own destruction; others suffered for the misdeeds of white men, and a few because of the cupidity of the native. In every case the native has been more or less punished, but in none to such advantage as at Kalo. Since then nowhere on that coast have white men been murdered, and reported attempts, when examined into, have proved to be only the fearful imaginations or malicious inventions of the white man. The boastful white man is, in my experience, the most craven-hearted; and the man who handles his revolver and talks of 'lollipops' for natives is the man who turns

tail, takes to his heels, is clubbed, cooked, and eaten.

After the Kalo massacre a man-of-war came to make inquiries, so as to report to the Commodore of the station. We decidedly objected to any interference, and opposed any punishment of the Kalo natives, and, as a mission, refused to report on the subject. The captain was persistent, saying his instructions were to make inquiries, and report; which he did. A few months afterwards he returned, saying that the Commodore had decided to make an example of Kalo, so as to put a stop for the future to these coast murders.

I was on the coast at the time, and was sent for; and on the day after my arrival the flag-ship Wolverene came into Port Moresby with Commodore Wilson, late Rear-Admiral Wilson, on board. He came to the Mission-house and asked me to accompany him, as he had determined to make war on Kalo, secure the chief, the real instigator of the crime, and hang him. I objected; but he said my accompanying him would make his mission one of peace, and he should be sorry if a single shot were fired. His plan was to make the Kalo people give up Quaipo, the chief,—which I felt certain they never would,—and on their failing to do this, use the Kerepunu natives to seize him. But they would have taken to the bush sooner than interfere with Kalo and Quaipo.

The next, and only feasible plan, was to surround the village and make the chief a prisoner. Some weeks before the arrival of the Wolverene I received a message from Quaipo that he was watching every-

where, and would not be satisfied until he had my head on his sacred place. I returned another message, that I should visit Kalo, and would leave it with my head on my shoulders, and not on his *dubu*. I did not then know how this was to be accomplished.

I consented to go with the Commodore. A man-of-war schooner was taken in tow, and when off Round Head arrangements were begun for a landing party. The officers were appointed, and the surgeons were busy examining the blue-jackets and marines, so that no one should land who was in any way maimed. We dropped anchor between Round Head and Hula, as it was necessary that the Hula natives should know nothing of the overland party. All were called aft, and before leaving in the pinnace and boats for the Beagle the Commodore said, in effect:—

'Now, officers and men, I do hope there will be no firing. Remember, there is neither honour nor glory attached to this business. You can shoot these savages down hundreds of yards away, and they must be close on you before they can do you any harm. Try and get the chief, make him a prisoner, and bring him off.'

The Commodore's anxiety to secure the chief without bloodshed was great, and again and again he said to me, 'Everything to prevent firing.'

The Wolverene steamed round to Hood Bay, so as to draw the attention of the natives, and divert them from thinking of an inland attack. Nearly 200 of us, with Baron Maklay, went on board of the Beagle, and at night—and such a night, heavy rain and dreadfully dark and blowing hard—tried to sail

or beat up to Hula Point, where we were to land and go overland to Kalo. We got amongst reefs and had to anchor, and then I accompanied Commander Watson in a boat to find the Point. We succeeded, and at once the landing began. I had an attack of fever, and had to lie on the beach for a short time. All having landed, we started in the rain and darkness to find the path, led by Taria's wife, her husband having been one of the men murdered. I thought I knew the place well, and she had lived near there for years, but neither of us could find it; so we had to go on to Hula, and there securing the aid of one of our mission boys, we were soon on our way. Instead of getting to Kalo by four A.M. it was eight o'clock, and anxiously the Commodore awaited us, he having landed with a party on the opposite shores of the Kemp Welch River in order to cut off the retreat.

Commander Watson, with a party, went to the eastern side of the village; Lieutenant M., with a party which I accompanied, entered the village; and Lieutenant A., with another party, closed in on the western side, so as to be able, with Lieutenant M.'s party, to surround the chief's house. I told those natives we met we had come to seize the chief Quaipo, and nothing more. Our party took up a position near to one of the chief's houses, so as to prevent any from escaping. The western party, while closing in, came in view of a large armed party of natives, headed by Quaipo, who all night through had been watching the river, and from daylight had been defying the Commodore and his party. The natives, finding they were

taken in the rear, wheeled round and at once attacked the blue-jackets and marines. After three of the former had been severely wounded, the young Lieutenant, seeing the natives were getting too near, ordered 'Fire!' and the first to fall, as we were afterwards informed, was Quaipo. In all, four were shot dead, several wounded, and two taken prisoners. There was no looting, not a cocoanut touched, not a pig shot, and not a woman or a child molested.

After the firing not a native was to be seen anywhere, the bugle sounded, and we all made for the boats. The Commodore determined to make sure the chief was dead, and would not accept the evidence of the Kerepunu natives. He insisted that the body should be brought in for identification, which was done. Finding we had left, the natives had taken the dead and at once buried them ; but on the Commodore's demanding the body of Quaipo, it was carried five miles by his people, in order that it might be identified.

On the Monday a party landed, and with native help destroyed the chief's largest house. Anxious for peace, pigs and presents were brought to the Commodore, and he in return gave presents. At Kalo and everywhere else along the coast the affair is well known, and it has had a wonderful effect. All the natives say that only a very powerful chief and people could ever act so; mingle thus mercy with justice, show so much mercy when all power was theirs. Indiscriminate shooting down of innocent natives, burning villages, and cutting down cocoanut trees, I think mere barbarism. It ought never to be done by our Navy. Every shot fired and every deed done by our blue-jackets and marines are

acts of war; and is it right that a great nation should do such things to savages? Better far that we should suffer than that we should do wrong, and I altogether object to our Navy being used in such mean service, especially when, in many instances, some of our countrymen have suffered for their own or others' misdeeds. Crimes have been committed by white men in the east end of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago that I fear many will suffer for in the future. Already payment is being made, and the innocent are suffering for the guilty.

From Hood Bay we went to Aroma, where the Commodore determined to do something to teach the chief and people that they must not interfere with foreigners, not even with Chinamen; but on *seeing* the graphic account of the chief, Koapena, whose tale was told mainly by action, he said that the natives were quite justified in their action against the Chinamen, and that we should do the same if foreigners treated our daughters, wives, sisters, and sweethearts as those men did the native women.

The two weeks spent on board the Wolverene I thoroughly enjoyed. One Sunday night, by special request, I gave an address on my travels, and had to continue it for over two hours. I did think of accompanying the Commodore to Australia, but remembering unaccomplished work, I remained in New Guinea, and returned to Port Moresby and the Gulf.

CHAPTER X

A TRIP TO ELEMA

The death of Kone—Kerema—Vailala—Talks with the natives—Temples—A dangerous landing—Visits to Motu villages—Christian work among the natives—Haru—Native gods—Trip up the Annie River.

ON October 24, 1881, we left Port Moresby in the Mayri with a good breeze, and were soon at Boera, where, after an hour's trading for earthenware pots to take west, for which we would receive sago in return, I took fifty on board, and set sail for Delena, to get my boat for river work, and take my friend Kone with me, he being well known, and liked all along the Gulf coast to Bald Head.

We anchored next morning about three miles from Delena, and at daylight ran down to the anchorage off the village. Very soon we saw the boat coming, Lavao standing up aft, and several of the men with native cloth on their heads for mourning. I missed Kone, and anxiously waited for them to come alongside. As they neared, there was no loud talking, and all looked sorrowful. Lavao stepped on board, and I asked, 'Where is Kone?' After a time he said, 'Oh, Tamate, Kone, your friend, is dead.'

'Dead, Lavao?' I had to sit down.

'Yes, Kone is dead, and we buried him on your ground, near your house; the house of his one great friend.'

'Did Kone die of sickness?'

'No; he was speared by your friend Laoma. After you left, there was a feast at Delena. Kone and others were there, also some Naara natives. At night, Laoma came with his spears to kill a Naara man, and when about to throw a spear, Kone caught the Naara man and placed him behind him, the spear entering his own breast. We carried him home, and on the second moon he died.'

My poor Kone! The kindliest savage I have ever met; how I shall miss you here! I had hoped that you would yet become a great help in introducing the Gospel into the Gulf, and now had called to take you with me. How anxious he was to be taught, and to know how to pray! I taught him to say, 'God of love, give me light; lead me to Christ.' Who will deny that my wind- and rain-making friend has passed from this darkness into the light that he prayed for?

After breakfast I landed, and found the house just as we left it—hammocks swung underneath, and small houses all about. Where I pitched my tent on my first visit there they had built a good-sized house, in which the body was buried. I entered, and found Kaia, Kone's widow, enveloped in cloth. She began wailing and cutting her head with a shell held in her right hand, the blood flowing freely, and would certainly have done herself much harm, had I not interfered. I do feel sorry for her; but what could I say to comfort

her? I did not think it out of place to pray, sitting on that grave, whilst for a little the loud wailing was hushed. Aua, Kone's cousin, will now be chief, and he sat at the head of the grave. He is very friendly with us, and says he will accompany us to Elema. After sitting for some time by the grave, I gave our presents to the dead and the living, placing those for Kone on the mat covering his grave. Leaving the grave, I went up to our house, where several dishes of bananas and fish were presented to me. Everything we left in charge of Kone and other natives had been well cared for, and the boat is in excellent order.

We went on board the Mayri, and we stood out to the east of Lavao. Bob Samoa was in charge of Mayri, and another native, Charlie Oak by name, was in charge of my splendid Newtown boat, with a crew of six natives. Charlie had instructions to keep as near us as possible.

We could not see the boat anywhere next morning. We had light north-east winds all night, and ran leisurely along, and at three P.M. anchored off Kerema, but no boat was to be seen. We passed a very disagreeable night, there being a rough sea and heavy rain, with very vivid lightning over the land.

We started at daybreak with little wind. When it cleared a little we saw, to our great relief, the boat not far astern of us. Losing sight of the Mayri, they had adopted the peculiar plan of returning to look for us, and returned from Motumotu to Lese, coming on yesterday.

We returned and anchored, and I landed in the boat. We found a passage close in by the east point. Our

Boera friends with a crowd of Pesi natives met us on the beach; all were delighted to see us. With what intense interest on both sides questions were asked and answered! The Boerans were busy getting large canoes, which they lash alongside their old ones, fill up with sago, and about the end of the year return home. Sometimes they return with as many as sixteen large clumsy canoes, well lashed together, all full of sago.

I made friends with Opuna, the old chief of Pesi, who took me to his house, and presented me with betel-nuts and a good supply of cocoanuts. The village is a miserable concern in thick bush, creepers growing over many of the houses. In the main street I passed what looked like a very rough chair, and, on asking what it was for, was told a grave was underneath.

On returning to the vessel, I found a number of our Motu friends on board. Their *lakatoi* (large trading canoe) is at Kerema. The wind was very light, and we drifted leisurely along. When about five miles away from the shore, a canoe with two natives came off to us. When near, they called me by name, saying they were sent by their chief to get me to land; and I must on no account refuse him. 'Friends, return, and tell your chief I cannot land. I want to be at Vailala to-night.'

'But he has made his pig fast, and is only waiting your arrival on shore.'

'I must go on.' This was simply a stratagem of the youths to get me to land.

We came leisurely along with light wind, and did not get off the mouth of the Annie River until after sundown. Before dark we saw a red flag flying on the

eastern bank of the river, and knew our Motu friends would look out for us, and conduct us to an anchorage. The rocking of last night made us wish for a quiet anchorage, so we risked entering, safely crossing the bar, and when well in were met by several canoes crowded with friends belonging to Port Moresby, others crowded with Gulf natives, and all shouting instructions as to our course to a snug anchorage. We anchored some distance from the village, intending to go nearer to-morrow morning. We were soon beset with questions as to how their fathers, mothers, wives, and children were.

When everything was snug, and most of the natives gone, I got a crew and went in the boat to visit the Motu *lakatoi*. On our way up, I asked a lad from one of the canoes, who stepped into the boat with me—

'Well, have you services, and do you observe the Sabbath?'

'Do you think, Tamate, we forget? We have observed every Sabbath, and every morning and evening we have services, and never omit to ask a blessing on our food.'

'Who conducts your services?'

'Aruataera and Paeau.'

The former is the first baptised native in New Guinea, and the latter is a blind boy, who has for a long time lived with us at Port Moresby. He is quite blind, but makes capital use of his ears, and has a good memory.

Getting on board the canoe, I was met by Bara, the captain, who led me to his own mat. Several fires burning brightly gave us good light. They have roofed in the canoe, and live on board. Alongside were

nine new canoes, so that when they return home they will have one *lakatoi* made of thirteen canoes.

'Well, Bara, what about the Word of God?'

'We remember it, as you will hear from Aruataera and Paeau.'

Aruataera comes forward, silence is called, and from full hearts we give God thanks that we all meet in health. Arua tells me that they have had morning and evening services, and on Sabbaths an extra one. Paeau has a small bullock bell that he rings to call all together, when a large number of Gulf natives join them. They both visit the temples, where there are always numbers of men, and when sitting eating with them they tell all they can remember of the teachings of the past few years. Could I help giving God thanks? The friends at Port Moresby feel that the sorrows and trials, the heart-aches and tears of the past, are far more than rewarded.

I gave a present of tobacco to Bara for the crowd, and taking Aruataera with me, returned to the Mayri. I asked Arua when the Sabbath came, and I was astonished to find he counted correctly. I asked how he knew, and he replied that since leaving he had kept a string, and every morning tied a knot, and the seventh knot was *helaka*, the Sabbath.

Early the next morning a native canoe came alongside, saying that I was to cross to the other side and be presented with a pig. When we landed on the beach we were met by an admiring crowd of men, women, and children, all anxious to see a white man. I was led up to an old chief's house, where a large present of betel-nuts was given me. In the house

were shields, bows and arrows, and drums, and two roughly carved wooden men, with very bushy hair stuck on their heads. I asked if they would sell them. 'No; they belong to our ancestors, and we cannot part with them.' They do them some kind of honour, and I noticed, when speaking about them, all spoke in whispers. Before going to fight, they consult them and pray to them for success.

The chiefs, having heard about our guns from the Motu natives, were anxious to hear a shot fired, so Bob Samoa went on board and brought his gun ashore. A great crowd gathered, but, after the first shot, few were to be seen; and after the second the few men who tremblingly remained cried it was enough, that they thought the Motuans lied, but it was something more terrible even than had been reported.

The temples are well built, with flooring of sago-palm bark, and in each there are large wicker frames, that in sacred times they adorn with feathers, &c., and worship as Semese. During that time the men remain in the temple for five moons, when no woman must be seen, and no children dare approach. They have food brought and left outside, and when the parties bringing it have retired, it is carried inside. In two of the temples were a number of lads, aged from ten to eighteen, who were supposed not to be seen by their parents or friends. When they entered, their heads were shaven, and they remain until the hair grows thick and bushy, then a large feast is prepared, and they mix with the crowd. They have a back entrance by which they go out when necessary,

but first cover themselves with native cloth, that they may not be seen.

In the afternoon we visited Haru, three miles distant round west point. We had a splendid walk inland through a strange profusion of cocoanut, sago, and betel palms, numerous bread-fruit, and large *tamanu* trees, *dracæna* and crotons of various kinds, and ferns in abundance, and through swamps in which various kinds of mangroves grew, to a pretty little village. I returned by the beach, Avea accompanying me. When about to cross a creak, he insisted on carrying me. I was scarcely on his back when I was dropped into the water. Poor fellow, he was terribly chagrined.

We left about sunrise on October 29, in the small boat for Maipua and Kaipurau, districts near to Bald Head, with cannibal populations. On entering the bay, the crew not being smart enough, we half-filled with water, soaking everything thoroughly. We passed Orokolo, intending to visit it on our return. We had a very heavy southerly swell in the bay, and on our getting up to the Alele, where we hoped to enter, the sea was breaking frightfully right across, and the further west we went the worse it got. Not caring to lose the boat, nor life, I decided to return, leaving these districts for another trip; so went round and stood well up for the most easterly village of Orokolo. Here we were again disappointed, the wind having increased, and the sea breaking more heavily on the beach than when we passed—so much so that we dared not attempt landing. We anchored well off, and two boys landed through the surf. We waited for two hours, and the boys not

returning we waved to them to walk to Vailala, and we should try and beat down. Then up with the mast, and anchor, and away, close-hauled, but making little way. On one tack, when standing well in, we saw our boys struggling through the surf, and got as near as safety would allow, and got them on board.

After several tacks, the wind increasing, and a nasty sea running, and we being on a lea shore with no hope of getting up to Vailala before midnight, we decided that if we could see a place a little more suitable than those passed we would risk running in. We reached a suitable place, and took the chance of a grand turn over and loss of everything. It was better to try it in the light than in the dark. The mast was taken down, the four oars put out, the order given, 'Give way, pull hard; look at nothing, only pull.' The boat went at lightning speed, flying on the tops of the seas. She was nearly in, when a tremendous roller lifted the rudder out of the water, and she swung on the sea.

The boys became frightened and sprang to their feet. We must surely go over. 'Down, boys, down!' and, 'Pull seawards, oars, pull hard!' She righted, and again we rushed madly onward upon the shore, taking very little water in. White surf raged all round us, and we were seized by strong natives, and soon our boat was beyond high-water mark. Men in hundreds, all armed with bows and arrows, met us. Women and girls, with fishing nets, ran up and stood at a distance, and children of both sexes viewed us at safe distance, screaming wildly when fifty yards off.

From Maiva to this part the women attend to the fishing. We had a long hot walk along the beach, and

in wet, heavy clothes it was not very agreeable. We were led up into a splendid temple, divided into stalls; one was given to Bob and me, and two others for our boys. The place is full of frames hanging up, and all over are strange-looking head-dresses, masks, and imitations of crocodiles' heads, and grass petticoats that only giantesses can wear. In sacred times, seasons of *helaka*, these frames are all adorned with the above, and praise is offered. Singing is the great work of that season.

The country looks more inviting from the sea than it does when ashore. The sea comes up near to the houses; there is a narrow strip of splendid land, on which every kind of food will grow, and on which they have abundance. Some of the finest crotons I have ever seen grow wild here. Behind this strip of fine country is the deadly swamp, yet it is covered with sago palms. The men and children are fine-looking, all in good condition. The women look as if life was hard; they are ill-favoured, and are very shy. They are much darker than the Motu natives. Young women are respectably dressed; married women have very small petticoats; old women generally a white shell or leaf.

It blew hard all night, a very heavy sea breaking on the beach; but we were tolerably comfortable. We had a most interesting service the next day, conducted in the Orokolo dialect by Aruataera and Kape. The people listened attentively. At the close, Aruataera asked if he might tell them of Noah and his three sons. I assented; but it took longer than I bargained for. What splendid material for Gulf work we have in Motu

Christians! Both addressed them freely, and without any difficulty as if in want of a word. They come here as little children, stay for months, and mix freely with Elema children: so they cannot fail to get a thorough hold of the dialect.

We next visited all the separate villages, called at sixteen *dubus* and gave small presents to each. In one they had some hideous-looking figures to represent Semese. Everywhere we were kindly received. There are many minor chiefs, two and three in each *dubu*; but I find they have one head chief, Mama, and in the presence of all I gave him a present, saying I heard that he was the one real chief of Orokolo, and to that all assented. Mama's village is Kaivakabu. Their large *dubu* had very recently been burnt down; so we had service in their temporary one, made with cocoanut leaves; the place was crowded, and they listened attentively, anxious to have a smoke and a good look at their first white man. Mama is a pleasant-looking man, about fifty, with a good deal of determination—a man likely to have his own way. Apoke is a younger man, very pleasant and quiet, yet could assert himself; he is very proud of the distinction that he shall be the first to receive the foreigner.

It seems this *dubu* belongs to two chiefs, so our neighbour on the opposite side got nasty to-day, when we were out visiting. Bob says he rushed in, painted, followed by his young men, seized their bows and arrows, and rushed out again, apparently in high dudgeon. He got no present when Apoke got his, hence the unpleasantness. Bob says, 'More better, you give him a present now, sir.' 'Wait, Bob; I never

give presents when threatened; but if he is all right in the evening, then he shall have a present.' Bob prefers being forearmed; his revolver is close by him. He says the Motu boys got frightened and left him.

This is a most prolific country for children; they simply swarm. Not being cannibals, there is no danger in the constant showing of feet and chest. The boots astonish them. When at South Cape I had at first to exhibit my chest many times a day. One day a friendly chief, a great friend of Mrs. Chalmers, came up to the house with a human breast, being a highly prized and delicate bit, and presented it to my wife! That was an end to chest exhibition by me in that part of New Guinea.

The sea continued worse than ever, the wind blowing a gale. Two men came in, and an old fellow close by noticed them, and at once let forth much pent-up wrath. It seems that his daughter was fishing, and was knocked down by a heavy roller and much hurt, and these two are the wretches who have caused the trouble, being, in his opinion, lords of the waves.

We had another interesting service; the people hear in their own tongue the story of Divine love. How different to the hard up-hill work of the first months amongst a people, knowing nothing or little of their language, continually suspected, and our true object unknown! Here, all day long, the boys are speaking of us and our teachings, of Adam and his wife, Noah, his three sons, and the ark (this is a favourite subject), and Abraham and Isaac. The Creation is a very pet theme, then the story of *Kanidu's* (God's) love in the gift of His Son, and of His dying for us, His being

now in heaven, and His return. The Resurrection is their puzzle, and they say they could believe all but that.

Semese, according to their view, is a male spirit, and resides in a temple in various representations during sacred seasons. At the conclusion of *helaka*, a great feast is prepared, and all food, pigs, &c., placed just outside the temple, and their ornaments of shell and wood are hung in front of the temple, and all presented to Semese, after which the food is distributed, cooked, and eaten, and the ornaments are taken down and put on, preparatory to a grand dance. An active young fellow showed us one of Semese's dances. He did it very gracefully ; advanced, backed, to right side, to left, stepped, right foot to left knee, down, left foot to right knee, wheeled and shouted. He held a drum, on which he beat time, and had on his head a very large hideous hat.

We left Orokolo on October 31, the boys leading boat along shore just inside of surf, I walking slowly on beach, in charge of three hundred armed men. When about five miles from village, and near to Aumana Point, the boat swamped, and had to be pulled ashore. We had to leave the boat for better weather, and came along the beach to Haru. I promised Avea, the chief of Haru, when I last met him, that I would spend a night in his village. The boys, in charge of Bob, have gone on. Aruataera is with me, but I have no weapon of any kind. Avea entertained me with his Port Moresby experiences seven years ago. He described the house, the lights, the pictures, the sitting at table, and the dog chasing him, and his flying over the fence like a

bird, with great minuteness. He spoke with feelings of gratitude of the rice and biscuits he received, and the kind words that were said to him. He says, 'Tamate, do tell Misi Lao and Misi Haine to come, and in a large ship, not a small one such as you have, and I will fill it with sago for them.' Avea cannot do enough to show kindness. Little did the friends at Port Moresby think, seven years ago, when giving the Gulf savage a smoke and a little food, that their old friend Tamate would reap great benefit from it. 'One sows and another reaps.'

At nine P.M. Avea took me quietly into his house. An old man following gave orders to a man outside to close the door, and to prevent any one coming up the ladder. A bag made from the sago palm was taken down, and I was asked in a whisper if I would like to see the maker of heaven and earth, thunder and lightning, south-east and north-west winds. I whispered back, 'Yes, certainly.' Out they came, a small figure of a man, and another of a woman, both coarsely carved. Out came another, which I should call a carved shuttlecock.

'Well, Avea, and how is it managed?'

He places the man and woman side by side, and if thunder is wanted, or if it is thundering too much, he holds up the shuttlecock, and the thing is done. For wind, he alters the position of the man and woman, placing them according to the required wind, and holding the shuttlecock in a different way. I asked Avea to sell them; but he would sooner part with everything he had than with these ancient articles. For long generations they have been in the family. I

told him to be sure and keep them for me, as I knew the time would come, if he were spared, when he would think little of them.

I left Haru early on November 1st, reached the Mayri in time for breakfast, and, on the 3rd, pulled up the Annie River for about a mile, then into a large creek, up which we went for over three miles, where we anchored our boat, and then we went through a swamp in water three feet deep, to the district of Herau, comprising five small villages. Close to the villages the country is good, with profuse vegetation—cocoanut trees and bread-fruit trees are abundant, and the betel-nut is left to fall down and rot. The people were all greatly excited, following us in crowds from one village to another, showing us all the kindness they possibly could. Inland, a short distance from here, is a range of hills, something like the Macgilivray Range, at the back of Hood Bay, not marked on the chart. I have put them on my chart, and call them Searle Hills. The Albert Range stretches away at the back.

In the afternoon, I ascended the Annie River a few miles. It is a fine, broad, deep stream. The natives say it comes a very long way further than they know. They know nothing of the mountain tribes.

The next day, the wind being fair for Port Moresby, though light, and our sago ready, we filled up and left about mid-day. During the time we were getting the sago on board, twelve men well armed planted themselves just opposite the vessel, and kept watch, so as to be ready in the event of a disturbance. Having fine weather, we reached Port Moresby safely after a pleasant sail.

CHAPTER XI

A NEW GUINEA PICNIC

A strange sight in New Guinea—Change in the natives—Bathing—Missionaries bathing—Refreshment—A short native service—Races—Sports—Reverence for parents shown by the natives—Home again.

To a stranger, Port Moresby would have appeared rather lively on this particular morning: crowds of children were walking along the shore, and all so hearty and noisy; horses were being saddled, and people apparently white—a lady, and two gentlemen—were standing by ready to mount; on a large boat, mast up, sail was being set, and women and children were crowding on board. What did it mean? In this New Guinea of cannibals, cut-throats, murderers of the deepest dye, is a rising about to take place, and are the people clearing out? No, it is only the first native school-feast that has ever taken place in New Guinea; a pig is to die, a bag of rice and a large quantity of sago have to be consumed. So much for the Gospel. In nine years, a savage people have been sufficiently advanced to relish the blessings of peace and enjoyment, such as a school-feast can afford.

Some may think these people were contented and

kindly of old, but no sadder mistake could be made. They were a horde of pirates delighting in war, and the terror of all their neighbours, carrying murder and plunder for many miles along the coast, glorying in the numbers they killed, and rejoicing in the amount of plunder. Teachers were placed here in 1873, and in 1874 we arrived: since then the mission has steadily advanced, until now the people can appreciate peace through the Gospel. Instead of bringing murder, robbery, and sorrow to other villages, they are now heralds of peace.

About a week before the feast, the large district of Taroa attacked the Mankolans, and killed many, weakening them much. On hearing of this, Kaili and Tupuselei arranged to attack and kill the remainder. Soon the news arrived here, and, unknown to us, Boevagi, the chief of this tribe, sent word to both places, that if they did any such thing as attack a weakened people, he, and all the Motu, would attack them; and what then? It must be peace all along the coast.

Forgive the digression. Ah! well, we are in the Torrid Zone here, and need not describe the walk and the burning sun; but, being early, the ride was pleasant for us, as we were the 'people apparently white' whom I mentioned as standing by the horses ready to mount. We were once white, but, like Solomon's wife, Pharaoh's daughter, the sun has kissed us, and left his impression. There they are; the clans gathering from north and south; boys and girls in large numbers, a goodly array of young, and a few old, men. No mistaking it: they are out for the day, and they intend to make the most of it; and I think they see that we are intent on the

same thing. You know that 'all work and no play' applies to missionaries, their wives, and also to savage children.

Now as to preparations. We land at the chosen spot, and begin to clear away the under bush, leaving the taller trees, and make a nice arbour: leaves are spread, and soon a nice comfortable place is ready. But there is 'no rose without a thorn,' alas! the red biting ant is in full force, and means mischief. A nice comfortable place, their possession of old, and we mean to have it, but they do not mean to give it up. They bite; but fires are lighted, and they soon yield, and we are monarchs of all we survey. On with great earthen pots: what a bustling and water-carrying, from every corner, sago-damping, rice-cleaning, and banana-skinning, four fires roaring—hungry fires, calling for pig, rice, and sago!

What is that noise? Oh, bathers, in for a good sea-day, in one of the finest bathing-places I have ever seen; swimming, diving, turning somersaults, and ducking one another; there they go—a shout! Off under the water, back again, meet, down all go again, and come up in different places, blowing hard and roaring with laughter. What a splendid beach! So white and clean, so firm, and so suitable for swimmers and non-swimmers. What nonsense, and how stupid, looking at them, and not going in, and being happy in salt-water too! Old missionaries now, so must be sedate. Ah, cannot be so; with so much magnetic happy youth about, so much innocent fun, the old hearts beat young, the enthusiasm of youth is felt, and —must I relate it? Yes, out with it. We undress, and

clothe ourselves in bathing costume; a great shout; the enthusiasm and excitement reaches its height; the missionaries are bathing! What? missionaries ducking them, racing with them, diving with them, swimming under water with them! What next? A missionary dives some distance out, crawls along the bottom, catches hold of a pair of heels, and over the owner goes, alas! to be nearly drowned. Never mind who the owner was, or who the missionary was; but, in years to come, that bathing will be remembered.

What next? We spread leaves; gather in classes and sit quietly; the serious business of the day is about to begin, and, to the natives, the really most important. Pig, sago, rice, and bananas are soon divided, and the babel ceases, whilst our chief, Boe, asks a blessing, thanking the Giver of all good, of peace, goodwill, and friendship, who spreads a table for us, and supplies our every want; then each leader is called, and the division of food is carried off and eaten. All are satisfied, and revived for new exertions in fun; but first, a short service takes place. 'I have a Father in the promised land' is sung in Motuan, a few words of encouragement are spoken, and an earnest prayer is offered to Him who loved, and still loves children, that He would bless these children. The prayer is offered by the first convert, a good earnest fellow, who has already done much service in the distant west: his favourite story in new places is Noah and family, and the Flood: and he says when he tells that story that he soon gets an attentive audience.

And now for racing; the boys and girls all try it; beads and looking-glasses are given as prizes: what

roars of laughter, as they tumble over one and another; and when others carry off the palm no bad spirit is shown. The racing was led off by a missionary and two natives, the former coming in first; a three-legged race was the climax of amusement, and caused roars of laughter; they took some time to find out that by taking one another round the neck they could steady themselves, and run faster. The 'tug-of-war' was exciting, and when the rope broke, the shouting was beyond description. Then came some of their native games; and nothing in them called forth condemnation.

What happy children!—far happier than most of our British children. No wretched homes; no drunken parents; no hungry days and nights. The parents may sometimes be pressed for food, but all their time and strength will be given to find something for the children, and I think every native parent would say, 'Who dare touch my darling child, the jewel of my eye, my very life?' Shall I say it? It may seem heterodox, but it is true. I have seen the fifth commandment more honoured in New Guinea than I have on many occasions in England. It has been a pleasing sight to me to see the reverence shown to parents by old and young; a missionary, wanting a boat's crew for a week or a fortnight, could not have one native whose mother or father was alive, if he or she did not consent; men of forty will first say, 'Let me go home, and hear what my mother and wife will say; if it is all right, I shall soon be back.' Lads eighteen or nineteen years of age would never think of engaging until 'mother consented.' I cannot altogether agree with the hymn that says, 'Thank the goodness and the grace.' I have not seen

much happiness in the homes where there were constant quarrels, daily disobedience, and an entire want of reverence to parents. These things are certainly more common in Britain than among the converts in New Guinea. Christ loves children; and all we want is to lead the New Guinea children to Him—by no means to Anglicise them, believing that He will receive them without their adopting English customs.

But how I do digress! Well, another bath; horses saddled, a canter on the firm sandy beach, boat made ready, and then all start homewards. Tired? Who could be otherwise? Sitting on the verandah in our house, about half-past eight P.M., we could, in the stillness of the evening, hear the day's transactions gone over again and again. The shouts of laughter told that not only were the actors interested, but the audience, who had spent their day at home or at work, were now taking their share of the day's pleasure in listening.

CHAPTER XII

EAST CAPE IN 1878 AND IN 1882

Original state of the natives—War and cannibalism—How the mission work has been carried on—A Sunday at East Cape in 1882—Twenty-one converts baptised—A bright prospect.

IN 1878 missionary work was begun at East Cape, and four years after the establishment of that mission, on a review of the past, what evidences of progress were to be seen! There were signs of light breaking in upon the long dark night of heathenism. Looking at the condition of this people when the missionaries and teachers first landed, what did they find? A people sunk in crime that to them has become a custom and a religion—a people in whom murder is the finest art, and who from their earliest years study it. Disease, sickness, and death have all to be accounted for. They know nothing of malaria, filth, or contagion. Hence they hold that an enemy causes these things, and friends have to see that due punishment is made. The large night firefly helps to point in the direction of that enemy, or the spirits of departed ones are called in through spiritists' influence to come and assist, and the medium pronouncing a neighbouring tribe guilty, the time is near when that tribe will be

visited and cruel deeds done. They know nothing of a God of Love—only gods and spirits who are ever revengeful, and must be appeased; who fly about in the night and disturb the peace of homes. It is gross darkness and cruelty, brother's hand raised against brother's. Great is the chief who claims many skulls; and the youth who may wear a jawbone as an armlet is to be admired.

When we first landed here, the natives lived only to fight, and the victory was celebrated by a cannibal feast. It is painfully significant to find that the only field in which New Guinea natives have shown much skill and ingenuity is in the manufacture of weapons. One of the most deadly of these is known as the Man-catcher, and was invented by the natives of Hood Bay, but all over the vast island this loop of rattan cane is the constant companion of head-hunters. The peculiarity of the weapon is the deadly spike inserted in the handle.

The *modus operandi* is as follows:—The loop is thrown over the unhappy wretch who is in retreat, and a vigorous pull from the brawny arm of the vengeful captor jerks the victim upon the spike, which (if the weapon be deftly handled) penetrates the body at the base of the brain, or, if lower down, in the spine, in either case inflicting a death-wound.

All these things are changed, or in process of change. For several years there have been no cannibal ovens, no desire for skulls. Tribes that could not formerly meet but to fight, now meet as friends, and sit side by side in the same house worshipping the true God. Men and women who, on the arrival of

the mission, sought the missionaries' lives, are only anxious now to do what they can to assist them, even to the washing of their feet. How the change came about is simply by the use of the same means as those acted upon in many islands of the Pacific. The first missionaries landed not only to preach the Gospel of Divine love, but also to live it, and to show to the savage a more excellent way than theirs. Learning the language, mixing freely with them, showing kindnesses, receiving the same, travelling with them, differing from them, making friends, assisting them in their trading, and in every way making them feel that their good only was sought. They thought at first that we were compelled to leave our own land because of hunger!

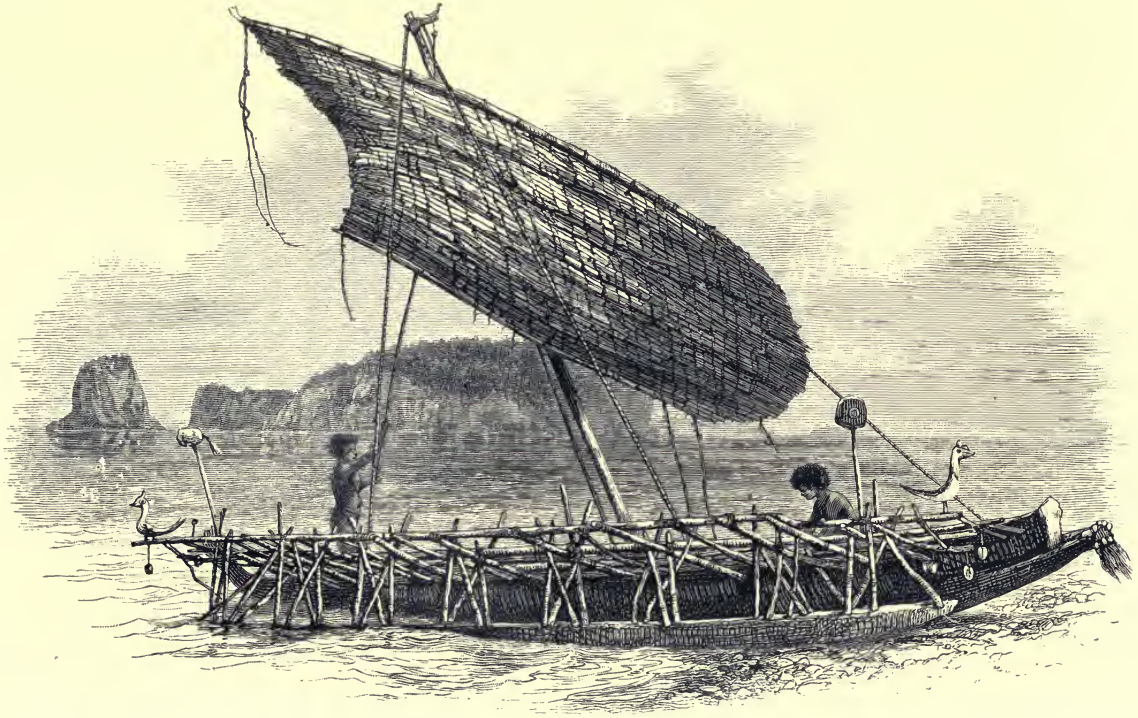
Teachers were placed amongst the people; many sickened and died. There was a time of great trial, but how changed is everything now! Four years pass on, and in 1882 we visit them. We left Port Moresby, and arrived at East Cape on a Sunday. Morning service was finished, and, from the vessel, we saw a number of natives well dressed, standing near the mission house, waiting to receive us. The teachers came off, and with them several lads, neatly dressed. After hearing from them of the work, and of how the people were observing the Sabbath, we landed, and were met by a quiet, orderly company of men, women, and boys, who welcomed us as real friends. The first to shake hands with us was a chief from the opposite side of the bay, who in early days gave us much trouble, and had to be well watched. Now he was dressed, and his appearance much altered.

It was now possible to meet him and feel he was a friend. We found Pi Vaine very ill, and not likely to live long ; yet she lived long enough to rejoice in the glorious success of the Gospel of Christ, and to see many of those for whom she laboured profess Christianity. We were astonished, when we met in the afternoon, at the orderly service—the nice, well-tuned singing of hymns, translated by the teacher, and the attention, when he read a chapter in Mark's Gospel—translated by him from the Rarotongan into the dialect of the place. When he preached to them all listened attentively, and seemed to be anxious not to forget a single word. Two natives prayed with great earnestness and solemnity. After service all remained, and were catechised on the sermon, and then several present stood up and exhorted their friends to receive the Gospel. Many strangers were present, and they were exhorted to come as often as possible and hear the good news. Then, again, others offered prayers. We found that numbers came in on the Saturday with food and cooking pots, and remained until Monday morning. They lived with the teachers, and attended all the services, beginning with a prayer-meeting on Saturday night.

During our stay of a few days they all remained at the station, and we saw much of them. The teachers said there were twenty-one who professed faith in Christ and had given up heathenism and desired baptism. We visited further on to the east, and we were a week away on our return to East Cape, and after close examination of each candidate we decided to baptise them on the following Tuesday. The service

was most interesting, and well attended by persons from various places. At night we examined the children and grown-up people who attend school, and were much pleased with them. A few can read in the Motu dialect; others know how to put letters together and form words. We hope soon to have one or two books in their own dialect. Of those baptised several are anxious to be instructed, that they may be better fitted to do work for Christ amongst their own countrymen. Already they hold services, and exhort in other villages, and when travelling they do all the good they can to others.

We are in hopes soon to receive a number of young men and women at Port Moresby, and begin our Institution, to be called The New Guinea Institution for Training Evangelists. At present we shall proceed quickly, building native houses for students, and a class-room to be bought in the colonies, towards which our true friends in North Adelaide contribute largely.



A CHINA STRAITS CANOE.

CHAPTER XIII

A TRIP TO OIABU AND MEKEO

Visit to Oiabu—Maiva oarsmen—Grand reception—Native houses —Welcome to Mrs Lawes—Hospitality—Visit to Mekeo—Mosquito nets—Return journey.

My first travels in New Guinea, and their consequent pioneering work, were undertaken in order to discover suitable stations for mission work and good spots at which to establish the Polynesian native teachers. The two journeys described in this chapter may be taken as examples of many others.

Visiting the West in 1883 and placing teachers at Maiva afforded us a good opportunity of seeing the district of Oiabu. Three years before, when visiting in the Gulf, we passed the eastern villages of this district, leaving them unvisited because the natives with us would not land, and spoke of the inhabitants as a tribe of pirates and murderers. As we were about to land young and inexperienced teachers in a new field, we were very anxious, and intended staying near them much longer than we are generally able to do. Invited by an old Oiabuan chief, who visited us at

Maiva, to go to his village, we sent him home, saying we should soon follow. Before starting on a trip there is a good deal of work and excitement about the station. Orders are being given on all hands; sails, oars, mast and boat are all under way; swag-making, food-boxing, collecting articles for trade, such as knives, tomahawks, beads, and tobacco, are all in full swing.

It was a beautiful morning, a fine land breeze and a smooth sea, little surf on the beach, and our small colony all alive long before daylight. A hurried breakfast, and soon it is, 'Launch boat and let us away.' For the first time Maiva natives are to act as crew; only one Motu native accompanies us, our friend Vaaburi, who vows he can never leave me, but where I go he must go, and where I stay he must stay. It was delightful sailing along the coast, light wind, and two oars out. On rounding Cape Possession we had a strong current from the west, and the wind getting very light we had to put out four oars and pull in close by the breakers. Soon our Maiva crew gave in and pulled away weakly, our Motu friend blowing them up, and saying he thought they were strong and able for any distance. 'Only wait until we become accustomed to these oars, and then!' 'Ah, do you think you will beat us then?' And so the quiet chaff goes on, helping to keep up the Maiva boys a little. About eleven o'clock A.M. we were off the first western village, where no white face had ever been seen. Getting through the surf, we struck on a bank, where we were met by the natives. Just beyond was another sheet of water, then the shore. Anxious that Mrs. Lawes should have the satisfaction of being the first to land among these

pirates and murderers and on this part of the coast, a teacher on board picked her up and attempted to carry her from the bank to the shore, but misjudging her weight, by comparing her in his mind with fever-stricken and worn-out beings, he was compelled to let her down in about three feet of water, when she waded ashore, the first really to land amongst these savages.

What a reception! Men, women, and children gather round, all are talking and shouting; a number come off to us, and help us into the lagoon, and soon we are all received in grand style, our boat is caught up, and away they walk with her far beyond high-water mark into the bush. What boots it now? We are entirely in their hands, and away we go, they carrying our goods to the village, a miserable collection of houses for New Guinea. There was one large temple. When Mrs. Lawes saw it she said, 'Why, impossible, I cannot go there. You surely do not expect me to ascend that ladder to such a height!' 'Ah, well, madam, if a better can be found, and something more terrestrial, so much the better. Take our gear somewhere else; the lady cannot climb up these poles!' Away we go to another. Well, it was one foot lower, but certainly not more, and there were, perhaps, one or two more rungs in the ladder.

There it is now, a house seventy feet long and twenty feet broad, built on posts eighteen feet from the ground; in front a large entrance or platform, in shape like a crocodile's mouth, under jaw—platform, upper jaw —shade. Ah, dear lady, and what now? No weapons of any kind, and a crowd of excited savages all round,

all urging ascent. Rungs are about two-and-a-half feet apart and made for more nimble legs. Here goes; and we climb. Not nearly so bad as was anticipated: the shaky binding gave way, and we might easily have gone over; but never mind, up, and wait to go down. The *dubu* is clean, and is at once handed over to us.

'Tamate, you take all for yourself and friends.'

I was never here before, yet find I am an old friend.

'Why have you been so long in coming to see us?'

'Never mind, I have brought ladies now.'

A loud laugh, and an order to the young men to get food at once.

'Well, well, and we are sorry; most of our young men have gone with their fathers wallaby-hunting, and will not be back for some days; but never mind, you must stay and allow us to show some hospitality.'

'We are sorry, but we cannot stay; some months hence we must return and spend many nights with you.'

'You have landed foreigners at Maiva?'

'Yes, children of ours, who are to teach the Word of God, the word of peace.'

'Send us some to teach us, and we shall receive them with joy.'

'Wait a little.'

Having been long without food, we soon had a good fire on the platform and kettle and pans on. I enjoy this kind of camping when with good, free-hearted companions, men and women who look upon

a little roughing as thoroughly enjoyable, and who for the sake of it would leave their comfortable homes to have a spell of it. The *dubu* has only one small door into it from the verandah; inside it is dark, but when the eyes become accustomed, benches down both sides are seen, and nets, drums, bows and arrows are all about. A large crowd of men gather on the platform, in order to have a good look at us. No women or children are allowed to ascend the ladder. The cooking was intensely interesting to them. While we were dining they behaved remarkably well, permitting us to eat in peace, and sitting down, making quiet remarks amongst themselves.

In the afternoon Vaaburi came to say he was going to another village to see a friend, and we need not be anxious about him. Some time after, when cooler, we strolled out to visit the several villages. At the first a mat was brought out and spread in the centre, and we were requested to sit down; doing so, an admiring crowd gathered round. They brought us cocoanuts to drink, and, lest we should be hungry, bananas in abundance. On our leaving, the chief proffered his services to lead his new-made friends about.

The houses are built on the high sandhills seen from the sea; they are poor wretched things, and very similar to those at Silo. There are some good cocoanut groves close by the villages, and in some instances they quite surround them.

We crossed the creek and came to a tolerably large village, where there was drumming, dancing and feasting. It was one of their annual feasts. Squatting right in the centre of the village is our friend Vaaburi,

surrounded by an admiring crowd. He is teaching them some new music, accompanying it with the drum. When he was with me on the Wolverene one of the tars presented him with a blue jumper, of which he was very proud, and wore for months; he now had it on. Our appearance, however, proved to be a more forcible attraction. A mat was spread and we were invited to be seated. The crowd increased very much. After a little, three finely-dressed swells appeared, one of whom immediately claimed friendship with Mrs. Lawes. Vaaburi was interpreter; he said:—

'Misi Haine, that is your friend; you met him and were kind to him long, long ago. Tamate, these are your friends. When you called here before their fathers gave you cocoanuts and bananas and became your friends; they are dead, and now these are glad to see you.'

Mrs. Lawes' friend had happy memories to relate, of tobacco, rice, and yams; and remembering, he said, the many times his hunger was appeased by the white lady, and his tobacco desire satisfied by a smoke, he was delighted beyond measure to meet his old kind friend.

He is a fine-looking fellow, understanding thoroughly how to dress, and proud of the notice taken of him. After drinking cocoanut milk, the sun being near the horizon, we arose to depart.

'No, no; you must stay. When I was in your land you fed me, and I never left your house without something; now sit down until I give you a piece of pork.'

Away he went, and brought a large leg of uncooked pork, several bunches of bananas, and betel-nut sufficient to keep our party chewing for some time, and placed them in front of Mrs. Lawes, saying—

'Misi Haine, these are for you; it is little, very little indeed, and not worth accepting, but stay with us and you will see. Stay here and sleep in our *dubu;* these can return.'

'No, we must go back and live in our place; but I shall return some other time.'

And now begins a string of questions.

'Where is Charlie?'

'At school in Sydney.'

'Has he grown much?'

'Yes, he is now a big lad.'

'Send for him that I may see him again, and that all my friends may know him.'

'Where is Curley?' (a black dog belonging to Mrs. Lawes).

'Curley is dead.—It will soon be dark, and we must go away.' We all rise and go along the beach accompanied by a crowd of natives, our particular friends taking us by the hands. When near our village our friends said—

'We must return and see the friends who have come to our feast, but when late we shall again visit you.'

During our absence the ladder to our *dubu* had been strengthened and the rungs put much closer. We spent the hours until ten P.M. singing, and then spread our mats on the platform, fearing to go inside because

of the mice with which the *dubu* was infested. A little after ten our native friends arrived to see how we were getting on, and insisted on Mrs. Lawes accompanying them to their home. They remained long, and would have remained all night but for a few presents, and being asked to leave us to sleep and return in the morning.

In the morning, at daylight, our friends returned, and with them a number of men, women and children, carrying cooked and uncooked food. We had morning prayers, during which all remained very quiet. When we had finished breakfast we sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and joined hands. The shouting and roaring were something terrible, and again and again we had to sing it, they joining hands with great delight. Encore and again encore, and sing we must. Every new arrival must hear the song and join hands.

They brought us food and pigs; the latter we left for another occasion, the former filled our boat. They carried all our things down, and then walked the boat into the sea. What a farewell! Men, women, and children handshaking and shouting—

'Now do return soon; go, but let not many moons pass until we see you again.'

'Goodbye, Oiabu friends! we hope soon to return;' and away we went through the surf and returned to Maiva.

How stale things become! Perhaps of all things travelling becomes stalest after long continuation. Visiting new districts in a very little known land, there is little to write about that has not already been written regarding other districts, for what is written of one

may be written of nearly all. During my various visits to Maiva, the chief Meauri and his friends have always been anxious that I should visit a district friendly with them called Mekeo. They spoke of it as inhabited by a kindly people, who grew large quantities of various kinds of food, and had betel-nuts in such abundance that they knew not what to do with them. On two occasions I met a few men and women from the district, who pleased me much. The men were well covered, and the women wore short, bushy grass petticoats that did not come to their knees. They are terrible smokers, and had pipes an inch in diameter, made of bamboo and open at both ends; a large cigar of leaf-tobacco was stuck into one end, and the smoker drew vehemently at the other. Such clouds of tobacco smoke I have never before seen.

During our present visit Meauri reminded me of a promise made some time ago that I certainly had forgotten, and begged me to go in and fulfil it.

We arranged to start on Monday morning, Meauri to accompany us; but when the morning came his lordship found some plausible excuse to remain behind, and we started, led by Meauri's two uncles, several cousins following. Dr. Ridgley, who recently came out from home to join our mission, being anxious to accompany us, was the only other white man with me.

We found swamps at the back of the inland Maiva villages, between the latter and the low range of hills, about half a mile in breadth. I believe it possible to take a boat from the mouth of the creek west of Maiva one mile, and pull right round to Kevori and out at Cape Possession. We waded through the swamps

and ascended the range, which had higher peaks than the near coast ones. I do not think the highest point of the coast range is more than 350 feet, and that of the other 500 feet at the outside. I propose calling both ranges the Ridgley Ranges. From the top of the first we proceeded along a ridge that led us to a valley with several swamps. We then ascended and crossed over to the long stretch of flat country, extending, as far as we could see, right back to the Yule Range, although I could never see any distinction from the Stanley Range, Mount Yule only being one of the high peaks of that great New Guinea backbone. Descending into the plain, for some time it seemed to be only a constant crossing of creeks and mud swamps, until at last our leader turned round to me and said, 'Water all finished.' Hoping that now we were to have pleasant travelling over a fine level country, we were somewhat cheered by the information; but lo! when scarcely a mile on, we again entered into swamps that continued more or less for many miles.

We came to the first village, about nine miles from Maiva, close to a large deep swamp. The houses were few, and built on very high posts. The natives were much afraid at first. It was soon evident that our guides had only to order what they desired, and it was at once fetched. After being refreshed with cocoanut we again started, and having walked about four miles we came to another small village, where we met Anapanau, chief of Aepena, who was living here because he had recently lost one of his wives. He is a fine old fellow, light-coloured, tall, and well-pro-

portioned, with enormous teeth, one formed like a horse's hoof. In the house in which we were resting were two large peculiar-looking things, made from the fibrous network, of a light-brown colour, got from the top of the cocoanut and sago-palm. The various pieces were carefully sewn together with the fibre from the bark of a tree. They were about seven feet long and three broad, and looked like cases in which dead bodies might be kept. Finding no peculiar effluvia, I made bold to ask, and was informed they were used as mosquito nettings; the sleepers crawled inside from the top, and then fastened down the door, preferring rather to be stewed than eaten.

The chief told us he was sorry he could not go on to the large village, but his brother would certainly receive us kindly. From the first village to this we had no swamps, only muddy patches here and there; the country was tolerably open, with long grass and clumps of trees. So it was from Aepena to Inauepae, three miles. We were right in the village before we were observed. We were warmly received by Anapanau's brother, Maino Parau. The afternoon being well advanced, cooking was soon begun, and a cup of refreshing tea made us feel less tired. The village is a large one, with an extensive cocoanut grove running right round. There are two rows of houses, with a nice clean street in the centre, and a miserable reception-house at each end. Some of the houses are well built, but not much can be said of others. The natives bury their dead in the front of their dwellings, and cover the grave with a small house, in which the near relatives sleep for several months.

After resting awhile, the doctor, who is a sportsman, shot some paroquets, to the fear first, and afterwards to the great interest, of the natives. We had been visited by crowds of natives from the village we were in, but after the firing great crowds of new natives—men, women, and children, the latter swarming—crowded round our lodgings to see the distinguished visitors. We felt sure there was some large village or villages near at hand. Later on our guides told us there were in all a group of six villages like the one we were in.

Smoking long, we at last made a show of retiring, when fires were lighted all round and underneath. Down blankets, up mosquito nettings, and turn in. I really cannot say which was worse, to be eaten by mosquitoes or smoke-dried while living. Without the smoking our faces would be like those of the boys who went to steal the honey in the night. By tucking our nets carefully under our blankets we were soon able to give orders to remove the underneath fires. The flooring of our house was only round pieces of different kinds of wood. We slept well, and were up betimes, walking about. Again our last night's visitors returned, and we determined to follow them. Our guides and new-made friends objected, but it was no use, we told them we must go on.

After tramping through a rather thick bush for about a mile we came to Ameamo, a village as large as the former.

In the centre of the village was a *dubu*, or temple, of considerable pretensions, with peculiar stuffed figures outside, one representing a man armed for the fray, with bow strung and arrow ready to shoot; another, just

inside, represented a crocodile, and over the doorway were the representations of a man and a woman. Several old men were seated on the platform, and after giving them a present we returned.

The natives are a very fine-looking people, light-coloured, tall, and well-built, and resemble those of Hood Bay more than any others I know. Having got our swags ready in the early morning, we were soon on the road for our homeward journey. Our carriers were heavily laden with betel-nuts, and one with a dead dog and taro. Shortly after our arrival our hosts killed two dogs to entertain us, which our followers soon dismissed; the third was killed and sent to Meauri. In killing the dogs they struck them on the head with a large stick, and then broke all their legs. We arrived at Maiva about two P.M., wet and tired.

CHAPTER XIV

TWO LONG INLAND TRAMPS

An early start—Bad weather—Mountain climbing—An eloquent Chief—Lariva—Feasting—Illness of Pi—Women of Opepago—Order of march—Peace-making—Native welcome—Voyage in Ellengowan—Oriope—Return journey—Iovi—Kemp Welch River.

THIS chapter contains an account of the first walk ever taken by a white man across Eastern New Guinea.

On the afternoon of August 13, 1878, we left Suau and crossed to Varauru, in Catamaran Bay. For some months I had hoped to walk across to Milne Bay, but rain on several occasions prevented me, and want of time on others. Now, having completed a lengthy voyage to the west, and having a short time to spare, I decided on crossing. Mr. Chester of Thursday Island had been with us on the coast, and was anxious to accompany me.

From the beginning of our stay at South Cape we were frequently visited by people from various parts of the mainland, but we could not tell where their villages were. Many had come long distances, and from beyond the range of Cloudy Mountains. I had told

them I should some day visit them. We were to sleep at Varauru that night, in our old friend Quaiani's house, so as to have an early start in the morning. We had a really good reception by the people, who shouted with great joy and delight when we landed. They took us by the hand and led us up to the chief's house, in front of which, on his platform, the old gentleman sat in state to receive us. He began by saying—

'So you have really come to cross to Vaga-vaga?'

'Yes,' we replied, 'early to-morrow morning, and we hope you are ready to start.'

'I am ready, but do you know it is a long way off, and big mountains and rivers to cross?'

'We know; but let us try it.'

Some young men close by were very noisy, and the chief turned to them, saying, 'Be quiet; do you not see the great chiefs from Dimdim are with me, and I wish to hear them speak?'

He had a good house, with a large fire at the side, around which we all lay down early, so as to have a good rest preparatory to our early start. The house was crowded with natives, who in dropping off to sleep lay down packed as sardines.

About two A.M. the old chief awoke me, saying he had a dream he wished to relate. In crossing one of the rivers some of us had been carried away, and on the mountains others fagged, and there was a dreadful storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. After relating the dream he said, 'Will you really go? No, you must not go.' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'we must go;' and I tried to impress upon him that there would be no

thunder or lightning, and very little rain. We certainly did fear the old fellow would be warned by his dream, turn crusty, and leave us to return to Suau.

We again slept until five o'clock, when all were astir, and hurried preparations were made for our start. The chief was soon ready. From the kindness of friends connected with the Bourke Street Congregational Church, Sydney, we had a good supply of hoop-iron, red cloth, fish-hooks, and other things to trade. Our party consisted of Mr. Chester and his Chinese boy, three teachers, and myself, the chief and his son-in-law Berige, five women, and fifteen men.

Leaving Varauru, we travelled along a belt of level, swampy country, thickly wooded, for some distance, and then began to ascend very gradually through thick bush. When about 200 feet above sea-level we struck away to the south-east across the ridge, descending by the side of a very fine waterfall and into the stream, along the bed of which we continued for some distance. We ascended a spur of Cloudy Mountain, then, through dense scrub, to level ground in a very fine valley, and along a small stream until we struck a large river, the Gara, which falls into Catamaran Bay at Modeva.

The morning had been dull and threatened rain, and when resting on the bank of the Gara it came down heavily, and damped more than our clothes, as the natives all threatened to return and leave us. We reassured them by saying that it was only a morning shower, a good sign, the breath of the valley returning in rain. We continued along the stream some distance, then crossed to the other side, when the sun shone,

and away we went more cheerfully, the natives shouting with great delight.

The chief was leading, and I was following close behind, when he turned to me, and told me to take a branch, just as they were all doing, for here long ago a woman died, and the place must be run over, striking the feet with the branch, so that our progress might not be retarded by her spirit.

It again began to drizzle, a regular Scotch haar, and it was certainly amusing to see the old chief talking to the rain, chewing his betel-nut and spitting it out and waving his hand, that the rain might go away. He seemed very angry that it did not depart, and turned to us, bidding us use our powers. I laughed, telling the old fellow to keep on, but Mamoose (Mr. Chester) shouted to the rain, telling it to be gone, and soon after it cleared up and the sun shone out. Hence they all accredited him with great power.

There are many mountain streams falling into the Gara, and during the whole of the forenoon we were travelling in water, sometimes deep and swift, climbing over boulders and along pebbly beds. Leaving the bed of the river, we began to ascend, and for several hours it was a weary tramp up and down, until we came to a very steep ascent of 2000 feet. Here we waited until our whole party assembled. The chief returned to look for the missing members of our party. The old man came back to me looking terribly disconsolate, and saying we must go back; but I told him to remain, and I would go and look for them. Standing on a high place, I saw them all far away in the stream below me.

Soon we were up and at it again, until we came to the advance post, where we refreshed ourselves in preparation for the great climb. It was certainly steep, and in some parts dangerous, but after many stoppages to admire the scenery, we got to the top of Unuga, a ridge of Cloudy Mountain, 2700 feet high. Here we cooked our first square meal, which we all thoroughly enjoyed. We had hoped to enjoy a long rest and a good sleep to refresh us for the morrow, but our old friend was afraid of mountain spirits, and insisted that I should go on with him to the first village, taking some of the carriers with us. I begged of him to go on alone with the carriers and prepare the way, and that in the morning we would follow, but he would not hear of my staying, saying there was no use his going without me.

I consented, and at four P.M. we started. It was certainly the most hurried travelling I had yet experienced in New Guinea. We went along the ridge some distance until we came to a spur leading down to the level country on the north side of the range. We descended this spur until we came to a river which receives the water of many mountain torrents. The river flows westerly and falls into Poroai, the large lagoon, near to Orangerie Bay. After crossing the river we passed through a small but very picturesque village called Dunagere, and were sorry we could not accept the very pressing invitation of the inhabitants to remain until we had partaken of their hospitality, but we were obliged to press on, as it was then getting dark, and we had still some distance to go. We were then in level country, and passed through several plan-

tations and much thick bush. Between seven and eight o'clock we came to the village of Diodio, and at once entered the house of the chief, Venoveno. I felt very tired, and was glad I should not have long to wait before I could roll myself in my blanket and seek much-needed rest.

The chief and his people were delighted to see us, and old and young gathered round to see the white man and hear of him. The old chief, Quaiani, had an exceedingly interested and excited audience listening to all the wonderful stories of the *dimdims* (foreigners), of the walk, and of the white friend and great chief, Mamoose, who was camping on the mountain. After a light supper I was soon stretched on the floor by the fire and comfortably asleep. Throughout the night I awoke several times to find my old chief still holding forth on the day's doings to an attentive audience. Once I awoke, and he was describing the large war 'canoe,' the Sappho, that came to Suau (Stacey Island). He described her as a floating land with a very large population, all men, and with guns beyond number and of a size beyond description. Frequently I told him to be quiet and leave off talking until the morning.

By daylight I was astir, and after breakfast sent some natives to meet Chester and his party, and I, accompanied by Venoveno, the chief, went out to look for the lagoon.

We travelled westerly through good country covered with timber, and in many places very fine plantations and extensive cocoanut groves. On arriving at a river, the Saluari, flowing west and north and also

emptying into the lagoon, we crossed to the other side. Venoveno then told me the lagoon was a very long way, and he must go back. Nothing would induce him to go further; but he consented to take me in by the range and on to a high ridge, where I might see the Poroai. He led me through the bush until he again came to the river and recrossed it. In and out amongst plantations we went, I protesting that he was going back to the village, and he keeping a dogged silence. My protestations were of no use, for after some time we came out of the bush behind the village and just in time to meet the party from the mountain. News soon spread in all the villages around, and during the day we had numerous visitors, who did not weary of sitting about and watching the *dimdims*.

The district is called Lariva, and comprises eighteen villages, with fine rich land well watered. I always understood that cocoanuts only grew on the coast, and never far away from the sea, but here there were splendid groves of healthy trees and plenty of good large nuts on them. All the water from that side of the range falls into the lagoon, which accounts for the great current and muddy water we met between the mainland and Dufaure Island when we visited Dahuni and tried to enter the lagoon.

We had not long to wait before there was a great commotion, much conch-shell blowing, and shouting of men, women and children, and then a crowd approached us carrying two pigs and quantities of yams, taro, sugar-cane and bananas. We were sitting on the platform in front of the house, and they came near. The poles on which the pigs were fastened were

supported by cross sticks and the food placed close by. Then one was told off to make the presentation, which he did in a short serious speech, saying how glad they were we had come, and how full of wonder they all were at our appearance. They had heard of us from some of their friends who had seen us, but they doubted much what had been told them; now they saw for themselves, and could only wonder.

Our old chief took possession, and gave orders to our young men to spear, clean, and cut up the pigs; which was soon done. Earthenware pots were brought out, and soon fires were made all round. It was a grand time, and all were happy. During the cooking of the food we were the centre of attraction, and men, women, and children crowded round. Our clothes, legs, arms, and chest were carefully examined. Our boots they could not understand, and amongst themselves they discussed the question whether they were really skin or not.

The people are of the same tribe as those on the coast; they wear the same things, speak a dialect of the same language, build the same kind of houses, and bury their dead in the same manner. All day long we were interviewed, touched, rubbed, admired, and in the evening a bath was considered necessary. Our singing was thoroughly appreciated, and I do not suppose they will soon forget 'Auld Lang Syne,' or, at all events, the joining of hands. We had a large congregation at our evening service, when Quaiani explained as much as he could to them. The old man was now getting hoarse, and certainly was very tired, so we had an undisturbed night.

The next day we had an early start, being off by daylight. We were accompanied by many natives, some of whom were to go with us to Vagavaga. We passed through several villages, along level country, through tall bush, crossing several small streams, until we came to a river called Banuina; and then through the same kind of country until we came to another large river, up which we went for several miles. The path led sometimes along the bed, where in parts there was deep water, and over many boulders. We continued in this river-bed until we entered a valley, where there was a small village, Deona, where we halted for a time, and had some food.

After that we went in towards the mountains, ascending gradually until we came to the base, where several mountain streams met, making a good-sized river, with a small island in the centre. The charts show no mountain at this part. Looking up we saw before us a steep, stiff climb. Our old chief gave orders for some of our party to go on with the women, since he and his young men had a sacred duty to perform. I was permitted to remain. In order that the ascent might be made and various villages on the other side visited, the spirits had to be propitiated. All assembled on the small island. An old cocoanut which had been taken for the purpose was broken open and the contents scraped into a large leaf. While the scraping was going on, others were employed gathering leaves, cutting them, and placing them alongside the scraped cocoanut. When the scraping was finished, the old chief and five other men sat round and mixed all together, chanting all

the time in a low, solemn tone. When the mixing was finished they stood up, repeated something, and then gave a loud shout. Then all took some of the mixture and squeezed it over the head, chest, and back, repeating in a very low tone something to themselves. They then went into the stream up to the middle, and with their hands clasped over their mouths and their heads uplifted, and their eyes turned towards the mountain, they seemed to be engaged in prayer. They then united in what seemed to be a loud prayer, concluded by a shout, and then all plunged underneath the water. Except the old chief, all came out. He remained sitting in the water, engaged earnestly in prayer and looking truly serious. When he had finished he made a peculiar noise, as if clearing his throat, and came out. I asked him if he thought it was now all right.

'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'good, very good: we shall ascend, they have gone (spirits), and Buneara, chief of Vagavaga, will be prepared for us: pigs we shall eat on the other side of that mountain, armlets we shall put on; and there will be more taro and yams given us than we know what to do with. Up, lads, away!'

It was a stiff climb, being steep up to the very top. We had finished a long day's walk before, and so hard a pull at the end was just a little too much. At last we stood on the top of a mountain 3360 feet high, covered everywhere with thick bush. It is called Bohoboho. Surely now we could rest and be thankful; but not yet. A native came up and informed us that Pi, one of the teachers, was very ill, so I had again to

descend 1500 feet with medicine and try to get him up. We made a stretcher of vines, and fastening him to a pole we got him up just before dark.

Quaiani was terribly concerned, and it would certainly have been a serious matter to refer to the service below. He was going to sleep at a village not far off, but we preferred camping where we were. Before going, being an old and accomplished sorcerer, he thought he would try to heal Pi. He took his lime calabash, breathed into it, prayed, chewed a betel-nut with pepper and lime, and squirted the juice towards the four cardinal points and on Pi's stomach, breathed on Pi, then into his calabash, said it was all right, and away he went for the night, saying, 'Did I not warn you the road was long and difficult?' I fancy the old fellow was disappointed that his dream had not yet come true, and that Chester and his servant were still lively enough.

Before daylight we were up and away. The top of the mountain would suit, I should think, for splendid plantations, and its numerous spurs and valleys all appeared fertile. We descended one of the spurs, on which were numerous plantations, to Opepago, a village 2700 feet above sea-level. Here we met Quaiani, who was greatly delighted when he saw us all, especially Pi. He introduced us with great formality to chiefs and people. Here we breakfasted, and were anxious to proceed, but our party heard something about a pig, and would not move, saying that it would be quite time enough in the afternoon.

The chief's son, Darere, a fine handsome fellow,

approached, followed by men and women carrying a pig, yams, and taro. His father was standing with us, and as the pig approached he seized a spear and danced about and around it, then sent the spear straight to its heart, calling on us to stay, eat, and be happy. All being cooked, it soon disappeared; and some thought it would be better for us to remain, as another pig was coming. However, we were resolved to go on, and, if necessary, alone, as we could see Milne Bay and the small islands at the head. Seeing us determined, the chief gave orders to advance.

The women of Opepago, as is the case with all on that side of the mountains, are much finer-looking than on the other side; they are more buxom, clearer-skinned, and do not tattoo themselves. The men are much the same as on the other side. The dialect is quite different, but there is a patois which both parties understand.

We left at midday, and descended gradually, the way being at times very precipitous, and in places very difficult, because of the rain, which had come on before we left the village. On getting to the level country we were told there was a village which we should have to pass through, and there we had better sleep. It was of no use to protest, as they had made up their minds to sleep there, so there it must be. We met two boys, and they were sent on to tell the people we were coming, and that they were not to be afraid. A halt was called on the bank of a small stream. More incantations took place. A seed from one of the trees close by was

beaten until quite soft, and then with prayers the juice was squeezed into the eyes of Quaiani and his son-in-law, Berige. Very soon their eyes were terribly inflamed. All bathed and decorated themselves with leaves and flowers.

An order of march was now arranged. The old chief and two other men led the way, our party following, and the women and carriers bringing up the rear. We began by ascending a very steep hill. All the way up the chief kept plucking leaves from trees or small bushes and addressing them; then he threw them away. It was evident that he and his people were very anxious. A bird settled on a branch ahead, a halt was called, and no movement was made until the bird flew away. When 900 feet above the sea we reached the village of Barogofigofi. We entered without speaking a word, marched through the village to a circle of stones, on which a number of men were sitting, and went round and round them in silence, until a man, who turned out afterwards to be the chief, sprang out, followed by the others, who rushed to a house near, seized their spears and clubs, whilst we were told by Quaiani to go on to the stone circle, and not to fear, he going to the centre of the village. They then danced round him, rushing on him as if to spear him, and some with their clubs as if to club him. Chester said to me, 'Tamate, it looks too serious. Let them but touch the old man, and I will shoot.' I laughed, as I knew the pistols were safe enough in the swags.

After some time the old man came and took a tomahawk from his bag and threw it down in front,

followed by Berige, who carried several pieces of hoop-iron, which were placed on the tomahawk. All were picked up and carried away, when an old woman came to Quaiani, threw her arms round him, and they both wept together. Then another woman, followed by men, did the same. When finished, the old man danced around, and said, 'Here are great foreign chiefs come to see you, and here am I with a number of my people. It is now peace; and let it remain so.'

Some time ago a few Barogofigofi natives were at Varaura, and got into trouble with the people, but the quarrel was now settled. At one time the noise was very great, men and women, old and young, all shouting; and even now it was difficult to know what the end might be. After the payment, however, all were friendly, and everything went merrily as a marriage bell. Here again the inevitable grunter had to be slain, and again we feasted upon pork and vegetables.

The village is in a very fine position, over Milne Bay, and having a splendid outlook. The chief, who is a good fellow, gave us his house, and did everything possible to make us comfortable. He and his people were much interested in the stories, many of them myths, told by the natives of our party of the white men and their doings, but more especially of the doings of the great chiefs then in their village.

After breakfast the following morning we descended, accompanied by all the villagers, to the level country lying between Vagavaga and the range. The country was well watered; indeed, in many places we were

knee-deep in water. We were not long in making Vagavaga, by a most uninviting approach.

The old chief, Buneara, was sitting on his platform in front of his house waiting to give us a welcome. Quaiani stepped up beside him and called out aloud—

'O Buneara, I have brought you great friends indeed. See, here is Tamate, of whom you have heard and once seen, who has long been asking to be led across to your village. Here is Mamoose, the great chief and friend; here are Ngativaro, Pi, and Reboama; all have come to see you. Receive them, treat them kindly. I have done my part, 'tis for you now to look well after them.'

The old fellow stepped down, and away he went, we seeing no more of him until the evening.

It seems to be always raining at the east end of New Guinea. All the time we were at Vagavaga it rained, with short intervals of sunshine. We had large crowds to visit us; admiring crowds they were, far too much so in that close, damp, hot atmosphere. The village of Vagavaga is described in Moresby's book, being in Discovery Bay.

We hoped to have been able to walk from Vagavaga to Orangerie Bay, and from there to Farm Bay, but there was much trouble between the tribes, and in addition to this, there was far too much water out to allow of travelling, owing to the constant rain.

The steamer Ellengowan came to Discovery Bay, and took us round to South Cape, where we arrived on August 22.

The range of mountains extending from behind

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Milne Bay to the Foreland and Cloudy Mountains, and on to Argyll Bay near Orangerie Bay, is quite distinct from the Owen Stanley Range; and being the first to cross them, or in any way explore them, I named it the Lorne Range. It was a most enjoyable trip, though somewhat damp and rough.

Being anxious to begin a mission inland, and if possible to find stations suitable for teachers, in June, 1880, I determined, if arrangements could be made, to spend six weeks in travelling well inland behind the Owen Stanley Range, and come out in Hood Bay. We had a good representative party, all desirous of doing a journey of a kind never accomplished before. There was Ruatoka, our excellent teacher at Port Moresby, one of the best and bravest of New Guinea travellers; Granny, the true, brave old Motu woman; Mr. Beswick, Neville Chester, and myself. I had visited all our stations, given out supplies, and Mr. Beswick had visited all the eastern ones, and given supplies; so we felt a little more comfortable in leaving. Many wiseacres shook their heads when they heard of our determination, and a few New Guinea would-be travellers said it was madness, and could not be done; but I never once felt the slightest misgiving as to the result. I only feared sickness might bring back some; but the walk had to be done, and now, and before any other party should try it. We were fortunate in meeting a party of Sogerians from inland, at Port Moresby, and we gave them our supplies of food and trade, keeping sufficient for the western part of our trip, which would occupy us about three weeks' hard walking.

On the 7th of June all was ready, and mustering our

native carriers in the early morning, after a short service, we bade our coast friends farewell, and started for Moumire, a village about sixteen miles from Port Moresby. The following day it rained so heavily that we preferred the comfortable quarters we were in rather than face the climbing to Munakahila. On June 9 we could get few carriers, so had to carry our swags ourselves, and climbed various hills in a burning sun, reaching the village of Keninumu about three P.M. The next day was spent in arranging swags, for it was evident that we should have much travelling without native help.

On June 11 we walked to Vakinumu, and met our old friend Oriope. We found the old man jolly as ever and right glad to see us, and willing to accompany us in part of our travels, so the following morning we started for Eikiri with the old man and his sons. We camped on a rock some distance from the village of Keuakagare, and tried hard to secure carriers to take us to Gubele. The following morning we started alone, but when going through the village a few youths took our swags, and we descended to the river, the left bank of the Goldie, and then into the deep valleys formed by the high spurs of the Owen Stanley Range. It was rough travelling, and about three o'clock we camped, before the rain should set in. When having a bath our large scrub knife was stolen by our carriers, who decamped and were seen no more. That was a miserable night; it rained in torrents until about four A.M., and being on a slope near a rock we could not protect ourselves from the rather damp ground. At daylight we had breakfast, and then started for the ascents between the Sisters and the Range. It was

difficult and, in some places, dangerous travelling. Going round the sides of rocks with deep descents below, carrying swags, was anything but pleasant. When on the top of one of the ridges we met a party of Gubele natives going to Eikiri. One of these we knew, having met him the year before at Keninumu. We got a few of the young men to pick up our swags and return with us to the village. Kaukae, where we camped, had only one house—the village proper was on the other side of the bush—and that we secured. We were in the centre of a large amphitheatre.

Numerous spurs run towards the main range of hills all round, and on these spurs are small villages. These people are much more scattered than the Koiari. On some ridges one house may be seen, on others ten, twelve, twenty. We had many visitors, and all were exceedingly friendly. They seem a kind, blithe, merry lot. Resting a day, I took a walk on to the back range—main range—and there sat down to view the country. We had thus reached a further point than any white man had yet been inland in New Guinea travelling, and where we hoisted our flag no other flag had ever been seen before. None have been able to travel so far since, so our flag, the British ensign, messenger of peace, has done most so far. We returned by the same route to Eikiri, and there were met by the old chief Daiva Duna (Eagle Nest), who seemed anxious and excited. It turned out he had heard of the knife stealing, and was afraid we were full of wrath. He told us it was stolen by a Moroka man, who had gone to his home. He gave us a pig, and we gave him a return present.

From there we travelled back to Uakenumu, where we got our old companion Oriope and his lads to accompany us to Sogeri. Right glad were we to get so far all in good health and spirits, except one who was beginning to have fever; and it was feared we should have to return to Port Moresby. Maka had been here a few months as teacher, and received us with the Sogerians with great joy. To recruit a little, and prepare for the long tramp before us, we stayed a week here. We had no difficulty in getting carriers now to go with us some distance. This was a great relief, as travelling combined with carrying is a little too much. We used to envy the holiday travellers in Africa with 200 or 300 carriers. We should have explored New Guinea long ago but for the difficulty of carrying. After leaving Sogeri we travelled towards Moroka for some distance until we came on the sources of the Kemp Welch, which falls into Hood Bay, when we turned more easterly still, and came to Favere. Soon after our arrival the women came with large quantities of food, and at once set to prepare the native oven, just as the Maoris do. When the food was scraped and ready to be put in, a taro and yam were carried round, to be touched by all the leading men of our Sogeri party. Some time ago they were unfriendly, and several were killed on both sides, and this being the first time the Sogeri chiefs had visited Favere since peace, it was necessary to bring some of each kind of food round, to be touched, showing they were friendly and at peace, and would accept of Favere's hospitality. In Moroka, Havere, and Favere the Kemp Welch rises and continues its course, drawing from the range

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A DOBO OR TREE HOUSE, KOIARI.

until it passes the western end of the Macgilivray Range. This river carries off the water on the eastern and southern sides of the spurs of the above districts, and the Laroge the water on the western and northern, including Sogeri. The drainage of the Astrolabe falls into the Laroge, but that of the high spurs on the eastern side falls into the Kemp Welch. Part of the water from Mount Obree falls into the Kemp Welch, but its largest quantity goes more easterly, and forms a large river which gathers from the range and Mount Brown, and falls into Cheshunt Bay, in the Aroma district, a few miles west of Macfarlane harbour. The late Mr. Beswick ascended this river some miles, and named it the Clara. There is a large population in the Favere district, but from internal and external feuds it is much scattered, like the Gubele. They are one with the Koiari, with very little difference in dialect.

We continued our course inland, past Ben Cruachan, a high conical mountain, named by me last year, over ridges, along spurs, in streams, and up a long easy ascent to Maiari, a village that would be called large by inland natives, built on a soft slaty hill. We secured a small house to camp in. We were everywhere surrounded by mountains, and the only opening was along the Kemp Welch, round the Macgilivray Range.

We spent one day taking positions and marking our chart. Some were superintending pig-killing and food-cooking. Maiari is E.S.E. from Favere, and comprises several small villages on the spurs about. We met a woman here in black, and strung round her neck and hanging from her breast and back were all

the bones of her deceased child. That was her mark of affection. What a pity they are not civilised enough to understand cremation! Still continuing an E.S.E. course, travelling through a terrible country, for hours at a time in streams, or ascending and descending mountain torrents, we came late one afternoon to Iovi. The ascent to the village was long and steep, then along the top to a table-rock, on which the houses were built outside, surrounded with a high barricade, to prevent being surprised by their enemies.

We were received as friends, although at first there was a good deal of demonstration and uncertainty, but when thoroughly aware who we were they led us with shouting along to the rock and in through the barricade. They gave us a small house in which to camp, and the following morning presented us with a pig and a large quantity of food. Standing on the clear space in the centre of the village, we could see away down the Kemp Welch valley, one of the largest and finest we know on the peninsula, to Kalo and Hood Bay, and could discern that it was no small distance that still lay before us.

Some spoke of striking at once for the coast, and so shorten our journey, but to that I could not consent. I wished rather to extend the journey in behind Quaipo and Animarupu, strike the Clara, and raft it down ; but I became content with getting to Kalo, and so it was decided we should carry out our original plan. Sitting on a point of rock in the early morning, and near me a number of men, some who accompanied us from Mairi and others from the village, a young man looking much distressed

brought a palm-branch, leaves all knotted, and held it to each Iovi old man present, and then to those of our party. I asked through our interpreter for an explanation, and was informed his wife was expecting to become a mother, and was already in great pain; the touching of the knotted palm-leaves was assurance of pure friendship, and an expression of sympathy and hope she might be safely delivered. Half-an-hour after, sitting by a fire outside one of the houses not far from ours, was a young woman warming herself, and near to her a new-born infant being washed and crying lustily.

From Iovi we went more towards the coast, and camped two nights at Keremu, another large village on a very steep and high mountain. They are a fine-looking lot of natives, more like some tribes on the coast than those inland. They were kind to us, and anxious we should stay with them. Between them and the coast is the Manukoliu tribe, a very powerful and troublesome one, so that the Keremu natives seldom if ever reach the coast, unless they travel to Gerese and Saroa, and then make the coast at Kapakapa. From Keremu we had to do our own swagging, and passed close in by the Gerese range of hills.

We had camped one night on the side of a conical hill, so that in the morning we might get a course for the day to the Kemp Welch. We were up in good time and had our breakfast. Some of our party had got their swags ready and had started. They were well up when they espied, near the base, running up through the long grass, a crowd of armed

natives. They called to us, and when ready we began to climb. We took possession of the top, and waited their arrival. On coming to our late camp they gave a shout that made us think they imagined they were sure of their prey. They placed themselves all round the cone, and one appeared with his spear poised to throw, when I shouted to him, 'Down spear,' and our eyes met. He threw his spear down, and was afraid to run away. With Granny and Ruatoka, I went down the face of the cone and met him, and ordered him to call the others in. As they approached, and when about thirty yards off, I ordered all weapons, spears and clubs, to be thrown down, and that as we were unarmed, having left the fowling-pieces on the top, so they must meet us without arms. They were told who we were, and at once we were good friends, smoking and chewing betel-nut. They wanted to accompany us some distance, but I felt suspicious of them, and told them to return or go some other way, which they did.

Flowing at the base of the cone is a river that takes all the water from the inland side of the coast range and the east end of the Astrolabe, and falls into the Kemp Welch. Behind Saroa we went right across country to the Kemp Welch. On the right bank, more than fifty miles from the mouth, we made a rough raft with a platform in the centre, and lashed our swags on the top, so as to keep them dry. We were not long on board before we struck a snag, which did not seem to do much harm, and on we went a few more miles, when we found it impossible to guide or steer our unwieldy craft and keep her off snags

in a part where the river was swift and deep. At one time it seemed like abandoning everything; but after some desperate efforts we got her away, and were sailing down with the current beautifully, and hoping to be in Kalo the next day. I was standing aft on one of the logs enjoying the scenery in an afternoon's sun, when, lo! I was under water. Getting to the surface, I saw the raft dismantled a little way down, and its occupants still clinging to it. Those who could swim got round the broken raft and swam her ashore. It was a miserable plight, yet laughable. We landed everything, made large fires, and by midnight we went to sleep on the beach, rolled in our blankets. Next day we tramped along the splendid valley of the Kemp Welch to a small village on the left bank, where we met some Kalo canoes, and hiring one we sailed more than twenty miles down to the mouth. We slept one night in a large plantation bungalow belonging to Quaipo, the Kalo chief, and the morning after, by nine o'clock, were in Kalo, enjoying the comfort and cleanliness of a teacher's house.

It was the longest tramp hitherto undertaken in New Guinea, and up to present time (May, 1887) remains the longest. We did more than 500 miles, and climbed more than 40,000 feet.

CHAPTER XV

THE BURNING JEWEL OF DEATH, AND OTHER SKETCHES

The Burning Jewel of Death—Famine Time and a Feast—Kerepunu Feasts and Burials—New Guinea Life in its Native Happiness—A few New Guinea Stories—Words expressing Relationships.

I. *The Burning Jewel of Death.*

THERE have been many references in this volume to the tribe of sorcerers, the Koitapuans, and how they are dreaded by the coast natives. In the present chapter I want to sketch a great Maivan sorcerer who is much dreaded by his countrymen, and who is said by them to have very great power. I had often heard of Veata and his doings, before I came to know the man personally. On one occasion when in Maiva, at an inland village, I was presented with a broken crystal. On inquiring if there were many such stones to be found, I was informed that there were plenty, and that they all came from the vicinity of Mount Yule; but one, surpassing all others in grandeur and power, was said to be in the possession of Veata. It had, how-

ever, never been seen by any one, as no one could look on it and live. One of our teachers, hearing of it, and thinking, I suppose, it was some precious stone, offered the sorcerer several tomahawks to be allowed only to see the crystal, but Veata would on no account exhibit it.

On returning from my inland journey I went to a friend of mine, Miria by name, and asked him to use his influence with Veata to enable me to see his 'burning jewel.'

'Yes,' he replied, 'but I am afraid; I have never seen it, although he is my cousin; and should he show it to you, will you not die?'

'No, Miria, that cannot kill me.'

Then I told him of the many charms, &c., I had from other places. He was evidently much distressed, for after a little thought he said—

'Were there only two Tamates, it would be right, one to die and one to live: we have only one, and cannot get another.'

'Miria, do not be alarmed; I can look on all Veata's things, and know I will live.'

'Well, I will ask him.'

After some time, Veata and Miria came into the house, sitting down in front of me, and I asked the former if the latter had spoken to him of what I was anxious to see. Veata looked steadily at me and said—

'My friend Tamate, I would, but I am afraid—very much afraid. No living soul except my sister and I has ever seen these things, and you know how very frightened Maiva is.'

'Veata, friend, do not be afraid; your *kohu* (things) cannot injure me, and I alone will see them.'

'To-night I will return, and you will see them, and no one but ourselves must be in the house.'

'Good, friend, now do not deceive me.'

Veata was about forty years old, about five feet eight inches in height, well made, but with a peculiar restless expression of face, and dark quick-glancing eyes. He would have been killed long ago but for his party, which is large and influential, all of whom would rally round him, because, apart from relationship, he procures for them food and property. Long droughts bring large quantities of yams, bananas, sugar-cane, betel-nut, cocoanuts, pigs, fish, tobacco, arm-shells, ear, neck, and forehead ornaments, as presents to propitiate the sorcerer. Similar presents are made by the friends of the sick; but, if death follows, the sorcerer is blamed. When my old friend Oa died, Veata had to leave for some time, until it was shown by his friends that he could not have caused Oa's death, and it was then attributed to another.

This superstition is the source of constant trouble in the Gulf and amongst the inland tribes on the Owen Stanley Range. As an instance of this, I may mention that the Motumotu, on their return from Port Moresby, where they had been trading, recently attacked Kivori, a district near Cape Possession, and killed three men, they losing two. Since then they have threatened to return, but were afraid of the teachers at Maiva; and my old savage father, Semese, said he would not consent to the expedition, as he did not wish to break faith with his foreign son.

Some time after Lese invited the Motumotu to a feast; a large crowd assembled, and when the time for talk came on, Kivori alone was the subject of conversation. Many were excited, and determined on fighting. When the talk was at the highest, a strange native stepped into the circle and said, 'I am a Kivorian, I wish you to kill me, or, if you spare me, I shall lead you to Kivori. A dear friend has been killed by a *vatavata* (spirit), and Kivori will not assist me to my revenge on the sorcerer. I do not wish for life, still, if you spare me I shall be yours, and live simply to revenge.' Some advised killing him at once, but Semese rose and declared that he must live. Then stepping over to him, he took his net-bag, giving him his in return, exchanged head-dresses and armlets, and then took him by the hand, saying, 'This is Semese, he is I, and lives.' After this, Semese took the man home to Motumotu, and the following week landed him on the beach near Kivori, telling him to make known to the Kivori his great wish for peace, and that he and his son would be found in Maiva with the teachers. Soon a messenger came in begging Semese and his son Rahe to go out, which they did, and made friends and peace.

At sunset Veata returned. Looking very serious, and sitting down near to me, he said—

'O Tamate, are you sure it will be right for you to look on these things? what if you die? where shall I go? Every tribe in New Guinea would seek my destruction.'

'Nonsense, Veata; I am very anxious to see your

kohu, and you will find that I shall continue to live.'

He left me in great doubt, but I was determined not to be balked. I have had a good deal to do with these gentlemen, the most troublesome men in New Guinea, and have managed them pretty well in the past, and I thought I would yet see Veata's articles of power, especially 'the burning jewel of death.'

The sun had long set, and a very dark night had come, when I sent for Miria, and asked him why Veata did not return.

'O Tamate, we are all afraid; were there only two Tamates, one to die and one to live, it would be right; but to lose you now, and through my friend!'

'Miria, do not be afraid, die I shall not; but, should I, there are others to take my place. Come, and we will go to Veata.'

He consented, and we started, and walked for nearly a mile, when we came to Veata's village. At this season, the Maivans turn night into day because of the mosquitoes. They walk, sit about, and smoke all night, and sleep during the day. In walking through the village during the day, groups on mats, fast asleep, may be seen everywhere. Except Rakaanga, of the Humphrey Group, I know no place to equal Maiva for these pests. One of my boat's crew said, 'Their song in the night is loud as Rouna [a large waterfall], and their bite so terrible as to be beyond description.' A teacher, walking through the village one evening, saw a man killing and eating these enemies, and said—

'What, are they nice, that you eat them?'

'No, but they take my blood, and I kill and eat them in revenge.'

Veata, with his wife, was sitting on his platform in the dark, afraid to have a light near that would attract the mosquitoes.

'Friend,' I said, 'I have come to see your *kohu*, and especially the burning one.'

Having strongly impressed on Miria the necessity of his assisting me, I found now I was about to obtain my object.

'Tamate, you shall see it; they are all with my sister. Whilst with me I lost father, mother, brothers, sisters, wife, and children, and being frightened I gave them to my one sister to keep, and she hides them in the earth.'

After chewing the betel-nut, we started for his sister's, where he begged us to remain awhile, promising to follow us in a short time. On arriving at the mission-house, Miria told the natives about to keep away, as Veata was coming with his *kohu*. The teacher's wife had to leave the house, and the teacher and others waited long. The wife, tiring of the long delay, returned and informed us it would be long ere Veata came, as he was 'going through his prayers;' and there, sure enough, he was on a platform near our house busily engaged with his bags in front of him. After a long, long stay, Miria entered and saw the house cleared; then Veata came, put down a curtain that made my end of the house private, and asked me to take the light inside. He pointed to where I was to sit, and warned me on no account to lean over his

things. Again he began muttering, and when finished said—

'Tamate, I think it is good, and no harm will come to you, but no Maivan or Motuan must see them.'

'Yes, it is good, and no harm will come to me.'

Muttering hurriedly to himself, he pulled carefully each finger, cracking all till he came to the ninth, when there was no crack; then came more earnest muttering, and an appealing look to me.

'Tamate, is it good?'

'Yes, Veata, good, very good.'

A long hard pull and a crack followed, and then the tenth; so all was right. In some places pulling the fingers signifies friendship, and everywhere it is done by friends to any one taken suddenly ill. When all the fingers crack it means life, when only a few the omen is doubtful. I remember once at Aroma a chief not much accustomed to smoking had two or three long pulls from a bamboo-pipe. He was sitting close by me, and thrust his hands towards me. I did not know what he wanted. He turned to the other side, and a friend caught his hands and pulled his fingers, evidently not at all happy when one failed to crack. The man, I found, was smoke-sick, and this was the cure.

I was going to ask Veata what it all meant, but he insisted on my not speaking. The first thing produced was a small net-bag containing two large seeds. Attached to one was a very good, clear, and well-shaped crystal, and underneath small shells to represent noes and ayes; that was the male, and the other unadorned was the female. They were never appealed to except for death, and were the cause of death to

many. He now asked me if I felt fear. 'Oh dear, no,' I replied; 'go on.' He next produced a piece of bamboo ten inches long, in which there was a black stone of basalt, and another very small one. The one was father and the other child: these were for the seasons, and gave plenty or scarcity. In taking the large stone out it fell, which much disconcerted him, and he had again to go over his incantations. Next came a cup-like *spongiole*, obtained from the end of an aerial root of the pandanus. He took the lid off, and wrapped in various kinds of weeds was another stone, which he handled very carefully. This was a partner with the last one, and together they produced sickness and death. The latter was the female. He then laid down a small parcel done up in native cloth very carefully, and whilst undoing it maintained a very solemn demeanour, muttering all the time. From this another stone was produced, wrapped in weeds with two small stones, enclosed in a small net-bag, besides some other substance wrapped up in leaves. These had power to bring children, and were appealed to by the barren, only they were never to be seen by women. He then said that was all. I said—

'No, Veata; I want to see the bright burning stone, but never mind just now; will you sell these?'

'No.'

'Then put them up and go and get the other.'

After a little deliberation and a good deal of muttering, he asked what I would give him if he would sell, and on my mentioning a tomahawk, native beads, arm-shell, and tobacco, he was satisfied; and I packed my purchases away, lest repentance on his part should

deprive me of them. Miria, being consulted outside, was quite favourable to the sale. We went out to Miria, and I told him what I wanted.

Veata left, and in about an hour returned with a small parcel of crystals. We again retired, and the small crystals were produced. I bought them, and then in great secrecy he brought out a large piece of clear quartz in a small net-bag, and said that was what I had heard about, and no one must look on it but myself. It was the 'death stone,' of which all the Maivans were afraid. Night was now advancing into the small hours of morning, and I wished my friend would go, but he lingered long, instructing me as to the uses of the various stones, and begging me not to exhibit them.

The next morning there was trouble. It was noised all over Maiva that I had obtained possession of these things, and my inland friends begged me to have nothing more to do with them, or our boat would sink, or we should all die, or I might live, but Motu would suffer. I packed them carefully away in a small trade-box, and got them on board.

No one on board knew where I had them until after leaving Yule, when my stroke asked me, and I told him they were in a box under his seat. He resigned his oar, and on no account during the voyage would he return to it. In crossing Redscar Bay we had dirty weather, and it was a very dark night. All this arose from Veata's things, so there was but one wish among the crew, that I would throw all overboard. They were terribly frightened; they begged for a reef to be taken in, but, anxious to get to Redscar Head

by daylight, I would not consent. I heard them saying amongst themselves, 'What folly to keep these things on board! He is not afraid; they will not affect him, but what of us?' We got home all right.

A few weeks after I had a very bad attack of fever, and all the natives said that Veata's crystals were to blame. No one would look at them, and they wondered why I kept them in my study.

II. *Famine Time and a Feast.*

Many think of New Guinea as a land flowing with gold, milk, and honey, where the inhabitant never hungers, never knows what want is, and where daily the three meals are spread. How different is the reality to all this—how often is hunger known, and for many days little is found between the teeth! There are often seasons when there is the greatest difficulty to keep death by starvation from the home. It may have been in such a season that smallpox, sixteen or seventeen years ago, swept along the coast, and cut down the people in hundreds, wiping out whole families, dead bodies lying about to be devoured by pigs, no one being strong enough to bury them; others were put into canoes and sent off to sea. In some homes both parents were dead, and only little children were left to care for one another. In other homes infants were left all alone, father, mother, brothers, and sisters all dead. God only knows how any survived.

In a season when food was scarce, the severity

of the epidemic would be all the greater. Although more frequent in the Port Moresby district, yet these famine seasons are not confined to it, but extend all along the peninsula to East Cape, and I have met with famine inland also. In 1880 I left Kerepunu in our small dingy, accompanied by Anederea, Taria, and a Kerepunu native, and pulled up through the Hood Lagoon into a large salt-water creek, marked on the chart as the Dundee River. Pulling up this creek for some miles, we left our boat and tramped away through swamps to the hills, the eastern part of the Macgilivray Range. We ascended over a thousand feet, when we came to villages scattered over the top. We had a splendid view from our position, stretching far east and west. At first we saw but few natives, and these in a poor condition. When we came to the second, third, and fourth villages, the miserable condition of the people was more evident. The pictures of famines in Persia and India would well suit what I saw in Animarupu. Little children scarcely able to crawl, and with little or no flesh on their bones; men and women like skeletons lying about, unable to work; a few stronger women in the gulleys close by, digging for any kind of roots they might be fortunate enough to find; many in the houses ill and unable to come out. Ah! how I did pity them, and wished much I could help them; but they were a long way from the coast, and I was a long, long way from home, where I could have got them rice and arrowroot.

They had a long dry season; month after month passed and not a drop of rain fell, their taro all died,

and the sugar-cane refused to stretch; the banana plants died from the top downwards, as the multitudinous cells dried up, and long ago most of their wild yams had been dug and consumed, and the few that might still be found required stronger women than those we saw to find them. To add to the distress of a dry season, they were at enmity with Aroma, and dare not go down to the valleys. The week before we arrived, some, seeking food on the low ground, were attacked by Maopa natives and all killed. Nor were the Aroma natives the only ones they had to fear; the strong, light-coloured, muscular natives of Quaipo, on the hills to the west, caused them much trouble, and occasionally killed a few of them. A more harassed tribe, and one more afflicted, I have not seen.

Soon after our visit rain fell in abundance, their sugar-cane soon shot up, and they were saved. I sent word to Quaipo to be friendly with them, and I afterwards heard peace had been made. When I became well known in Aroma and very friendly with Koapena, I begged of them to leave my Animarupu friends alone; and since then they have visited the coast, and Koapena and others have been into their villages.

Sometimes the natives at Port Moresby are very badly off, and men, women, and children may be seen sitting about looking very haggard, and with their skin hanging loosely. Then, services and schools are ill attended, and when anything is said the reply is, 'Who can go to school or church when so hungry? During these seasons they made excursions along

the coast in quest of food. In former days, before the mission was started, it was on such occasions that raids were made on the villages along the coast; men took what they could, and if opposed, murdered those attempting to resist. When it was known that the Hanuabada natives were out foraging, or about to go out, the people of the villages to be passed used to pack up and fly, living in the bush until it was known that the marauders had returned.

They live much on the fruit of the mangrove, which is prepared by first cooking, then peeling and cutting up fine, putting in a net-bag, and hanging on a pole in the sea for some days and nights; it is again cooked, and when ready looks like a pudding, and is eaten with cocoanut sauce. The bread-fruit is also much used, and prepared in the same way.

When in Thursday Island, I got half-a-ton of rice, and on my return, finding the people very badly off, I made work in order to give them food. One week it was blowing hard for some time, and they were not able to go west to Lealea or Manumanu for the mangrove fruit. On the Sunday I walked through the village, and found children lying down in the sun, and many crying. The noise and laugh were gone; childhood's jollity disappeared before the qualms of hunger. I returned to the house and asked my good friends Ruatoka and his wife to assist. They entered heartily into my proposition, and so did all the girls and old women. It was a sight not quite Sunday-looking, perhaps—wood-breaking, roaring fires, rice-washing, pots with rice placed on fires, and soon boiling.

'Now, my lad,' to our bell-boy, 'go and ring your bell through the village, and bring up every girl and boy, that they may have a good feed of rice.' They came in swarms, and sat down looking happier certainly. They soon cleared off all we had cooked. Begin again, cook as much more, and again it is finished. On pots again, and now the children sing, and are more noisy: soon the large tin dishes are again before them, but this time they cannot eat all, so I tell them I am glad, and they must take the remainder to their homes. That Sunday afternoon was a rather noisy one, but I do not know that I could have felt happier than when I saw those dear bairns quite satisfied and heard their loud, hearty laughing. Since then many a hungry stomach has been satisfied at the mission premises. Lest it should be thought we give it only to our adherents, I beg to state we give it to all, and make no stipulations about attending services or school.

From Yule Island in the west to East Cape in the east, with a few exceptions, there are many seasons when there is not much more food to be had than suffices to keep soul and body together. The exceptions are Naara, Kabadi, Hula Peninsula, including Kalo and part of Aroma; and even in these in an over-dry season, when the drought has been long, there has not been too much food. The introduction of pumpkins, melons, and papao apples has been a great blessing. Once when at Yule, the natives had no other food but pumpkin, and every morning and evening large pots of that vegetable might be seen boiling inside their houses; they told me that it

saved them, as they knew not what they should have done without it.

We are introducing various kinds of peas, and hope soon to have the guava flourishing, so that in future hunger will not be so often felt. Another great help to Port Moresby, Boera, Porobada, Tatana, Pari, and Vapukori is Hula. When the teacher Taria first landed, the Hulans had no plantations, and lived entirely on food brought from Kalo, Papaka, and Kamali, with the fish they caught. Fishing was their only source of supply. Taria secured a piece of land, and planted it with sweet potatoes, yams, and sugar-cane. The soil being good, he soon had returns. The Hulans perceived it would be a good thing to do as Taria had done, and planted small plantations; then, finding they could sell their food, they planted larger ones, until now they all have splendid plantations, and in the season large quantities of food, which they sell along the coast, and when out of season they trade largely in cocoanuts.

As the people receive Christianity and foreign products are introduced, famines will disappear and plenty abound.

III. *Kerepunu Feasts and Burials.*

May in all the Christianised islands of the Pacific is the one month of the year for great feasting; then the tribes assemble with great rejoicing, eat and are merry, and give of their substance to help on the great work of Christian missions. In heathen

lands also, the same month is a great time for feastings and rejoicing. On Rarotonga, where I spent ten years, it was the custom of the natives in heathen times to hold their greatest feasts in that month, when their best food was cooked and their finest pigs killed.

On coming to New Guinea, I found in Hood Bay the same custom in the same month, and twice have I been present at the May feast of Kerepunu. Inland and coast tribes assemble; for days they are coming, and it often happens on the last day fighting takes place, and many are killed. Sometimes a weak tribe is attacked, to pay off an old score that they were led to believe they had made peace for by the gift of *tocas* (armlets), tomahawks, spears, and pigs. A few years ago at Kalo two men of an inland tribe came to a feast. On the afternoon of the last day, when returning home, they were attacked. One was killed, a poor old man not able to run; the other, a younger man, got into the bush and away.

But, of all the feasts I have attended in New Guinea, none was so interesting as this at Kerepunu. The great work begins by getting trees from fifty feet to seventy feet high; small superfluous branches are cut off, the larger ones are left. These trees are brought into the principal village and planted upright on both sides of the street; they are then hung with bananas and cocoanuts from top to bottom, so thickly that no wood is seen. As they are set deep in the ground, there is no fear of their falling. Some days before the grand day, the

dancing begins, and is carried on from sunset to sunrise without intermission, and during the day at various times. During that time, friends arriving are entertained by their own special friends. All are elegantly dressed. For head-dresses the white feather predominates, and at Kerepunu, so that they may always have a good supply of white feathers, cockatoos are kept, and may be seen in front of nearly every house. Before the feast-time these poor cockatoos are plucked, and made to look very wretched indeed. The feathers are fastened on to the end of long combs, and when stuck in their hair the white bouquets look well.

At last the morning comes—the morning of the greatest day of the year to them. Long before daybreak the loud screaming of pigs is heard from all quarters, and some of the very fine pigs, weighing three and four hundredweight, that were running about yesterday, are already fast and on the poles. After sunrise, all the pigs appointed for this day's feast are ready to be carried into the sacred place, where they will be speared by the two men who alone in all Kerepunu may do that work, and whose ancestors have done it from of old. The sacred place is at the back of the village, and consists only of two platforms on a swamp, with a long pole in front. Formerly there was a house, in which a priest lived, to whom all pigs were brought to be killed, but of late the house has fallen into disuse. A story is told of one of these priests feeding tabooed pigs. He wore his white bouquet of feathers; one of the pigs, mistaking it for cocoanut, tried to get it, and bit his nose

off! Since then the white feathers have not been worn on the sacred place.

Food is now being collected on the platform, and betel-nuts in abundance. Youths, whose years range from twelve to twenty-six, handsomely dressed and feeling important, wend their way inland with the crowd. The pigs are carried one after another, and placed in rows in front, just under the long pole on which bananas are hung. The crowd increases, but keeps at a distance. On my first visit I was not allowed nearer than fifty yards; on my second I had a good position about twenty yards off. The youths, to the number of twenty-two, sat on the lower platform; eleven women, sisters of chiefs, ranged themselves in front, holding drums; and all the chiefs with drums stood near. On no head was there a white feather, but those on the platform wore a profusion of many-coloured feathers. The women strike up, beating their drums and chanting in a very low, pleasant key; all the time their heads are bent, never once looking up. When this is finished the youths leave the platform, split open a few old cocoanuts, take out the meat, and each one strings a piece and proceeds to tie it on the heads of the women, the piece of cocoanut looking like a frontlet. When finished, the women again beat their drums and chant in the same manner, all the chiefs and those on the platform standing. When this is over, the same youths leave the platform and take eleven bunches of bananas from the long pole in front and hang one on each woman's shoulder, when they return, and all join in singing.

The women then have finished their part, and now

the chiefs slowly march round the platforms and pigs, beating their drums and reciting. The two men who have to kill the pigs advance close to them, and with blunted spears begin sticking. The pigs are hanging feet up, and the spear enters just inside the left fore leg. The work of sticking takes some time, being very slowly done, the chiefs surrounding the place until it is finished. Two pigs are reserved. Two young men descend from the platform and sit on improvised chairs made over the two pigs; a number of men take hold of the poles attached to these chairs and lift pig and youth at once. The chiefs and their sisters beat their drums; all on the platform stand up, and all turn to the east, chanting in a more lively manner; they then turn to the west, beating drums and chanting as before, and the same is done to the north and south. The two youths are now initiated, and have taken the place of their fathers, who died during the year, and will now be permitted to give food and pigs on such an occasion as this. They ascend the platform, and the pigs are placed in front again; the chiefs walk round as before, and both the pigs are stuck. During this last performance the food on the platform beside the youths is divided, half remaining and half being placed on the higher platform. Next, eleven men ascend the higher platform, eleven remaining on the lower; the chiefs and women in front beat the drums and chant a lively strain, those on the platforms holding in each hand a yam and bunches of betel-nuts. All turn to the east. The chanting is much more lively, and all appear more joyful. Then they turn to the west, and in the same manner to the north and south.

The crowd now becomes excited, and those who have brought the little hand-nets try to get in front. From both platforms the food is scattered to the crowd, and the desire to possess some of it must indeed be great if the noise and excitement are any evidence. The pigs are now removed, each young man taking his own, to the villages, when they are divided amongst the families and friends, and the bananas and cocoanuts are taken down from the high scaffolding and distributed to the visitors. I may mention that here, and nowhere else, can pigs be killed in Kerepunu, and by none but Kerepunuans.

The skulls hanging on the long pole in front of the platforms are heads of murdered natives. One was lately brought by the natives of Hula. Formerly there was no village at Hood Point, all the Hula natives lived at Kerepunu in the fishing village, and were the fishers. The Kerepunuans interfered with their women, and quarrelling, they had to leave. Having no sacred place at New Hula, they bring in the heads of those murdered by them to Kerepunu. When recently fighting with Papaka, from the many they killed they brought one head to the opposite side of the mouth of the Hood Lagoon, and called on the Kerepunuans. It seems that only one man can cross and receive the head. He crossed, got the head, and returned to the village, the Hula natives returning home. He fastens a string to the hair, and, when near to the beach, throws the head ashore. The string is seized, and the head is dragged through the various streets of the different villages. Every indignity possible is heaped on that head. It is kicked, spat

upon, and the mouth is filled with filth. When finished, friends or relatives of the murdered man, some of whom are certain to be living at Kerepunu, come and pick up the head, place it on their platform, and mourn over it with loud lamentations. In about an hour it is again given to the populace, who treat it as before for some time, when the man who received it from the Hulans takes it up and home, where he boils it, to remove all the flesh. When clean, he places it on the sacred place.

The day is spent in cooking and feasting, and soon after sunset the last great dance comes off. Men and women, young and old, chiefs and commoners, in two long rows, drums beating, advance slowly along the main street, return, advance several times, then up at right angles another street to the finest-built house in Kerepunu, at the side of which is the famous upright log named 'Alamakea.' Of this log it is said several tribes tried to lift it and remove it, but all failed except the Lovalupuans. This was in a far misty past, and the log is where it was planted by their forefathers, near the house of the custodian of their ancient sayings and mythology, and the priest who presents their offerings to the spirit or spirits. In front of this house the dancing is indeed slow, and the beating of drums and chanting low and monotonous. Then it becomes a little more lively, and I, who have watched them for three hours, wonder when they are going to stop. Then my old friend Koapena speaks, quicker dancing follows, backwards, forwards, backwards, back, back, right into the lagoon, when a loud shout arises and the drums are

all bathed and made useless, to be put aside for another season. So ended the Kerepunu feast.

Connected with offerings, the following may be interesting. Natives never believe in being sick from anything but spiritual causes, and that death, unless by murder, can take place from nothing but the wrath of the spirits. When there is sickness in a family, all the relatives begin to wonder what it means. The sick person getting no better, they conclude something must be done. A present is given, perhaps food is taken and placed on the sacred place, then removed and divided amongst friends. The invalid still being no better, a pig is taken on to the sacred place, and there speared and presented to the spirits. It is then returned and divided to be eaten. When death comes, great is the mourning, and the cause, if not already known, is still inquired into. It may have been breaking some taboo, or doing something the spirits did not like. Soon the body must be buried, and generally a grave is dug under the house. The older women of the family stand in the grave and receive the body, holding it in their hands if a child, laying it on one side if heavy, saying, 'O great Spirit, you have been angry with us. We presented you with food, and that did not satisfy. We gave a pig, and still that did not satisfy. You have in your wrath taken this. Let that suffice thy wrath, and take no more.' The body is thus placed in the grave and buried.

At every feast, large or small, and often with ordinary food, a small portion is placed beside the principal post in the house, as the spirits' portion.

Ilamea is the name of the sacred man, priest, or holder of all ancient mythology. He is the sorcerer of the place, foretelling events, and through him the spirit speaks. When anxious to go to war, they first consult him, and if the spirit appears to him with cocoanuts in hand they may go out and fight, for they will be prosperous. Should the spirit appear with a wooden *rareva* (sword) in hand, there is no use going out; any attempt would be futile; many would be killed, and they would return to mourn, not to rejoice.

IV. *New Guinea Life in its Native Happiness.*

It is often said, 'Why not leave the savages alone in their virgin glory? only then are they truly happy.' How little those who so speak and write know what savage life is! A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He fears ghosts and hobgoblins; these midnight wanderers cause him much alarm, as they are heard in falling leaves, chirping lizards, or disturbed birds singing; but, besides these, there are embodied spirits that he has good cause to fear, and especially at that uncanny hour between the morning star and glimmering light of the approaching lord of day, the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted and the first smoke of the day is enjoyed. The following narrative explains what I mean.

Paitana is a village up one of the creeks from Hall Sound, near Yule Island, surrounded by mangrove swamps; but in the village, cocoanut, betel-nut, and

bread-fruit grow luxuriantly. The natives have always been looked upon as treacherous, but having visited them some time ago it was hoped they would become more friendly. On my return to Yule, I found that on my previous visit some had arranged to have my head, and I can remember many things that looked very suspicious. Some years ago two foreigners were killed in Hall Sound by the Paitana natives. They have also killed people from Delena, Maiva, and other villages, but the climax was reached when they killed a man from Lese who was visiting them as a friend. When the news of the murder reached Lese, they determined to have revenge, but resolved to wait until the planting season was over.

For long the Paitana natives lived away in towards the hills, but thinking Lese had in the meantime given up all idea of 'payment,' they returned to the village. During all that time the Lese natives were preparing *revarevas* (war canoes), and keeping very quiet as to the time of their attack; but it came at last, and a terrible payment it was. Paitana, in her fancied security so far up a creek, in through very long grass, and surrounded by thick mangrove bush, little dreamt of what the morning would yield. All the *revarevas* were got ready, and men and women shipped.

When visiting Motumotu some time ago, we slept in our boat one night between Lese and the former. I was very tired, and had been over a week in the boats. About two A.M. I was awakened by shouting, and on looking over the gunwale saw to my astonishment a fully equipped *revareva*. Forty men are carried in each canoe, with paddles, and a number of men stand

on the centre platform with bows and arrows. After hearing who we were, we soon became friends and exchanged presents. The *revareva* is composed of two very long canoes lashed together by long poles, with a platform between.

Twenty-four of these were got ready by Lese and started. Pulling all night, they arrived on the south-west side of Yule before daybreak, and there they remained until the following night. After sunset, and when quite dark, they pulled for the creek, where they met a canoe with a man and two women belonging to Lolo in it. They made the man prisoner, saying they did not mean to kill him, but that to save his own life and that of the women he must become their guide to Paitana. To that he consented, and they allowed the women to depart. He led them up the creek, through the swamps, long grass, bush, &c., close to the village, when they allowed him to return.

They then surrounded the village, sending a strong party into the main street. All sat down quietly and waited for a little more light. The morning star was up, and soon there would be light for their dreadful work. A native awakes, lights his *baubau* (pipe), has a smoke, a yawn, and a stretch, looks out and sees people in the village. He calls out—

'Who are you?'

'We are Leseans come to pay for our friend you murdered. Long have we waited to see you paid for your murdering propensities, but all seem afraid. You have tried on us, and now we shall see.'

In other houses the aroused natives are in a state

of confusion, the arrows begin to fly in showers, and men, women, and children are wounded in their houses. Many fleeing are caught and clubbed, or their brains are beaten out with clubs. Many remain in their houses, hoping that they may be omitted from the general carnage. The houses are entered and everything valuable is carried away, and then the whole is set in a blaze, when the dead, those dying from wounds, and the living are all burnt in the one great fire. Men, women, and children all suffered; mercy was shown to none. I asked a native who got through the environment how many were killed. He said it was impossible to tell the number of the dead, but only ten who slept in the village that night escaped.

Flushed with victory and weighted with loot, the Leseans returned to their *revarevas*, pulled down the creek and along the coast, with horns blowing and men and women dancing and singing on the platforms of the *revarevas*.

Mercy the savage does not know; but still he can appreciate it when extended to himself.

While staying at Maiva, where those who escaped are living, a child six years old was brought to me as a Paitana child. In the first scrimmage he got through the surrounding army unnoticed, and ran away into the bush, where he remained until he heard the Leseans departing. Then he returned to the village to look for his mother, brothers, and sisters. He found the dead charred bodies of them all. A man told me that little children were caught by the feet and dashed against the cocoanut trees.

On their return home the Leseans had feasting and dancing; and ever since they have gloried much in their great bravery, and they recount again and again the scenes of murder, of rapine and robbery. Lese wishes to have a teacher, and will treat him well; they are now very good friends of mine, and promise to remain quiet.

Savage life is not the joyous hilarity that many writers would lead us to understand. It is not all the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. There are often seasons when communities are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, under rocks, in other villages, and far away from their own. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting-party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. When travelling inland, we found the Makapili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, and in hollow trees.

At Port Moresby they say that now for the first time they can sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word they mean to keep to it. Being themselves pirates, robbers, and murderers, they might well fear others.

Some time ago the large tribe of Saroa came over the hills in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, killed men, women, and children, old and young, from the poor old grey-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty got away to Kaile, but soon had to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kaile if they continued to harbour the fugitives. They

pleaded for peace, but in vain; Saroa said all must die The quarrel began about a pig.

And so it has been all along the coast of New Guinea for ages past. But a better day is dawning. We are doing better than leave the fine, active, intelligent New Guinea natives to their 'happy' state of savage life. The Gospel is pre-eminently to them a Gospel of peace, and it is only during the last ten years that the inhabitants of New Guinea have begun to know what real happiness is.

V. *A few New Guinea Stories.*

When sitting about in the various *dubus*, amongst the various tribes, we often hear peculiar stories, many of them ridiculous in the extreme, some affiliated to ancient Greek and Roman myths.

We have at Port Moresby a comical man who can tell a good story, and tell it well. Hearing I was going west to visit the country inland from Redscar Bay, he asked to be allowed to accompany me, but fancying him too old, I declined his company, when he volunteered the following:—

'Well, you are going to Kabadi, and, I hear, further inland than that. Now be sure you ask to see the tailed people who live on the mountains; they are well worth seeing.'

'Come now, friend, no lies; speak only of what you have seen, and not what you have heard.'

'What! I not see them? Do you think I would tell you a lie?'

Then throwing himself into a peculiar attitude he said: 'I once travelled inland with some Kabadians, and at a village in which we stayed we met some natives of a distant tribe. I was much interested in listening to their peculiar language, but, to my astonishment, when they turned their backs, I saw they had tails; yes, short stumpy tails. They had long sticks with them, and when they wished to sit down they stuck these sticks with force into the ground and made a hole large enough to admit the tail. Taking the stick out they sat down, placing the tail in the hole. After talking for some time, and night coming on, we retired to the houses close by. Some of the tailed people went to the house I was in. I noticed that before sitting down they looked for holes in the floor, and near to these they squatted. When they lie down they never lie on their backs as we do, but always on their sides.'

'Now, have you seen all that, and is it all true, quite true?'

'Yes, I have seen it all, and it is perfectly true.'

'I believe none of it, and question if you have ever been inland of Kabadi.'

In apparent wrath he again asserted the truth of his statements, adding: 'When you go where I have been, you will then see for yourself that it is no lie, but the truth, which I have been telling you.'

When I visited Kabadi, and far inland, I told them my lying friend's story, and all exclaimed, 'What a lie!' They said they had often heard stories of tailed people, but never saw them, and 'no one else ever did.'

Wherever one goes inland or on the coast the same story is told, but no one has ever seen these people with tails. On my return I met my friend, and told him of his falsehood; but he only laughed, and asked for a smoke.

Another story told by all the tribes is of a Cyclops, or tribe of them, living on the mountains. They are of fearful size, with one great eye in the centre of their foreheads. They are fierce and savage in the extreme, and allow no other tribes to approach their district. They need never fight, for the sight of them is enough to drive all enemies away.

A very favourite story is of the long-eared tribe. They also live very far away on the mountain tops, in the midst of perpetual cold; but Nature, ever kind, has cared for them in supplying them with a covering. They have long ears—so long and broad as to serve the purpose of a pair of blankets. When retiring for the night, they spread one ear under them, and use the other as a covering, thus making themselves very comfortable.

VI. *Words expressing Relationships.*

Tuputama	Ancestor.
Tupuna	Grandfather; nothing distinct beyond this.
Tamana	Father.
Sinana	Mother.
Natuna-mero	Son.
Natuna-kekeni	Daughter.
Kakana	Elder brother or sister.
Tadina	Younger brother or sister.
Taihuna	Brother or sister, when used by brother or sister, and *vice versa*.

Tadikaka.....Brethren of same family, or cousins by brothers.
A brother's children.....Natuna, nephews and nieces, and down.
A sister's children .....Vava, nephews and nieces, and down.
(Just as in grandfather, father and son, and after vava.)
Brother-in-law .....Ihana.
Sister-in-law.....Ihana.
Uncle by marriage.....Lalana.
Aunt by marriage.....Lalana.
Nephew by marriage.....Lalana.
Niece by marriage.....Lalana.
(An uncle would be Tamana, his wife Lalana, and to her brother-in-law's or sister-in-law's children would speak of him or her as the same.)
Cousins by uncle or aunt.....Mauribamo.
Fathers and mothers-in-law.....Kavana.
Sons-in-law and daughters-in-law.....Kavana.

Relatives do not marry. They prefer sons to daughters, because their daughters leave them, but the sons bring wives home to their parents and friends.

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